The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1890. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE!

The Delight of the

DRESSMAKER!

MADAME WARREN'S

DRESS-FORM CORSETS.

Our regular MADAME WARREN'S CORSET is made in the most correct and substantial manner; is extra long and long-waisted. The success of MADAME WARREN'S DRESS FORM CORSETS has been unprecedented.
We have just received a full assortment of this celebrated Corset.

GEORGE -:- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

H. C. MEYER,
—THE FASHIONABLE—
Merchant Tailor!

Is now receiving his large and well selected stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Which are the nobbiest ever brought to this city. He intends making Suits in the Latest Styles and at Very Low Prices this Spring and Summer and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,

44 Harrison street.
mch25-1m

BABY CARRIAGES!

Wholesale and Retail at James M. Kane's.

Stock Complete. 300 Carriages to select from. Prices from $1.75 up to $25.00 each. Our $5.00, $6.00, $8.00, $9.00 and $10.00 carriages are the best ever offered in this market. All new goods. No old stock to work off as I have exclusive control of this market of all the leading manufacturers of carriages. I can offer you goods not to be found elsewhere in this city, at from 25 to 30 per cent. less than any house in this market. Latest improvements on all carriages at

JAMES M. KANE'S.

FOR TO-MORROW,

SATURDAY,

We have a tremendous Bi? Bargain for you. Having bought a sample line of Capes and Jackets Cheap we are going to sell them Cheap.

1 Lot of Capes for

$2.20.

1 Lot of Capes for

$3.30.

In Black, Blue and Combination Colors

A Good Cork Screw Cloth Jacket for

$4.00.

Worth $5.50 and cut in the latest style.

A Better one in a white Cord and wide wale Cloth for

$4.50.

Worth $6.50.

A Jersey Jacket for

$2.75.

Would be cheap at $3.50.

A line of Misses' and Boys' Gossameres, for 39 cents.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

READY TO FIGHT!

John L. Sullivan is Ready to Put Pugilist Corbett to Sleep in Four Rounds for $10,000.

BOSTON, April 5.—John L. Sullivan was seen last night with regard to the published report that J. M. Corbett, the San Francisco heavy-weight, was anxious to try his skill against the champion.

"I am more than ready to meet Corbett," said Sullivan, "but only on one condition. If we are to box four rounds, I'll contract to put him to sleep in that time. If I succeed I am to get $10,000; if I don't he gets the money. No half and half business about it. These gate receipts savor too much of faking. You can say that John L. Sullivan will fight Corbett four rounds for $10,000, and if he does not whip him in that time he won't accept a cent."

Secretary Slattery, of the Gladstone club, of Providence, who was present at the interview, said the club would give a purse of $1,000 for the contest if it could be arranged for April 23. Billy Mahoney and John L. are desirious of getting in a match between Jack McAuliffe and Patsy Kerrigan, and will back the latter for $2,500.

WISCONSIN TURNERS.

Will Pass Resolutions Indorsing the Bennett Law.

SHEBOYGAN, Wis., April 5.—The annual convention of the delegates of turners for the district of Wisconsin, gathered here yesterday, is likely to play an important part in the turning of public sentiment in favor of the now famous Bennett law. About 100 delegates were present, representing all of the turn societies in the state which are members of the National turnerbund. The proceedings last evening were purely preliminary. The work will begin this forenoon.

It is certain that a resolution will be introduced and quite as certain that it will be passed by a large majority, indorsing the principles of the Bennett law and protesting against the interferrence of the churches of any denomination with the public schools of the state or the right of the state to the control of all schools, so far as compulsory education in the language of the country is concerned.

There will be some opposition to the consideration of the educational question by those who believe that politics should be kept out of the organization, but the friends of the law are determined and active, and as the qualification for membership is a belief in freedom of thought and speech and a development of mind as well as of body, there can be little doubt of the result of the discussion. The session will probably last two days.

INDIANA DEATHS.

Two Ministers of the Gospel Pass Away--Rev. John F. McLain.

CONNERSVILLE, April 15.—Rev. John F. McClain, M. D., of this place, died Thursday of blood poisoning. Two years ago, by reason of a disease of the knee, one of his limbs was amputated and he never fully recovered.

SEYMOUR, April 5.—Rev. Walter Benton, a resident of Jackson county since 1819, and a Methodist minister for sixty years, is dead. He was aged ninety-one. He was the grand-father of Rev. C. W. Tinsley, of Franklin, who will conduct the funeral services. Mr. Benton was the oldest preacher in the state.

GREENCASTLE, April 5.—John S. Jennings, esq., died Thursday night at his home in this city, aged eighty-eight years, of exhaustion incident to old age.

PENSION FRAUDS.

An Ex-Congressman Arrested at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 5.—Ex-Congressman Lee Wilson, of Shelby county, was arrested last night, charged with extensive pension frauds. He has been indicted by the federal grand jury, evidence showing that he secured a total of twenty-one annulment marriages in the Shelby county court, and in each case he had received from $50 to $100. The women who were thus freed from matrimonial bonds were the widows of soldiers who had remarried and their names restored to the pension rolls. Wilson gave bond for his appearance.

CLAIM JUMPERS.

And They Propose to "Hold the Fort"--Trouble Feared.

CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., April 5.—Four claims in one locality on the ceded Sioux lands west were Thursday jumped by claim jumpers. The jumping was done during the temporary absence of the original settlers, who, upon returning and discovering the intruders, used every means in their power to prevail upon the jumpers to vacate, but without avail. The four settlers came to Chamberlain yesterday, purchased Winchester rifles and ammunition, and returned to the reservation, swearing they would have their claims back, if blood shed was necessary to accomplish it.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—For Indiana: Fair till Sunday night; warmer, southerly wind.

LOCAL LINES.

There was no police court to-day.

Dr. G. W. McCaskey has entirely recovered from his illness.

Frank Dwelly has accepted a position with Golden & Monahan.

Worden & Morris will go to Winchester, Ind., to try a case, Monday.

Two cases of drunk were sent to jail by the mayor yesterday afternoon.

Henry Weise, of the Salimonie company's offices, went to Montpelier to-day.

Attorney S. L. Morris settled a case for the Nickle Plate at Sydney, Ind., yesterday.

Miss Randall will return home Wednesday, April 9, from Kansas City and Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Grove left this morning for Bucyrus, Ohio, to attend a funeral of a relative.

The Fort Wayne Bicycle club will have a banquet at the Wayne hotel next Wednesday evening.

The government case against Baggagemaster Sam Brokaw will come up at Indianapolis next Tuesday.

Mrs. Fred Neise went to Indianapolis this morning. She will visit her friend, Miss Miller, until the first of May.

Rev. Latchaw, president of the Findlay theological college, will preach at the Church of God to-night and to-morrow.

E. W. Mitchell was arrested last night at Indianapolis for obtaining money from labor societies. He will be brought to this city.

L. B. Plessinger, Chester Thorp, Bluffton, E. M. Breese, Kalamazoo, W. Ketchum, W. Clutter, Huntertown, are guests at the Aldine.

Mrs. Neff, of 18 Hamilton street, is entertaining her sister-in-law, Mrs. William Woodward, nee Miss Hattie Neff,, of Fennville, Mich.

Miss Fanny Perley, a very gifted missionary from Spanish Forks, Utah, will speak at the First Presbyterian church to-morrow evening.

Calvin Bowman enters suit against the Ohio Farmers' Insurance company on contract; demand, $500. Swayne & Doughman for the plaintiff.

The diminutive canine curiosity, "Jay," owned by O. L. Perry, is flirting with the rabbits, hen and chicks in Mr. Barcus' easter window to-day.

Mrs. Banister will meet the scholars of Trinity Sunday school on this evening, in the parish house for the first rehearsal of their Easter festival music.

Mrs. Perry N. DeHaven and Miss Gertrude Green have returned from a visit with Miss Caroline Andrews, of Rose Place, Huntertown, this county.

Mr. Ed. Biddle has shown commendable enterprise in securing the Royal Hand Bell Ringers, which comes here next week as the first attraction in his course.

The announcement of Frank K. Cosgrove, as a candidate for county sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention, appears elsewhere in this paper.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Lipes—a daughter. Mr. Lipes is foreman at the Keller medicine works and he is remembering his friends with cigars to-day in a liberal manner.

Several changes of time will be made in the schedule of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad trains to-morrow. Several important trains will again adopt the old time.

Simon P. Haifley, who was discharged from the insane asylum this week, has returned home accompanied by his brother-in-law, George Walke. He lives in Springfield township.

Robert McSmith, Cleveland, Col. W. S. Shaw, Cincinnati, and O. Warner, of Chicago, agents of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincey railroad, were the guests of Passenger Agent John E. Ross to-day.

Miss Florence Clark, corresponding secretary of the Sunday School union, desires all persons to whom blanks have been sent, to return them, when filled out, to her at once, so that they may be for warded to the state officers.

Mary Schmuck, through her attorneys, W. and E. Leonard, enters suit againts her husband, Peter Schmuck, for a divorce. The complaint recites some severe charges, which summed up are habitual drunkenness and extreme cruelty.

The Tri-State Building, Loan and Savings Association sold 1286 shares last month. The law allows the issuing of only 10,000 shares at $100 each and the full quota being almost reached the forming of a Tri-State No. 2 is now in progress and the complete organization will soon be effected.

This morning Mr. James H. Conway, who was found on the streets about a week ago in a demented condition, was released from the county jail, where he had been confined for safety. He has recovered his reason. Mr. Conway is a respected citizen of Milwaukee and his case is a sad one. He will probably leave to-night for his home. He says he knew nothing of his wanderings from the time he left Milwaukee until his awakening in the county jail the morning after his imprisonment.

WOODRUFF'S BOMBSHELL

Explodes in the Polygamists' Camp—The Day of Revelation Has Ended.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, April 5.—The sixtieth annual conference of the church of the Latter Day saints began yesterday. Five thousand people were in attendance, representing branches of the Mormon church from all over the country.

President Woodruff, the head of the church, said in his opening speech that the day of revelation had ended. God had revealed enough mysteries for the people to see salvation, and there was no need for looking for more divine utterances.

The statement was a bomb shell in the camp of the Mormons, who have hitherto contended that all actions of the church was detailed by revelations from the prophet, which is Woodruff.

Others speakers followed in the same strain and urged strict compliance with the laws of the church. A leading Mormon said yesterday that it was expected that Woodruff would, before the end of the conference, assert that he had a revelation from God that polygamy should be abandoned.

IMPALED ON A PITCHFORK.

John E. Whicker Meets With an Accident That Will Prove Fatal.

A terrible accident occurred to a young man named John E. Whicker last evening, about fourteen miles west of the city and just across the county line of Whitley county.

Mr. Whicker was in a barn feeding the stock. After throwing hay down from the mow he also threw the pitchfork down, which struck the barn floor with the two prongs, of which the fork consisted, sticking straight up. Mr. Whicker by some means lost his balance and fell on the fork, both prongs of which penetrated the abdomen and passed clear through his body.

Medical aid was summoned from this city and Dr. J. W. Younge left for there at 10 o'clock.

Upon his arrival he found the unfortunate young man suffering intense agony, and relieved him as quickly as possible, in so far as it could be done. The doctor has but little hope of the recovery of the patient, but will visit him again this evening. What adds to the sadness of the occasion is the fact that the young man was to have been married one week from to-morrow, to an accomplished young lady of Coesse, who is nearly crazed on account of the sad misfortune that has befallen her betrothed. Mr. Whicker is a most estimable young man, and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Impressive Services Last Night--To-morrow's Services.

Not an empty seat was to be seen in the Cathedral last night, at the closing services of Good Friday.

Rev. M. S. Byrne, closed his very successful Lenton course by a sermon on the dying words of Christ—"All is finished," and for fifty-five minutes the vast congregation gave a most attentive ear to the pathetic discourse of the young divine.

Father Delaney conducted the closing ceremonies.

This morning the new fire, the Easter candle and Font, were blessed and the prophecies read, and mass sung by Rev. J. F. Delaney. The bell were again rung and the wonted silence of Holy week was once more broken.

The Easter services to-morrow will be of unusual splendor. At 10:30 the Rt. Rev. Bishop will pontificiate and all the Cathedral clergy will assist. The sermon will be by Rev. Delaney, and the exercises will close with solemn Vespers at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

WINNING FAME.

W. B. Beamer Gets a Nice Promotion Under General Manager Wade.

Word was received in this city to-day that Mr. W. B. Beamer had been promoted from trainmaster to general superintendent of the Southern California railroad system, with headquarters at San Bernardino, Cal.

The news of Mr. Beamer's strides to railroad fame fall pleasantly upon the ears of his many intimate friends of this city, where he once resided when agent of the Muncie, and where his railroad experience practically began. He then took a position as trainmaster of the Wabash, where Mr. Wade discovered his worth, and when Mr. Wade was made general manager of the Southern California road he soon caused the appointment of Mr. Beamer as trainmaster, and this is the result.

Mr. Beamer is a son-in-law of Mr. A. G. Barnett, of the bus line firm of Powers & Barnett.

Remember the Three River Rod and Reel Club Ball is Monday evening, at Turner Hall.

The annual meeting of the congregation of the Second Presbyterian church for the election of trustees and such other business as may come before it, will be held in the Sabbath school room April 7th, at 7:30 p. m. 25-29-5

CHICAGO CARPENTERS!

Will Declare a Strike To-night to Begin Monday Morning--The Plumber's Strike.

CHICAGO, April 5.—That a strike of the carpenters will be declared to-night at 12 o'clock, to begin Monday morning, seems now an assured fact.

The master carpenters have shown no disposition to conciliate or accede to the demands of the carpenters' council. Instead of preparing a peace offering, they have been quietly making concessions to the individual workmen, and accepting reciprocal obligations from them. So it is that 5,000 journey-carpenters are looking forward to an enforced idleness, perhaps for weeks.

Yesterday developed little that was new in the plumbers' strike. The most significant feature of the day being the influx of plumbers from other cities. Strikers and employers hold out with equal pertinacity and are alike confident of victory. The plumbing business throughout the city is practically suspended.

GOMPER'S ADDRESS.

The Noted Labor Agitator Addresses a Large Audience at the Masonic Temple.

Mr. Samuel Gompers, of New York city, president of the American Federation of Trades, who had been billed to deliver a free lecture on the labor question at the Temple last night, was given a royal reception by the organized labor of the city. The different organizations, headed by the First Regiment band, marched in a body to the Rich hotel and escorted the noted agitator to the Temple, which building was comfortably well filled with people anxious to hear him.

In his opening remarks the speaker spoke of how it was necessary that everything that is, or has ever been, of value to humanity has been moulded by the hands of the laborer, who, having placed material in a shape to be of the most value, oftentimes was not able to retain any of it for his own benefit or luxury.

He touched on the question of child-labor and said that in nine cases out of ten where the child was employed it was done, not for the benefit of the child or sympathy for the parents, but for the reason that its labor could be purchased cheaper than that of the father, the mother, the brother or the sister who had grown to manhood or womanhood, and often the employment of the child was the cause of the discharge of the father.

He next took up the shorter hour question and tried to demonstrate why days of shorter hours of labor would be of benefit not only to the men who were compelled to do such labor, but to those who were their employers and those who in the business of life depended to a great extent on the earnings of the workingman. He demonstrated that where wages were highest and a day's work shortest there you found the best friendship and comfort between man and man. He spoke of the hours of pleasure that could be spent at home with wife, children, mother or sister, not in the glare of the lamp and electric light, but under the shining rays of the sun, when nature was at its best. He stated that even now in the city of Fort Wayne the men who were the latest to arrive and earliest to depart were the best paid, the happiest situated and enjoyed the beauties of this life to the greatest extent. In his mind one of the greatest maxims ever written were those beautiful lines, "Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest, eight hours for what we will."

When closing his remarks he made the statement that the carpenters would be the first to make the demand for shorter hours and when successful, of which he felt no doubt, the cause of the coal miners would be taken up, and all organized labor were pledged to assist each in their demands for the elevation of mankind.

Mr. Gompers was the recipient of many thanks and congratulations from the workingmen of the city at the close of his remarks.

SEVERELY SCALDED.

A Child Falls in a Pan of Boiling Hot Water.

Yesterday, at the home of its parents, 39 Pine street, the little two-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Miller, was around in the kitchen where the mother was washing. A pan of boiling hot water stood on the floor, and into this the child accidentally fell, and was scalded in a serious manner about the hips and body up to the shoulders.

Dr. E. J. McOscar was summoned and dressed the little one's injuries, which it was feared for a time might prove fatal. The child is resting easier to-day.

All kinds of cakes at Seidel's.

Dr. E. F. Sites, the dentist, is now located at No. 86 Calhoun street, four doors north of Wayne street.

The best dinner for 25c at Seidel's.

Everybody will attend the popular Three River Rod and Reel Club Ball Monday evening.

CHRIST HAS RISEN.

The Coming of Sunday Morn Will Usher in Easter Day--The Churches and Their Services.

Pastor Sims welcomes you to the Christian Chapel at 10:30 and 7:30.

No services at the Congregational church to-morrow. Sunday School at 12 m.

Services at the U. B. church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunnay school at 9:30 a. m. Revival meeting every evening next week.

An attractive musical program has been arranged for the Easter festival service of Trinity Episcopal Sunday School, at 4 o'clock, to which all are invited.

Simpson M. E. church, corner South Harrison and Dawson streets. Services morning and evening conducted by the Rev. G. B. M. Rogers. All cordially invited to attend.

St. Paul M. E. church will hold Easter services to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school Easter song service at 2:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to all.

Men's meeting at the R. R. Y. M. C. A. will be held at 3 o'clock, standard time, Sunday afternoon, for one hour. All men cordially invited and any stranger in town especially welcomed. A profitable hour is assured.

Remember the boys and girls meeting at the Baptist Tabernacle 3.30 to-morrow. Illustrated booklets for all. Those from eight to eighteen years only are invited. Doors close at 3:45. A thousand youths are expected.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 a. m. Missionary meeting at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Society of Christian endeavor, at 6:30. All are invited to attend these meetings.

Rev. J. H. Latchaw, of Findlay college, will be in the city over Sunday, the guest of Pastor Shanks, and will preach this evening, to-morrow morning and evening in the Bethel, corner of DeWald street and Hoagland avenue. All are cordially invited to hear him.

The song service at the City Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoon is constantly increasing in number and interest. All the young men in the city are invited to come out to-morrow at 4 o'clock, city time. Some additional music and an interesting leader expected to-morrow. Meeting to continue one hour.

Rev. J. M. Boggs, of the Third Presbyterian church will preach to-morrow in the Second Presbyterian church, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The sacrament of the Lord's supper will be observed at the morning service. Sunday school at 11:45; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45. There will be no services at the Third church, but their Sabbath school will be as usual, at 2 p. m.

Services at the Grace Reformed church to-morrow morning and evening appropriate for Easter Sabbath. At the morning service a large number of applicants will be received by baptism, and confirmation with full membership, with the church. In the evening the different societies of the church will unite with a service apprpriate for the day. Strangers and friends of the church are invited to these services.

The Easter services at the Trinity Episcopal church to-morrow will be:

7 a. m.—First celebration of Holy Eucharist.

10:25 a. m.—Morning prayer and second celebration of Holy Eucharist.

4 p. m.—Choral festival, services of the Sunday School.

The musical program will be as follows:

Pontifical March	Lemmens
Anthem: This is the Day	Danks
Anthem: Christ Our Passover	Lloyd
Gloria in E flat	Greatorex
Gloria	Saar
Gloria, in A	Greatorex
Te Deum	Hopkins
Jubilate	Havens
Anthem: Why Seek Ye the Living Among the Dead	Greene
Kyrie	Gounod
Gloria Tibi	Gounod
Anthem: Lift Your Glad Voices	Williams
Offertory: Pastoral	Kullak
Offertory Gloria	Greatorex
Sanctus	Dykes
Hymn: Bread of the World	
Gloria in Excelsis	Old Chant
Recessional: Jerusalem the Golden	
Postlude	Battiste

Strangers are welcome to all services.

JUDGE HENCH

Is Not a Candidate for Superior Court Judge.

FORT WAYNE, April 5, 1890.

Editor of THE SENTINEL.

I have been informed to-day by democrats from all parts of the county that it is the current report in many of the townships of this county that I am a candidate for judge of the superior court. I desire to say that I am not a candidate for said office, although I have been urged to-day, and for some time past, by many of my friends, to be a candidate.

SAMUEL M. HENCH.

A FORT WAYNE LADY

Has Two Tumors Removed.

Miss Lena Dillon, No. 135 Broadway, has had two tumors for five years. Dr. Wilbur removed them and she is a well girl. The doctor also removed a tumor for Mr. Wm. Volland, No. 279 West Washington street. True merit must be recognized, even in a traveling physician, and testimonials like these speak volumes for the doctor's ability.

KILLED INSTANTLY.

Patrick Finney, a Fort Wayne Brakeman, Meets a Sudden Fate at Columbia City.

Patrick Finney, a popular freight brakeman on the Fort Wayne road, was instantly killed at Columbia City this morning.

The circumstances of the accident are as follows: Finney was returning to this city on his regular run—freight train No. 98, eastward bound, due here at 8.20 o'clock a. m. When near Columbia City, as he was descending the side of a car, his body struck a water hydrant and he was hurled to instant death underneath the moving train.

His body was cut in twain and he was otherwise horribly mangled. The remains were gathered up and boxed for shipment on mail train number 20, which arrived here at 1:25 o'clock this afternoon. Undertaker Peltier was detailed to take charge of the corpse and convey it to the family residence.

The deceased was nearly twenty-three years old.

Mr. Finney was an unmarried man and lived with his parents at 18 Melita street. His father, Michael Finney, is a helper in the Wabash blacksmith shop. James Finney, the well known Pittsburg conductor, is an uncle of the deceased, and Austin Finney, a printer on the Journal, is a brother.

The death of Patrick Finney will be learned with deepest sorrow. He was loved for his fellowship, liked for his acquaintance and admired and respected for his sobriety and earnest manhood.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

Attorney W. P. Denny Raises a New Question in Indiana Courts.

The circuit court, by jury, recently returned a verdict of $1 and costs against the defendant in the case of the state of Indiana vs. Josiah O. Keller.

The defendant was found guilty of assault and battery on John E. Housh, then in his empioy.

Mr. W. P. Denny, attorney for Mr. Kellar, appealed the case to the supreme court and a decision just handed down from there loses him the suit.

Mr. Denny raised a point never before tried in an Indiana court, hence the decision of the supreme court was awaited by the attorneys with no little interest.

Mr. Denny's point was that the state ought to be required to show up the whole case, and that the defense should have the privilege of cross-examining any of the state's witnesses before the defendant is called upon to make defense.

In the case at issue Prosecutor Robinson did not call on one of the state's witnesses whom the defense looked upon as being able to render testimony of benefit to them. Attorney Denny appealed to the court to demand the examination of the witness and was overruled. It was then on this point that he appealed to the supreme court.

A motion will probably be made for a new trial.

IN NEW HANDS.

The Bloomingdale Mills, Under the Management of Pilliod & Brown, Coming to the Front.

The Bloomingdale mills, which were purchased by Messrs. Charles J. Pilliod and Charles W. Brown, of Swanton, O., a few days ago, have undergone a series of extensive repairs and are now ready for business again.

The gentlemen are old time millers, having been in the business for years, and understanding thoroughly all the branches of the industry. They have placed in the mill the celebrated Geo. T. Smith purifier, which is the best in the world, and have added to the mill property much new machinery, all of which is of the latest and most improved pattern. With these improvements it is safe to say that the Bloomingdale mill is now one of the best in this part of the country.

The new firm will manufacture, by the roller process, the celebrated brands of flour known as "Diadem" and "Peerless" and will be able to compete in excellence and prices with any of the mills of the country. They will do all kinds of custom work and carry on a general milling business.

Messrs. Pilliod & Brown came to our city strangers, but our readers here in Fort Wayne and throughout the country, will find them gentlemen with whom it is a pleasure to do business, and obliging in every respect.

THE SENTINEL bespeaks for the new firm success, and under their management the Bloomingdale Mills will no doubt take a position among our city's busy industries it has never held before.

Do not fail to attend the grand ball given by the Three River Rod and Reel Club Monday evening. Good music in attendance.

Holders of season tickets to E. F. Biddle's lecture course may reserve seats for the Royal Hand Bell Ringers—the first entertainment in the course—Monday at 9 a. m., at the Masonic Temple. Season tickets will be on sale. Single tickets will be sold and seats reserved Tuesday at 10 a. m.

REGINA COELI—AN EASTER ANTHEM.

BY CHARLES CURTZ HAHN.

Rejoice, O Queen of heaven, rejoice!
Alleluia!
Th' angelic host let thy sweet voice
Lead in triumphant hymns of praise
For this most glorious day of days.
Alleluia!

For He whom thou in purity bore,
Alleluia!
Is risen; and the tomb no more
Can hold the faithful who will rise
With songs of triumph to the skies.
Alleluia!

He is risen! He is risen!
Alleluia!
Broken is the dark stone prison;
Angels stand before the tomb;
Easter light dispels its gloom.
Alleluia!

He is risen. Loud we sing;
Alleluia!
But with anthems, upward wing
Plaintive minor cries to thee,
"*Ora pro nobis*," Star of the sea!
Alleluia.

AN EASTER BONNET;

OR,

Why Mrs. Philemon Kesterson Was Worried.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

"YOU haven't tried a muffin, dear," said Mr. Kesterson.

"No," dismally.

"Nor touched your chop."

"No," more dismally.

"Nor tasted your coffee."

"No," most dismally.

It was a very pretty room, that in which the Kestersons sat at breakfast. A big Persian rug partly covered the polished floor; there were sash curtains of China silk on the windows; the table was a miracle of snowiness, sparkle, and tempting viands; a bowl of violets stood on the low, tiled mantel, and over on a broad lounge in the baywindow kicked a little dimpled, rosy baby, Philemon Kesterson, Jr.

"My love, what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"You are ill, Augusta, or you are worried. Which is it?"

Mrs. Kesterson rolled between her slim white fingers one of the ribbons of her old-rose morning gown.

"I'm w-worried," she replied, with quite a pathetic tremble in her voice.

"Well?" queried her lord.

"I haven't any money!" broke out Mrs. Kesterson.

Philemon stared.

"Why, my dear Augusta, it is only five days since you drew $50."

"I—I know, darling; but I saw such lovely faille selling at an absurdly low price. I thought it would be swindling you not to buy it. You'd have to pay so much more, if I should happen to need some in the future. Don't you see, love?"

Mr. Kesterson put his hands in his pockets and leaned back in his chair. He had not been married long enough to make him either callous or irritable regarding requests for money.

"Well, no, my dear; I can't exactly say I do. What is it you need?"

"A new hat to wear Easter Sunday."

Mr. Kesterson laughed. "Now, why in the world do women always want a new bonnet for Easter? I don't buy a new hat because Lent is over. Well, well, how much will the bonnet cost?"

"I don't want a bonnet," corrected Mrs. Kesterson. "I want a hat. A bonnet makes one look so old."

Philemon smiled benignantly on the dimpled wild-rose face across the table, and thought it would be a peculiar head-dress which could impart to its curves and color an appearance of age.

"Well, a hat, then. How much?"

"I don't know, but I did see just the very one I want. It was in Palmer's window—the loveliest hat, all sage-green velvet and surah, and the cunningest little curly tips."

Mr. Kesterson smiled more broadly. He rose. He kissed his wife.

"Money is very scarce, my dear, but

"YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED YOUR CHOP, DEAR," HE SAID.

I'll see—I'll see!" And he shrugged himself into his light spring overcoat and betook himself down-town.

If not exactly an old man's darling, Mrs. Kesterson was the adored wife of a man considerably older than herself. But than she was barely 20.

It was quite a chilly morning, and the draught circled through the car on which Mr. Kesterson rode to his place of business at a positively rheumatic rate; but Philemon was oblivious of such small discomforts. The consciousness of a kind deed contemplated seemed to keep his feet as well as his heart warm.

"Wonder if she thought me indifferent to her request. She'll know better this evening. Won't she be delighted, though?" And he rubbed his bearded chin in an ecstasy of anticipation. Arrived at State street he turned in the direction of Palmer's millinery store. Within half a block of his destination he was startled by a slap on the shoulder.

"Hallo, Kesterson! Where are you bound for?"

A reddish glow, the very parody of a blush, passed over Philemon's honest face. Then he recollected that Charley Kent was probably as indulgent a husband as himself, because a much more recent one.

"To tell you the truth, Kent, I'm going to buy my wife a bonnet—no, a hat."

Charley first laughed and looked quizzical, then grew suddenly serious as the possibility of his Dora being at that moment sighing for suitable head covering occurred to him.

"Women always do want new bonnets for Easter, don't they?"

From the standpoint of a longer matrimonial experience, Philemon, with decision, answered, "Yes."

"Funny, ain't it?"

"Very."

"Guess I'll go with you. How do you know you'll get what your wife will like?"

"That's as easy as rolling off a log. She told me."

"Oh! Not a surprise, then?"

"No."

When the two gentlemen entered Palmer's, Mr. Kesterson explained to the saleslady who waited upon them the particular features of the particular chapeau his wife desired. At least, he endeavored to describe them.

"The color had two names," he said, "and, though I can't exactly remember them, I know I would if I were to hear them again."

"Crushed strawberry?" she suggested.

"No."

"Harrison blue?"

"No-o."

"Terra cotta?"

Mr. Kesterson wiped his forehead. He feared his friend was laughing at him, and he was becoming desperate.

"Yes," he murmured, "I think that's it—terra cotta."

"Oh, then, this must be it," and she brought from the showcase a trim little bonnet.

"Has it tips? She said the one she preferred had tips."

"Dear me, yes," replied the saleslady, as she smilingly revolved the bonnet before his ignorant eyes.

"All right, then. Give me a couple of cards."

On one he wrote the address and on the other, "With my dear love. Philemon."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

Kesterson gasped, but he went heroically down in his pocket and counted out the sum.

"Think I'll take that one for Dora," said Kent, indicating an æsthetic hat in the window. And when he had paid for it and given the address he and Kesterson walked out and over to Kinsley's, where on the strength of their good deeds they treated themselves to a very choice luncheon. Meanwhile the intelligent and discriminating saleslady boxed and forwarded Mrs. Philemon Kesterson's terra-cotta bonnet to that lady, but inclosed Mrs. Philemon Kesterson's card with Mrs. Charley Kent's green velvet hat.

* * * * * *

"Not at home?"

"No, ma'am, but she will be soon. Won't you step in and wait?"

Mrs. Kesterson hesitated. She was fatigued. The parlor beyond with its ruby portieres, its sparkling little fire, its general air of comfort and cosiness, was most inviting. So she went in.

"Mrs. Kent said she would be back by four," said the servant, and then she drew the portieres and went away. Mrs. Kesterson, seated by the piano, pretty as a picture, in her moire street suit, looked critically around the room, as women have a trick of doing when alone. Her glance fell on a peculiar-shaped parcel on the sofa. "A new bonnet!" She got up and walked toward it. "From Palmer's. How I should love to see it! I believe I shall take a peep. Dora and I are so intimate she won't mind." So, accordingly, two small gloved hands snapped the cord, removed the paper, took off the cover, and unswathed from its tissue-paper wrappings a green velvet hat all trimmed with surah and curly tips.

"Oh!" she cried, "my hat!" For in imagination it had already been hers. She stooped to pick up the card which had fallen on the rug. In blank astonishment she read the line thereon. In wild suspicion she re-read it. In an agony of doubt, bewilderment, misery, she perused it again. Her husband had sent Dora the very hat she had described to him! Hadn't she heard rumors of his having been attentive to Dora long ago? But now! that was his writing—and his name! with his dear love—oh! But Dora would be returning soon! In a feverish hurry Mrs. Kesterson restored the hat and card to their places in the box and tied up the latter. Then she drew down her veil, let herself softly out of the house, and hurried home. There she found awaiting her the terra-cotta bonnet. "He didn't inclose any card to me!" she commented, bitterly! "Oh, no! Just sent me this ugly old thing."

BUYING THE BONNET.

When Philemon, radiant at the prospect of his reception, entered his home that night he was confronted by a red-eyed, irresponsive, and resentful little lady.

"W—what is it, dearest? Didn't you get the—the hat?"

"No, *I* did'nt get the hat," retorted his wife, with a stinging emphasis on the pronoun, which was quite lost on her innocent spouse. "*I* got a hideous little bonnet."

"Wasn't it the one you described?" queried Philemon, aghast.

A look of crushing scorn was the only answer he received. That very evening, as mute and miserable they sat in the parlor, who should be ushered in but Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kent. And Mrs. Kent wore her new hat. She to come! And wear it! The insolence of it made Mrs. Kesterson grow white as death. But what was that Charley Kent was saying in that rollicking voice of his?

"Look here, Kesterson, the card you wrote your wife to-day when we bankrupted ourselves on Easter bonnets, they sent home in Dora's box."

"Eh?" cried Philemon.

Mrs. Kesterson gasped. The blood came back from her heart with a rush. She went up to Dora and began talking to her rapidly, cordially, affectionately. She could hear the gentlemen jesting over the mistake, their purchases, and her husband saying how he had bought the wrong hat after all. The evening passed delightfully. Philemon looked at his wife in surprise. She was so full of vivacity, of mirth. When the guests were gone

IT EXPLAINED EVERYTHING.

she went up to her husband, and leaning over the back of the chair wherein he sat bent and kissed him several times.

"You dear old Phil! I was cross to-night—wasn't I? And I didn't thank you for that beautiful bonnet!"

"But——" stammered Kesterson.

"It is exactly the shade of the faille, and I'll have my dress of that made up right away. It is a charming bonnet! You darling boy!"

Beamingly Mr. Kesterson received his delayed caresses. But he made up his mind at that moment that one never could understand a woman, and that it was no use trying to do so.

The Simnel Cake.

A very curious old Easter custom in Shropshire and Herefordshire, England, is to make a rich and expensive cake called a simnel cake. The cakes are raised and the crust is made of fine flour and water with enough saffron to give it a deep yellow color. The interior is filled with materials of a very rich plum cake, with plenty of candied lemon peel and other good things. They are made up very stiff, tied up in a cloth and boiled for several hours, after which they are brushed over with an egg and then baked. When ready for sale the crust is as hard as if made of wood, a circumstance which has given rise to various stories of the manner in which they have at times been treated by persons to whom they were sent as presents, and who had never seen one before, one ordering his simnel to be boiled to soften it, and a lady taking hers for a footstool. They are made of different sizes.

EVEN the humblest toiler in the land can resolve to live for a higher purpose.

SOME EASTER FLOWERS.

A Few of the Many Blossoms Appropriate to the Season.

EASTER-DAY, the glory of the Christian year, is essentially a feast of flowers. Highest among them is the lily of purity, emblem of the Annunciation to the Maid blessed among women, emblem also of the glorious resurrection. Its beauty lies sleeping in the dormant bulb; it is the very prototype of the mortal which shall put on immortality.

Every florist's window now shows a mass of "Easter lilies," a popular name applied indiscriminately at this season to several differing varieties. The original "Easter lily" is Lilium candidum, a native of the Levant, and one of the oldest known species. It displays a panicle of snowy flowers, usually from four to eight in number, buds and blossoms together. This is the lily usually represented in devotional pictures. Two other varieties often referred to by the same popular name as the preceding are the trumpet and Bermuda lilies. The first is noticeable not only for the length of its blooms but also for its firm texture and lasting qualities. However, the Bermuda lily, which is very similar to L. candidum, is now grown more extensively than all the other sorts put together, in spite of being rather lacking in substance. The bulbs are inexpensive, being imported from the West Indies, and the flowers are very readily forced. They may be flowered by Christmas, while other varieties are much later. For forcing, the bulbs are potted in the autumn or early winter, being kept in a cool place until the pots are filled with roots; they are then brought into a warm house and treated to a generous diet. They flower from eight to ten weeks after the change in temperature. A house full of Bermuda lilies is a glorious sight in the bitter winter weather; everywhere straight, shining foliage and proudly held stems with a crown of buds and blossoms. As soon as the bud unfolds the florist removes the anthers from the stamens, lest the immaculate purity of the calyx should be soiled by the fairy gold-dust of its pollen.

Another Easter lily is the familiar calla. It is not a lily at all, being an arum. Our familiar jack-in-the-pulpit is one of its poor relations. The large white bract which apparently forms the flower is in reality the spath which protects the true inflorescence, the yellow spike in the center. This spike is a close mass of tiny flowers. The stately habit and fine foliage of the calla make it so decorative that it never really goes out of fashion, like many of its peers, for, alas! fickle fashion, like many of its peers, invades even the realms of nature, and the flower of one season is relegated to oblivion during the next.

While the lily typifies the glories of the resurrection, passion-flowers are a symbol of the pain and sorrow of the three great days. A devout fancy makes every part of the flower emblematic of the Passion; the stigmas represent the three nails, the anthers the five wounds, and the curious rays of the corona the crown of thorns; the ten petals represent the ten faithful apostles, the digitate leaves the hands of the persecutors, and the curling tendrils their scourges. It is a beautiful fancy, more suggestive of Gerarde or Tradescant than of our modern botanists, though they do not all belong to the Gradgrind school.

An Ancient Custom.

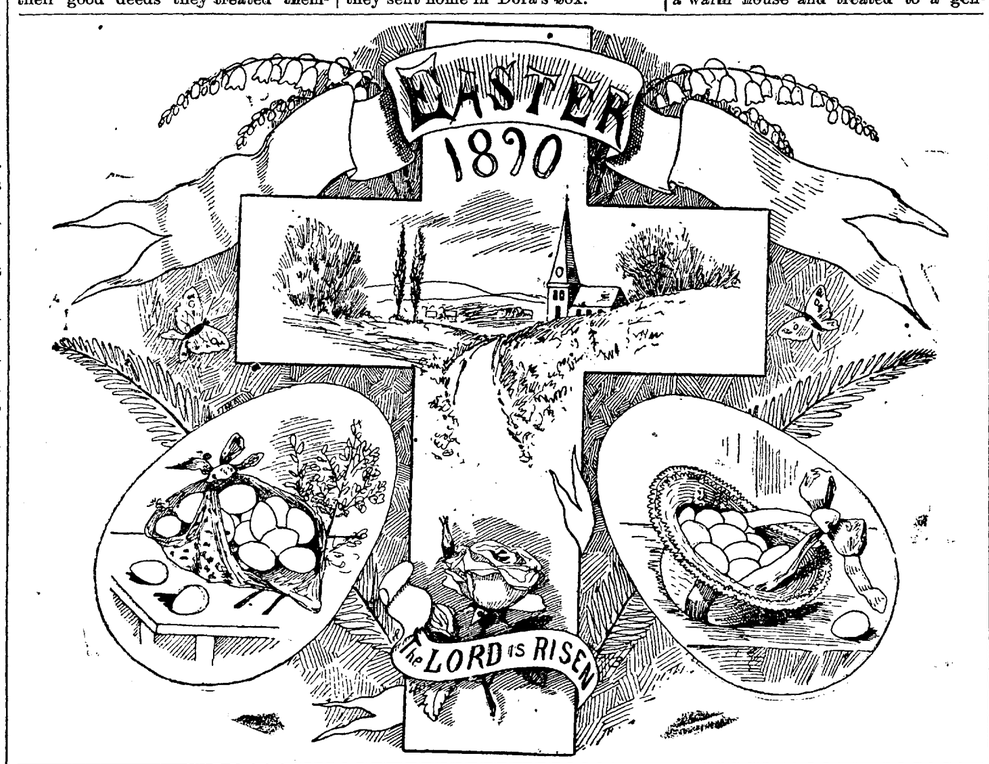
It is difficult to ascertain the precise origin of the graceful custom so universal in France and Germany and more or less prevalent throughout the world of offering eggs at the festival of Easter. The Persians give each other eggs at the new year, the Russians and the Finns at the festival of Easter. Among the Romans the year opened at Easter, as it did among the Franks under the Capets. Mutual presents were bestowed; and as the egg is the emblem of the beginning of all things, nothing better could be found as an offering. The symbolic meaning is striking; eggs are the germs of fecundity and abundance, and we wish our friends all the blessings contained within the slender shell when we offer this gift, whose fragility represents that of happiness here below. The Romans commenced their repast with an egg, hence the proverbial phrase, "Ab ovo usque ad mala," and we still say, to express going back to the commencement—beginning—ab ovo.

EASTER.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

Like a meteor, large and bright,
Fell a golden seed of light
On the field of Christmas night,
When the Babe was born.

Then 'twas sepulchred in the gloom,
Till above His holy tomb
Flashed its everlasting bloom,
Flower of Easter morn.



AN EASTER EVENT.

BY S. A. HARRISON.

In the hay-mow, under the hay,
Hiding the eggs for Easter Day.

Mamma wonders: "The hens don't lay;
We'll not have eggs for Easter Day."

Didn't know—in the mow were Tom and Jay,
Hiding the eggs for Easter Day.

"Mine red!" said Alice. "Mine green," said May,
But not an egg was found that day.

For the rogues had stowed them all away,
Up in the hay-mow, under the hay.

"How warm and sunny," said little May,
"Let's go out in the loft to play."

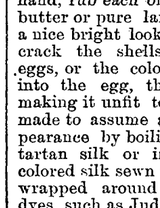
So they frolicked and tossed the hay;
"Look!" cried Alice. "A nest!" cried May.

"Been a nest for many a day;
Now we'll have eggs for Easter Day."

Two boys, that eve, strolled in from play—
Though 'twas Easter eve, they'd nothing to say.

EASTER EGGS.

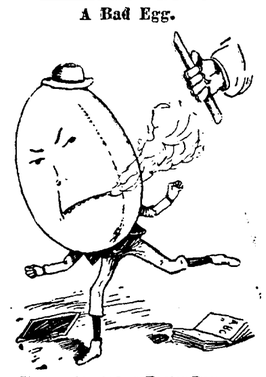
How to Color and Decorate Them—An Ancient Custom.



THE custom of giving eggs as presents about Easter time is ancient and widespread, but its true origin is lost in obscurity. In England it has been revived of late years, and the shops at Easter are full of prettily dyed ornamental eggs of all descriptions and of various prices, many of the more expensive ones containing valuable gifts. A basket or dish of freshly boiled and colored real eggs placed on the breakfast table on Easter morning is, however, preferable to imitation eggs, while the preparation of them will give pleasure and occupation to the younger members of the family.

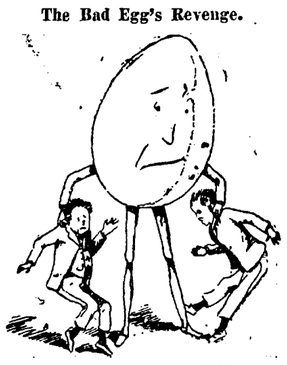
There are many ways of coloring the eggs; logwood chips, if used in small quantities, will cause the egg to assume a port wine color, while if more chips are added the eggs will be black. It is impossible to say the exact quantity of chips required, depending on the quantity of water used, but it can easily be ascertained when the liquid is sufficiently dark by taking up a little in a spoon before putting in the egg. For brown eggs, boil them in coffee; for yellow eggs, in onion peelings. Cochineal will make eggs any shade, from a deep crimson to a lovely pink, according to the quantity used. Another way of coloring eggs is to wrap the eggs in pieces of silk of different shades, place them carefully in a saucepan containing plenty of warm water in which has been dissolved a lump of common washing soda, and boil for an hour; then remove the silk covering and allow the eggs to cool gradually. When sufficiently cool to hold in the hand, rub each one over with a little butter or pure lard, which gives them a nice bright look. Be careful not to crack the shells when boiling the eggs, or the color will boil through into the egg, thus spoiling it and making it unfit to eat. Eggs may be made to assume a sort of marble appearance by boiling them in a piece of tartan silk or in several pieces of colored silk sewn together and tightly wrapped around the eggs. Bought dyes, such as Judson's, may be used as well for coloring the eggs, but are not so effective and bright, nor so amusing to use. A pretty effect may be obtained by daubing the eggs here and there with grease before boiling them, or dipping them into the boiling dye. Wherever the grease is the dye does not take, and therefore they come out spotted or striped or with other devices, as the case may be, or the name of the intended recipient of the egg may be written on it in the same manner, when it will appear afterwards quite distinct. In dyeing eggs care should be taken to use only one spoon, and that an old one; an old saucepan should also be used, and will answer the purpose perfectly if previously thoroughly cleaned. Some of the prettiest eggs are coated with gold and silver; this is not difficult to do. Boil the eggs for an hour in plain water only, then when quite cold rub them all over with painters' size. Procure some gold or silver dust, such as bookbinders use, put it in a saucer or plate, roll the eggs gently one at a time till the egg is entirely covered. Or the egg may be at first colored, and a name, a date, or any other device be put on in the same manner with the size and dust. Gold and silver leaf can be used, if preferred, instead of the dust, but are more troublesome to manage.

A Bad Egg.



It came to pass on Easter Day
A bad egg went outdoors to play;
There happened along
A man with a thong,
And he drove Mr. Bad Egg away.

The Bad Egg's Revenge.



An Easter Card.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

MANY CURIOUS, INTERESTING, AND USEFUL FACTS.

Origin and History of April Fool's Day—The Startling Immensity of Space—To Avoid the Lightning's Stroke—A Budget of Notes of Popular Interest.

BY PROF. J. F. ELSOM.

April Fool.

"April first stands marked by custom's rules,
A day of being and of making fools."

The origin of this day of practical jokes seem a trifle obscure. By some the custom has been traced to the scene in the life of Jesus when he was sent from Pilate to Herod, then back from Herod to Pilate, which occurred at this time. Away back nearly a hundred years in the *Chavis Calendaria* mention is made of the first of April as "All Fools' Day," and Scotland's poetry and song is replete with anecdotes and jokes perpetrated on this day, and among the Hindoos a day of fooleries, the *Ifuli Fest*, is also observed. Among the Hindoos all kinds of jokes and like silly species of witticisms are saved for this day.

By many it is believed that the term "all" is a corruption of "auld" or "old," thus making it "Old Fools' Day," in support of which a very ancient Roman calendar speaks respecting the first of April, "the feast of old fools is remained to this day," but the oldest almanacs extant all have it "All Fools' Day." Again, with the Roman Saturnalia and the Druidical rites, superstitions which the early Christians found in existence when they began their labors in England, was the Festum Fatuorum, or Fool's Holiday, which was our first of April. In a few of the German classics frequent mention is made of the Aprilon narr, so that even the Germans of the olden time knew how to practice their cunning April arts upon their neighbors quite as well as we of the present day.

Enough is known to prove the custom of very ancient origin, but perhaps the precise origin is unknown, all positive statements made regarding the custom being based mostly on conjecture. Suffice to say it is very, very old, and outside of the slight tinge of superstition and mustiness surrounding it, all of this day and age feel free to confess their dislike and declare it a nuisance. In short, the custom itself, however originating, is "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

The Immensity of Space.

Few people have the faintest conception of the immensity of space. We stand and look around, but how far the eye can penetrate no tongue can tell. We look at a distant star, we see it night after night, and would continue to do so if it should be destroyed; it takes so long for its light to reach the earth that a person looking a hundred years would fail to miss it. If the sun were a ball of fire, as the ancients supposed it to be, and a person had an arm sufficiently long to reach it, he might hold it there and burn it on the sun for centuries and would never feel it, it would take so long for the sensitive nerves to convey the pain to the brain that distance, nearly a hundred million of miles. Think of it! The diameter of the sun, small as it appears to us, is seven hundred and seventy thousand geographical miles, the earth but eight thousand, or one hundred and twelve times smaller than the sun. The volume of the sun is one million four hundred and seven thousand one hundred and twenty-four times greater than the earth, and six hundred times greater than that of all the planets known to astronomers taken together; its aggregate mass is three hundred and fifty-nine thousand five hundred and fifty-one times greater than the earth, and seven hundred and thirty-eight times greater than all the rest of the planets put together. A single spot seen upon its surface has been estimated by astronomers and the leading mathematicians to extend over an area of seventy-seven thousand miles in diameter, and a cluster of spots have been estimated by the same authorities to include an area of three million seven hundred and eighty thousand miles. When we bring ordinary mathematics to bear in measuring these spaces, weighing these weights, it is almost equivalent to an attempt to measure the water of a lake with a chemist's graduate, or the depths and weight of an ocean with a draughtsman's compass and protractor.

Comets.

The ocean, as well as the land, has its different botanical regions; and changes of vegetation are observable with the depth analogous to the variations of terrestrial planets with the height. Marine vegetation seems to have its vertical extent determined by the range of light in the water, which varies with the power of the sun and the transparency of the water.

This marvelous age, this century of gigantic intellectual achievement, has been especially rich in brilliant comets visible to the naked eye. The large comet of 1811 was exceedingly fine; the head measured one hundred and twelve millions of miles in diameter, and the tail was no less than one hundred and twelve millions of miles in length. The comet of 1843 was visible in full day, and of all comets known it approached nearest to the sun. Donati's comet, in 1858, is the most famous of modern times.

Notes of Daily Interest.

VOLCANOES rarely, if ever, are more than five miles deep.

THE eye of the beetle has upward of twenty-five thousand facets.

SPRINGS of fresh water rise in most all the seas known.

THERE are rivers in the ocean as well as on the land.

RANCID oils convert vegetable blues into red—a delicate test.

WATER-SPOUTS seldom last longer than thirty or forty minutes.

How to Raise Boys.

Mrs. Hobbs (parent of an infant terror and several half-grown terrors)—Well, Mr. Hobbs, since you are so dissatisfied with the way I am raising our darling Willie, maybe you will condescend to inform me how you would raise boys.

Hobbs—Certainly; every boy ought to be kept in a hogshead and fed through the bunghole until he is 12 years of age.

"And when he reaches the age of 12?"

"Stop up the bunghole."

MEN are like drums—the one with the big head makes the most noise.

The Impassable Ten-Word Limit.

"It is curious," said the ancient citizen yesterday, "what strange things we hear in the cars, and in what queer channels people's minds run. In a ride of ten miles this morning, occupying thirty-five minutes, four young women, just across the aisle from me, occupied the entire time in discussing the wording of a telegram which they designed to send. One of the four had left her wallet behind, and desired to telegraph for it to be sent after her.

"'Now, we must get it in ten words,' said one. 'Let's see. Go to top bureau drawer in my room, get pocketbook, take to train—'

"'That's too long,' interrupted another. 'You don't need to say in my room, for of course your drawer is in your room.'

"'Go to top bureau drawer, get pocketbook—'

"'Purse, say purse.'

"'Go to top bureau drawer, get purse, take to train—'

"'You want to say something about being in a hurry, so they will deliver it at once, right off.'

"'Get purse from top bureau drawer, take train, please deliver. How would that do?'

"'Why not say haste, or immediate, or hurry?'

"And so they went on and on and on to the end of the chapter, until the people about them could think of nothing else save top bureau drawers and pocketbooks, and they did not cease until the train ran into the station at Boston. What queer people there are in this world—especially women."—*Boston Advertiser.*

The Same Name.

Some years ago a very rich resident of Boston—a several-millionaire, in fact—was considerably bothered because there lived in town a man whose name was exactly the same as his—Barton Tucker, we may call it at a venture. After he had stood it a good while, Mr. Barton Tucker, the millionaire, sought out his namesake, and found that he was a teamster, and a poor man at that.

"Is your name Barton Tucker?" asked the millionaire of the truckman, who had just completed taking the feed-bags off his horses' noses, and was preparing to move on.

"That's my name, sir," said the truckman.

"Well, it's my name, too. I came to see you and make a proposition to you. You see, your letters come to me, and I dare say some of mine have come to you, which isn't pleasant for a man of my responsibilities. Now I want to ask you a plain question."

"Fire away!"

"How much money would it take to induce you to go before the Legislature and get your name changed to something else?"

The truckman gave a long whistle, and then he said—with a big oath, if the truth must be told—as he mounted his seat:

"It would take a darned sight more money than you've got, Mr. Barton Tucker! Git up!"

Then his conveyance lumbered away down the street, leaving the millionaire to reflect that a poor man's name may be as dear to him as a rich man's.

To Dispel Colds,

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

A Disappointment.

A New York landlord, who was in a tight place financially, sent his son, a rather fresh young man, to the tenant to collect the rent. On the young man returning in a hilarious mood, the father exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven, you are back, and with the money, I hope."

"He couldn't pay all of it right then, so I consented to take half of it."

"That's all right. Give it to me."

"He didn't have it."—*Texas Siftings.*

Copy of Original.

VAN WERT, Ohio, July 11, 1889.
Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

GENTS—This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

ALBERT KING.

We certify to the above testimonial.
HINES & SON, Druggists.

A BALL was recently bowled against a young English cricketer's forehead, killing him instantly.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

WHEN were there only two vowels? In the days of No-a, before U and I were born.

ST. JACOBS OIL
SURE CURE.
CURES PERMANENTLY
RHEUMATISM.
The Cripple. The Cure.
Lowell, Mass., July 9, 1887.
The boy Orrin Robinson, a poor cripple on crutches, who was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of rheumatism in 1881, is well; the cure has remained permanent. He is now at work every day at manual labor. GEO. C. OSGOOD, M. D.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

La Grippe has Left
the System
badly debilitated
in millions
of cases.
Take
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
and restore
Tone
and Strength.
It never fails.
Prepared by
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

Ely's Cream Balm
GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE FOR
COLD IN HEAD.
—CURES—
CATARRH.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.
THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

WILCOX'S COMPOUND
TANSY PILLS!

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE SOUNDS A NOTE OF WARNING TO THE SLOTHFUL.

Work During Your Life—Now Is the Accepted Time for Good Works—Discourse from the Text "A Living Dog Is Better Than a Dead Lion."

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Sunday morning, March 30, was "A Dead Lion," and his text, Eccles. ix, 4: "A living dog is better than a dead lion." Following is a verbatim report of the sermon:

The Bible is the strangest, the loveliest, the mightiest, the weirdest, the best of books. Written by Moses the lawyer, Joshua the soldier, Samuel the judge, Ezra the builder, Job the poet, David the shepherd, Daniel the prime minister, Amos the herdsman, Matthew the custom house officer, Luke the doctor, Paul the scholar, John the exile; and yet a complete harmony from the middle verse of the Bible, which is the eighth verse of the one hundred and seventeenth Psalm, both ways to the upper and lower lids, and from the shortest passage, which is the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of John, to the longest verse, which is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther, and yet not an imperfection in all the 773,693 words which it is composed of. It not only reaches over the past, but over the future; has in it a ferryboat, as in the second Samuel; and a telegraph wire, as in Job; and a railroad train as in Nahum; and introduces us to a foundryman by the name of Tubal Cain, and a ship builder by the name of Noah, and an architect by the name of Aholiab, and tells us how many stables Solomon had to take care of his horses, and how much he paid for those horses. But few things in this versatile and comprehensive book interest me so much as its apothegms, those short, terse, sententious, epigrammatic sayings, of which my text is one—"A living dog is better than a dead lion."

Here the lion stands for nobility and the dog for meanness. You must know the dog mentioned in the text is not one of our American or European or Scottish dogs that, in our mind, is a synonym for the beautiful, the graceful, the affectionate, the sagacious and the true. The St. Bernard dog is a hero, and if you doubt it, ask the snows of the Alps, out of which he picked the exhausted traveler. The shepherd dog is a poem, and if you doubt it, ask the Highlands of Scotland. The Arctic dog is the rescue of explorers, and if you doubt it ask Dr. Kane's expedition. The watch dog is a living protection, and if you doubt it ask ten thousand homesteads over whose safety he watched last night. But Solomon, the author of my text, lived in Jerusalem, and the dog he speaks of in the text was a dog in Jerusalem.

Last December I passed days and nights within a stone's throw of where Solomon wrote this text, and from what I saw of the canines of Jerusalem by day, and heard of them by night, I can understand the slight appreciation my text puts upon the dog of Palestine. It is lean and snarly and disgusting, and afflicted with parasites, and takes revenge on the human race by filling the nights with clamor. All up and down the Bible, the most of which was written in Palestine or Syria, or contiguous lands, the dog is used in contemptuous comparison. Hazael said: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" In self-abnegation the Syro-Phœnician woman said: "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the Master's table." Paul says, in Philippians: "Beware of dogs;" and St. John, speaking of Heaven, says: "Without are dogs."

On the other hand, the lion is healthy, strong, and loud voiced, and at its roar the forests echo and the mountains tremble. It is marvelous for strength, and when its hide is removed the muscular compactness is something wonderful, and the knife of the dissector bounds back from the tendons. By the clearing off of the forests of Palestine and the use of firearms, of which the lion is particularly afraid, they have disappeared from places where once they ranged, but they were very bold in olden times. They attacked an army of Xerxes while marching through Macedonia. They were so numerous that one thousand lions were slain in forty years in the amphitheater of Rome. The Barbary lion, the Cape lion, the Senegal lion, the Assyrian lion, make up a most absorbing and exciting chapter in natural history. As most of the Bible was written in regions lion haunted, this creature appears in almost all parts of the Bible as a simile.

David understood its habits of night prowling and day slumbering, as is seen from his description: "The young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens." And again he cries out, "My soul is among lions." Moses knew them and said, "Judah is couched like a lion." Samson knew them, for he took honey from the carcass of a slain lion. Solomon knew them and says, "The King's wrath is as the roar of a lion," and again, "The slothful man says, There is a lion in the way." Isaiah knew them, and says, in the millennium, "The lion shall eat straw like an ox." Ezekiel knew them, and says, "The third was as the face of a lion." Paul knew them, and says, "I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion." Peter knew them, and says, "The devil as a roaring lion walketh about." St. John knew them, and says of Christ, "Behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah!"

Now, what does my text mean when it puts a living dog and a dead lion side by side, and says the former is better than the latter? It means that small faculties actively used are of more value than great faculties unemployed. How often you see it! Some man with limited capacity vastly useful. He takes that which God has given him and says: "My mental endowment is not large and the world would not rate me high for my intelligence, and my vocabulary is limited, and my education was defective, but here goes what I have for God and salvation, and the making of the world good and happy. He puts in a word here and a word there, encourages a faint hearted man, gives a Scripture passage in consolation to some bereft woman, picks up a child fallen in the street and helps him brush off the dust and puts a five cent piece in his hand, telling him not to cry, so that the boy is singing before he gets around the corner; waiting on everybody that has a letter to carry or a message to deliver; comes into a rail train, or stage coach, or depot, or shop, with a smiling face that sets everybody to thinking, "If that man can, with what appears small equipment in life, be happy, why cannot I, possessing far more than he has, be equally happy?" One day of that kind of doing things may not amount to much, but forty years of that—no one but God Himself can appreciate its immensity.

There are tens of thousands of such people. Their circle of acquaintance is small. The man is known over at the store. He is clerk or weigher or drayman, and he is known among those who sit near him clear back in the church under the galleries, and at the ferry gates where he comes in knocking the snow from his shoes, and threshing his arms around his body to revive circulation, on some January morning. But if he should die to-morrow there would not be a hundred people who would know about it. He will never have his name in the newspapers but once, and that will be the announcement of his death, if some one will pay for the insertion, so much a line for the two lines. But he will come up gloriously on the other side, and the God who has watched him all through will give him a higher seat and a better mansion and a grander eternity that many a man who had on earth, before his name, the word honorable, and after his name LL. D. and F. R. S. Christ said in Luke, the sixth chapter, that in Heaven some who had it hard here would laugh there.

And I think a laugh of delight and congratulation will run around the Heavenly circles when the humble one of whom I spoke shall go up and take the precedence of many Christians who in this world felt themselves to be of ninety-nine per cent. more importance. The whisper will go round the galleries of the upper temple: "Can it be possible that that was the weigher in our store?" "Can it be possible that that was the car driver on our street?" "Can it be possible that was the sexton of our church?" "Can it be possible that is the man that heaved coal into our cellar?" "I never could have thought it. What a reversal of things! We were clear ahead of him on earth, but he is clear ahead of us in Heaven. Why, we had ten times more brains than he had, we had a thousand times more money than he had, we had social position a mile higher than he had, we had innumerable opportunities more than he had, but it seems now that he accomplished more with his one talent than we did with our ten;" while Solomon, standing among the thrones, overhears the whisper, and sees the wonderment, and will, with benignant and all-suggestive smile, say, "Yes, it is as I told the world many centuries ago—better is small faculty actively used than great talent unemployed, 'better is a living dog than a dead lion.'"

The simple fact is that the world has been, and the world is now, full of dead lions. They are people of great capacity and large opportunity, doing nothing for the improvement of society, nothing for the overthrow of evil, nothing for the salvation of souls. Some of them are monetary lions. They have accumulated so many hundreds of thousands of dollars that you can feel their tread when they walk through any street or come into any circle. They can by one financial move upset the money market. Instead of the ten per cent. of their income which the Bible lays down as the proper proportion of the contribution to the cause of God, they do not give five per cent., or three per cent., or two per cent., or one per cent., or a half per cent., or a quarter per cent. That they are lions, no one doubts. When they roar, Wall street, State street, Lombard street, and the Bourse tremble.

In a few years they will lie down and die. They will have a great funeral, and a long row of fine carriages, and mightiest requiems will roll from the organ, and polished shaft of Aberdeen granite will indicate where their dust lies, but for all use to the world that man might as well have never lived. As an experiment as to how much he can carry with him, put a ten cent piece in the palm of his dead hand, and five years after open the tomb, and you will find that he has dropped even the ten cent piece. A lion! Yes, but a dead lion! He left all his treasures on earth, and has no treasures in Heaven. What shall the stone cutter put upon the obelisk over him? I suggest, let it be the man's name, then the date of his birth, then the date of his death, then the appropriate Scripture passage, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

But I thank God that we are having just now an outburst of splendid beneficence that is to increase until the earth is girdled with it. It is spreading with the speed of an epidemic, but with just the opposite effect of an epidemic. Do you not notice how wealthy men are opening free libraries and building churches in their native village? Have you not seen how men of large means, instead of leaving great philanthropies in their wills for disappointed heirs to quarrel about and the orphan courts to swamp, are becoming their own executors and administrators? After putting aside enough for their families (for "He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel"), they are saying: "What can I do, not after I am dead, but while living and in full possession of my faculties, to properly direct the building of the churches, or the hospitals, or the colleges, or the libraries that I design for the public welfare, and while yet I have full capacity to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the good accomplished?" There are bad fashions and good fashions, and, whether good or bad, fashions are mighty.

One of the good fashions now starting will sweep the earth—the fashion for wealthy men to distribute, while yet alive, their surplus accumulation. It is being helped by the fact that so many large estates have, immediately after the testator's death, gone into litigation. Attorneys with large fees are employed on both sides, and the case goes on month after month, and year after year, and after one court decides it ascends to another court and is decided in the opposite direction, and then new evidence is found, and the trials are all repeated. The children, who at the father's funeral seemed to have an uncontrollable grief, after the will is read go into elaborate process to prove that the father was crazy, and therefore incompetent to make a will; and there are men on the jury who think that the fact that the testator gave so much of his money to the Bible society, and the missionary society, or the opening of a free library is proof postive that he was insane, and that he knew not what he was signing when he subscribed to the words: "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament."

The torn wills, the fraudulent wills, the broken wills have recently been made such a spectacle to angels and to men that all over the land successful men are calling in architects and saying to them: "How much would it cost for me to build a picture gallery for our town?" or, "What plans can you draw me out for a concert hall?" or, "I am specially interested in 'the incurables,' and how large a building would accommodate three hundred of such patients?" or, "The church of God has been a great help to me all my life, and I want you to draw me a plan for a church, commodious, beautiful, well ventilated, and with plenty of windows to let in the light; I want you to get right at work in making out plans of such a building, for, though I am well now, life is uncertain, and before I leave the world I want to see something done that will be an appropriate acknowledgement of the goodness of God to me and mine; now when can I hear from you?"

In our own city we have many examples of this. What a grandeur of beneficence has our fellow citizen, Mr. Pratt, demonstrated, building educational institutions which will put their hands on the nineteenth century, and the twentieth century, and all the centuries! All honor to such a man! Do not say so when he is dead, say it now. It would be a good thing if some of the eulogies we chisel on tombstones were written on paper in time for the philanthropists to read them while yet they are alive. Less post-mortem praise, and more ante-mortem!

A poor Scotch lad came to America at twelve years of age, and went to Pittsburgh. He looked around for work, and became an engineer in a cellar, then rose to become a telegraph messenger boy, then rose to a position in a railroad office, then rose to a place in a telegraph office, then rose to be superintendent of a railroad, then rose until he became an iron and steel manufacturer, then rose until he opened free libraries in his native land and last month a free library in Allegheny City, and now offers two million dollars for a free library in Pittsburgh. This example will be catching until the earth is revolutionized.

How majestic such men in comparison with some I wot of, who amass wealth and clutch it with both hands until death begins to feel for their heart strings, and then they dictate to an attorney a last will and testament, in which they spite some daughter because she married against her father's wish, and fling a few crusts to God and suffering humanity, as much as to say: "I have kept this surplus property, through all these severe winters, and through all these long years, from a needy and suffering world, and would keep it longer if I could, but as I must give it up, take it, and much good may it do you!" Now we begin to understand the text, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

Who would attempt to write the obituary of the dead lions of commerce, the dead lions of law, the dead lions of medicine, the dead lions of social influence? Vast capacity had they, and mighty range, and other men in their presence were as powerless as the antelope or heifer or giraffe when from the jungle a Numidian lion springs upon its prey. But they get through with life. They lay down in their magnificent lair. They have made their last sharp bargain. They have spoken their last hard word. They have committed their last mean act. When a tawny inhabitant of the desert rolls over helpless, the lioness and whelps fill the air with shrieks and howls, and lash themselves into lamentation, and it is a genuine grief for the poor things. But when this dead lion of monstrous uselessness expires, there is nothing but dramatized woe, for "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

My text also means that an opportunity of the living present is better than a great opportunity passed. We spend much of our time in saying, "If I only had." We can all look back and see some occasion where we might have done a great deed, or might have effected an important rescue, or we might have dealt a stroke that would have accomplished a vast result. Through stupidity or lack of appreciation of the crisis, or through procrastination, we let the chance go by. How much time we have wasted in thinking of what we might have said or might have done! We spend hours and days and years in waking around that dead lion. We cannot resuscitate it. It will never open its eyes again. There will never be another spring in its paw. Dead as any feline terror of South Africa, through whose heart thirty years ago Gordon Cumming sent the slug. Don't let us give any more time to the deploring of the dead past. There are other great opportunities remaining. They may not be as great, but they are worth our attention. Small quantities all around, opportunities for the saying of kind words and doing of kind deeds. Helplessness to be helped. Disheartened ones to be encouraged. Lost ones to be found. Though the present may be insignificant as compared with the past, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

The most useless and painful feeling is the one of regret. Repent of lost opportunities we must, and get pardon we may, but regrets weaken, dishearten and cripple for future work. If a sea captain who once had charge of a White Star steamer across the Atlantic ocean, one foggy night runs on a rock off Newfoundland, and passengers and ship perish, shall he refuse to take command of a small boat up the North River, and say: "I will never go on the water again unless I can run one of the White Star line?" Shall the engineer of a lightning express, who at the station misread the telegram of the train dispatcher and went into collision, and for that has been put down to the work of engineering a freight train, say: "I never will again mount an engine unless I can run a vestibule express?" Take what you have of opportunity left. Do your best with what remains. Your shortest winter day is worth more to you than can be the longest day of a previous summer. Your opportunity now, as compared with previous opportunities, may be small as a rat terrier compared with the lion which at Matabosa, fatally wounded by the gun of David Livingstone, in its death agony leaped upon the missionary explorer and with its jaws crushed the bone of his arm to splinters, and then rolled over and expired, but, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

My text also means that the condition of the most wretched man alive is better than that of the most favored sinners departed. The chance of these last is gone. Where they are they cannot make any earthly assets available. After Charlemagne was dead he was set in an ornamented sepulcher on a golden throne, and a crown was put on his cold brow, and a scepter in his stiff hand, but that gave him no dominion in the next world. One of the most intensely interesting things I saw last winter in Egypt was Pharaoh of olden times, the very Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites. The inscription on his sarcophagus and the writing on his mummy bandages proved beyond controversy that he was the Pharaoh of Bible times.

All the Egyptologists and the explorations agree that it is the old scoundrel himself. Visible are the very teeth with which he gnashed against the Israelitish brick-makers. There are the sockets of the merciless eyes with which he looked upon the overburdened people of God. There is the hair that floated in the breeze off the Red Sea. There are the very lips with which He commanded them to make bricks without straw. Thousands of years afterward, when the wrappings of the mummy were unrolled, old Pharaoh lifted up his arm as if in imploration, but his skinny bones cannot again clutch his shattered scepter. He is a dead lion. And is not any man now living, in the fact that he has opportunity of repentance and salvation, better off than any of those departed ones who, by authority or possessions or influence, were positively leonine, and yet wicked?

What a thing to congratulate you on is your life! Why, it is worth more than all the gems of the universe kindled into one precious stone. I am alive! What does that mean? Why, it means that I still have all opportunity of being saved myself and helping others to be saved. To be alive! Why, it means that I have yet another chance to correct my past mistakes and make sure work for Heaven. Alive, are we? Come, let us celebrate it by new resolutions, new self-examination, new consecration, and a new career. The smallest and most insignificant to-day is worth to us more than five hundred yesterdays. Taking advantage of the present, let us get pardon for all the past and security for all the future. Where are our forgiven sins? I don't know. God don't know either. He says, "Your sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

What encouragement in the text for all Christian workers! Despair of no one's salvation. While there is life there is hope. When in England a young lady asked for a class in a Sunday school, the Superintendent said, "Better go out on the street and get your own class." She brought in a ragged and filthy boy. The Superintendent gave him good apparel. In a few Sundays he absented himself. Inquiry discovered that in a street fight he had his decent apparel torn off. He was brought in and a second time respectably clad. After a few Sundays he again disappeared and it was found that he was again ragged and wretched. "Then," said the teacher, "we can do nothing with him." But the Superintendent fitted him up again and started him again.

After a while the gospel took hold of him and his heart changed. He started for the ministry and became a foreign missionary and on heathen grounds lived, and translated the Scriptures, and preached, until among the most illustrious names of the church on earth and in Heaven is the name of glorious Robert Morrison. Go forth and save the lost, and remember however depraved, however ragged, and however filthy and undone a child is, or a man is, or a woman is, they are worth an effort. I would rather have their opportunity than any that will ever be given to those who lived in magnificent sin and splendid unrighteousness and then wrapped their gorgeous tapestry around them and without a prayer expired. "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

In the great day it will be found that the last shall be first. There are in the grog shops and in the hands of iniquity to-day those who will yet be models of holiness and preach Christ to the people. In yonder group of young men who came here with no useful purpose, there is one who will yet live for Christ and perhaps die for Him. In a pulpit stood a stranger preaching, and he said: "The last time I was in this church was fifteen years ago, and the circumstances were peculiar. Three young men had come expecting to disturb the service, and they had stones in their pockets which they expected to hurl at the preacher. One of the young men referred to refused to take part in the assault, and the others, in disgust at his cowardice, left the building. One of the three was hanged for forgery. Another is in prison, condemned to death for murder. I was the third, but the grace of God saved me."

My hearers, give no one up. The case may seem desperate, but the grace of God likes to undertake a dead lift. I proclaim it this day to all the people—Free Grace! Living and dying, be that my theme—Free Grace! Sound it across the continent, sound it across the seas—Free Grace! Spell out those words in flowers, lift them in arches, build them in thrones, roll them in oratorios—Free Grace! That will yet Ebenize the earth and people Heaven with nations redeemed. Free Grace!

Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin
At death's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

Gordon's Wonderful Power.

What was the secret of his wonderful power? Much of it lay in his fearlessness, much in his swiftness of thought and action, and much in what the Yankees would call his capability in all things, small as well as great. He could ride and shoot and tinker, and conduct campaigns and negotiate treaties, all with unhesitating self-reliance. As a matter of course such a man takes command.

Gordon never lacked opportunities to show these qualities. While steaming quietly up the Nile a monkey with which he was playing fell overboard. In a twinkling Gordon was in the water after him. By good luck the crocodiles got neither Governor General nor monkey. When a nugget was being hauled up the rapids some way south of Lado, the cable got away from the men on the bank and the vessel was swept on the rocks. No one would volunteer to go out and pick up the cable, and Gordon jumped into a skiff and went alone. To be sure, the skiff upset and the Governor General sat some hours dripping on a rock, but his men had a lesson.

On another occasion the garrison of one of the stations was thrown into much anxiety by seeing Gen. Gordon alone, rowing across the river to the east bank, which in that region was occupied by intensely hostile negroes. He landed, made his boat fast, and tried, by a display of beads and wire, to induce the savages to come and talk with him. They simply sat on the hillside and scowled. Finally Gordon shot a hippopotamus and paddled back, leaving the beads on the shore and a fine feast of hippopotamus meat in the rushes. Another man would have been killed.

Famous Lovers of Cats.

Pussy has been the pet and favorite of some of the greatest personages. Mahomet chose rather to cut off the sleeve of his robe than to disturb a cat lying asleep upon it, and his followers, who have no more objurgatory term than dog for the Christians, admit it into their mosques. Dante and Petrarch each had a fondness for them, the great Richelieu had a pet cat, and Cardinal Wolsey placed his near him on a chair while exercising his judicial capacity; the learned Sir Isaac Newton had a pet cat and kitten, and the worthy philosopher for their convenience had two holes cut in the door, the larger one for the cat, the other for the kitten. Montaigne, too, was not too witty nor too cynical but the frolics of his cat would amuse him. To come down to later days, Ellen Terry loves to disport herself with her cats and to amuse herself with their mad capers. La Belle Stewart, satirized by Pope in the line, "Die and endow a college or a cat," was a famous beauty of the reign of Charles II., who left annuities to several of her friends on condition of maintaining and caring for her cats—a delicate way of providing for some impecunious old ladies.—*Philadelphia American.*

Taken at Her Word.

"I was settling down to work," said a book-agent-pestered man yesterday, "when a pretty woman entered my office. No one would suspect that she was a book agent. She placed a volume in front of me and began to talk. I told her I would not buy the book if I really wanted it. 'Never mind, said she, gayly. It won't cost you anything to look at it.'

"As she desired, I did look at it. I read the introduction and then chapter I. It was about 10 o'clock when I opened the book. At 11 o'clock the pretty book agent had become uneasy. I never raised my eyes. Another hour and she was pacing up and down the floor. At 1 o'clock, when she had nearly worn herself out, I laid the book down, and, putting on my hat and coat, said to the exasperated woman: 'That's a clever book. I regret that I cannot read more of it, but I must away to dinner.'

"She was mad, but she didn't say a word. Grabbing the book she shoved it into her satchel and made for the street."—*Boston Globe.*

The "Unselfishness" of Love.

Harry—You know, dearest, that my love for you is wholly unselfish.

Dearest—Yes, Harry, I hear you. But I was reading in the papers that Kingdon Gould had the most costly trousseau ever made for an American baby.

Harry—And pray, dearest, what has that to do with the question?

Dearest—Oh, nothing particular; only I was wondering whether that costly trousseau was purchased to please the baby or merely to gratify its parents vanity.—*Boston Transcript.*

AT a funeral in Utica, N. Y., the handles of the coffin pulled out, letting it fall to the ground with a crash.

WHEN a servant is blown up by kerosene isn't she sort of an ex-ile.

SERMONS FOR SUNDAY.

A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

The American Pulpit—Precept and Practice—What Moody's Revivals Have Done for New York—Kind Word's for the Mother.

What Moody's Revivals Have Done for New York.

"Certain good people," said Mr. Moody, recently, while in New York, "are apt to sneer when a man like me comes into this big city to teach God's word. They say, 'Why, he's only a revivalist,' and 'You know that the effects of a revival only last a day or two.' Well, now, the simple fact is that I know that the effects of a revival are sufficiently lasting. Why, let me tell you that it is fourteen years since Brother Sankey and I held revivals in this town. Right here I will say that people press around me every day after services, take me by the hand and speak gratefully of that revival. These people were benefited. They have led good lives for fourteen years. And that's my answer to the scoffers."

The American Pulpit.

In answer to the question, "How does the American pulpit of the present compare with that of earlier times? Joseph Cook, who is a shrewd observer, remarks: "The earlier American pulpit had fewer rivals for public attention than the later. Newspapers and platforms in the colonial era were by no means such instructors of the people as they are to-day. The pulpit of our time must stand on its rendered reasons. Ministers as a class have great social prestige, but not as great now as in the days of our fathers. It is more necessary now than ever before that the pulpit should expect to be measured, as it certainly will be, according to the standards of its actual character and achievement in spiritual fields of activity. After all, the pulpit has no rival as a teacher of religious thought. Neither the press nor the platform answers, as the pulpit does, the supreme question, 'What shall I do to be saved?' The power of the pulpit to-day, as it has been in every age of the world, is in meeting man's deepest spiritual wants. The modern American pulpit has a practical spirit not surpassed by that of the pulpit of an earlier period."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Precept and Practice.

The Rev. Mr. Kelley, curate of a chapel in the town of Ayr, Scotland, once preached an excellent sermon from the beautiful parable of the man who fell among thieves.

He was particularly severe upon the conduct of the priest who saw the injured man, and ministered not unto him, but passed on the opposite side, and in an animated and pathetic flow of eloquence, he exclaimed:

"What! not even the servant of the Almighty! He whose tongue was engaged in the work of charity—whose bosom was appointed the seat of brotherly love; whose heart the emblem of pity; whose soul the frozen serpent of disease—did he refuse to stretch forth his hand and take the mantle from his shoulders to cover the nakedness of woe? If he refused, if the shepherd himself went astray, was it to be wondered that the flock followed?"

Such were the precepts of the preacher, and he "practiced what he preached." The very next day, when the river was swollen by rain, a boy in a small boat was swept overboard by the force of the current. A great concourse of people were assembled, but none attempted to save the boy, when Mr. Kelly, who was dressed in full canonicals, threw himself from his chamber window into the current, and at the hazard of his life brought the boy safely to shore.

The Mother.

There is no human love like a mother's love. There is no human tenderness like a mother's tenderness. And there is no such time for a mother first displaying her love and tenderness toward her child as in the child's earliest years of life. That time neglected, and no future can make good the loss to either mother or child. That time well improved, and all the years that follow it can profit by its improvement. Even God himself measures his fatherly love by a motherly standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so I will comfort you," he says; and what more than this could he say? And many a strong man who was first comforted by his mother's loving and tender words and ways, while he was a helpless child, has never lost his grateful, trusting dependence on that mother's ministry of affection and sympathy.

When gruff old Dr. Johnson was 50 years old, he wrote to his aged mother as if he were still her wayward but loving boy: "You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for all the indulgences to me, and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill, and for all that I have omited to do well."

John Quincy Adams did not part with his mother until he was nearly or quite fifty years of age, yet his cry, even then, was: "O God, could she have been spared yet a little longer. Without her the world feels to me like a solitude."

When President Nott, of Union College, was more than ninety years old, and had been a college president for half a century, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's tenderness was fresh and potent; and he could be hushed to needed sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder, and a singing to him of the old-time lullabies, as if his mother was still sitting at his bedside in loving ministry, as she had been well-nigh a century before. The true son never grows old to a true mother.—*S. S. Times.*

A Speech with a Lead Pencil.

Old Wolf, the Cheyenne chief, made a very effective speech with a lead pencil during a visit of Bishop Arundel to Ashland, Mont., a year ago. He took the pencil and drawing a straight line said:

"Cheyennes straight."

Then he drew another straight line and said:

"Black robe straight," meaning the Indian had nothing to say against the Catholic missionaries.

Then a third straight line was drawn and Old Wolf said:

"White House straight." By this he did not mean the Executive Mansion, but the little white school conducted by the Sisters of Charity, which was known far and near among the Indians as the "White House."

Next a straight line was drawn part way across the page, and from one end he made a number of very crooked lines, so that the diagram looked like a cat o' nine tails. This was explained by the chief as:

"Washington straight, but all things coming from Washington very crooked."

Then a line was drawn straight part of the way, then crooked, then straight, and so on across the page.

"Indian agent straight, crooked, straight, crooked, straight, crooked," was the laconic explanation.

Saw the Error.

A great revival was in progress at Mount Pleasant. The spring plowing had been done, and the little breathing spell that came in between breaking-up of the land and the planting of the corn was filled in, on the part of the circuit-rider, with an effort to build up his church. On the second night of the devotional exercises, while the crickets were crying on an old pine log and a fox barked away down in the valley, the preacher and the congregation were astonished at seeing old Buck Slater arise and advance toward the mourners' bench. Time and time again had he been urged to humble himself at the altar. The presiding elder of the district, yea, even a bishop, had doused him with the waters of persuasion and had sprinkled him with the perfume of imploration, but he had stubbornly maintained the position of the unconverted; so, no wonder that astonishment was expressed when, without warning and without having been lately assailed, he humbled himself at the yellow pine slab that had been wet with so many tears. For a time after he had knelt down no one approached him, each exhorter seeming to be modestly reluctant to seize the great prize. After a time, however, the circuit-rider knelt down beside him, and, in a tone of soft solicitation, asked:

"Brother—for I think that I may now address you—have you at last discovered the error of your way?"

Old Buck was mumbling something.

"I do not understand what you say, Brother Buck. Speak a little louder, please."

Old Buck continued to mumble.

"Brother Buck, I am glad that you have turned from the error of your way, but, really, I cannot understand what you are saying."

The old fellow looked up and asked: "Talkin' to me?"

"Yes, brother, I was talking to you. "What were you mumbling?"

"I was jest tellin' the Lord that I reckon I'm the blamedest fool in Hancock County."

"My gracious alive, you must not talk that way. We cannot believe that your repentance is real if you do."

"But, you bet, I know it's real, for I do know at the present writin' that I am the onerist fool in the county. Lemme tell you. I had as good a filly as thar was anywhar. I thought the world of her an' looked forward to the time when I would be a big man on her account, but what did I do? T'uther day 'long come a Gypsy of a feller with the finest lookin' iron gray hoss you ever seed an' wanted to strike up a trade with me. I jes' know'd that thar was the chance of my life, for the iron gray was the puttiest thing in the world. Wall, I traded, an' all my folks was glad, but it rained last night, an' this morning what had happened? W'y, all the paint had washed often that hoss an' he wa'n't nothin' but the ragged ole gray that I sold in town last week for thirty dollars; so after cussin' till I couldn't cuss no mo' I concluded to come over hear an' git right down an' tell the Lawd that I am the blamedest fool in Hancock County. Oh, yes, I have seed the error of my way—seed it putty plain, I can tell you."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Way of the World.

"Well! well!" he exclaimed, as he halted while crossing Union square the other morning and shook hands with a man sitting on the bench, "but I was thinking of you that very second," writes a reporter of the New York *Sun*.

"Yes?"

"It was just such a morning as this three years ago, when we sat on this very same bench. Do you remember it?"

"I do."

"I was dead broke, discouraged, and wondering if I hadn't better commit suicide. You spoke to me in a kindly way, and we began to talk. Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes."

"I told you I was a struggling young actor, and that circumstances had downed me. I was penniless and without hope. You reached over and took my hand. Remember?"

"Oh, yes."

"And you spoke kind words. You bade me call up all my courage and resolution. You predicted that I would yet climb to the top of the ladder. Remember?"

"Yes."

"And you did not stop there. You put your hand into your purse, handed me a twenty-dollar bill, and told me I could have it until able to repay the loan. Am I correct?"

"You are."

"That noble action of yours encouraged me. I went away and made a last effort, and it was a success. Three years ago I sat here a beggar. To-day I am worth $20,000 and all these diamonds. I owe it all to you. But for you I should now be mouldering in a suicide's grave. Yes, I am worth $20,000, and have got a wad of $800 right here in my pocket. Think of the change in my situation. This is our first meeting since that memorable day, although I have thought of you daily. Put it there, old man!"

"Yes."

"I haven't forgotten you."

"No?"

"And I never shall. God bless you! Good morning—got an engagement at sharp eleven."

He passed on, and the other sat for some minutes in deep thought. All of a sudden he rose up and looked after the vanished man, and exclaimed,—

"Yes, but he didn't even offer to return my twenty dollars, without interest!"

The Dear Little Girl Knew Her.

Lady visitor during the hostess' absence up-stairs for a few minutes—Come here, dear little girl. How sweet you are. What's your name?"

"My name's Emma."

"You don't know me, do you, dear?"

"'Es'm. You's Misses Ole Bore."

"What! 'Mrs. Old Bore?' Who said my name was Mrs. Old Bore?"

"W'y, mamma said so. When oo was tomin' in 'ere she said ''ere tomes that ole bore.'"

Mrs. O. B. didn't wait until the other woman got down and the way she slammed that door after her, oh my, oh my!—*Kentucky State Journal.*

AFTER death a rich man takes up no more room than a poor man, except, perhaps, in the law courts where the will is contested.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, April 6, may be found in Luke 6: 27-38.

INTRODUCTORY.

Having been introduced in our last quarter's lesson to Jesus the Man, as sketched by Luke, we now have, from the same hand, Jesus the Teacher. In this the first lesson of the quarter we are led directly into the heart of the new kingdom, a kingdom of mercy and love. The disciples have just been chosen, and Christ now begins to give full and explicit utterance to the life and doctrine he came both to make possible and to make manifest. How startling these words were to those who first heard them, we may easily imagine, since, even in this Christian age and after eighteen centuries, they make us to marvel still.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

But. The adverse tive idea is in the whole of this sermon "in the plain," an enunciation of principles altogether contrary to the spirit of the world.——I say to you. The latter word is the emphatic one, placed separately in the Greek.——Which hear. In the sense of obey. This is a discourse more directly to Christ's disciples.——Your enemies. The Mosaic law, rightly interpreted, prepared the way for this injunction (Ex. 23: 4, 5, 9).——Do good. Instead of evil. The Romans said a man is a wolf to one not of his own country.

Bless. Literally, speak well toward.——Curse. Literally, pray against.——Despitefully use you. That is, in speech. To insult personally or calumniate behind one's back. It is this word that is used by Peter (Peter 1: 3-16) when he says "that they may be ashamed that falsely accuse your good conversation in Christ."

Smiteth. A malignant but not a murderous blow (tupto).——On the cheek. A small insult, designed to call forth retaliation of some vengeful sort.——Also the other. A strong statement of non-resistance. Christ says rather than answer blow for blow, take another blow from the same source.——Cloak. The outer and more ornamental garment.——Coat. The more need ul under-tunic. The language implies a struggle over the garment, which Christ teaches is not worth such cost.

Give to every man. The Christian, while exercising discretion, should be on the giving hand with all.——Taketh away. That is, without asking.——Ask them not again. The negative of the word used above in this same verse. (Apaitei.) We can see how our missionaries in heathen countries might be called upon to make a literal application of this language. Query: Was the situation of those to whom Christ spoke much different? Sheep indeed they were among wolves.

As ye would. Greek, wish.——Do ye. Christian life, teaching. Christian desire.——Likewise, or in like manner. What is the tacit request of your life?

For. Rather and.——What thank. Greek, charis; the word usually translated grace. Here it might be rendered by the word merit. It is this term that is translated by the two variant words "thankworthy" and "acceptable" at (Peter 2: 19, 20).——Sinners, or the sinners, i. e., those not accepting Christ. See Variations.

Do good. He has spoken of benevolence, he speaks now of beneficence, love in deed.——Even the same. And so the generosity of men of the world is often quoted to the intended and at times actual disparagement of Christians.

Lend. A word which in its root significance means either a gift or a loan.——Receive. More accurately receive back (apo).——As much again, or an equivalent. (To isa.)

Merciful. Having compassion.—— As your Father. The christians pattern is set in the heavens.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

But I say. Stronger antithesis was never spoken. There is no word to which it is a rejoinder or with which it stands in contrast. What is contradicted is the manifest spirit of the world. This is the implication throughout the passage. The princes of earth say, "Blessed are the rich," but I say. "Blessed are the poor." They say, "Blessed are the merry," but I say, "Blessed are ye that weep." Men say, "Blessed are the well-esteemed," but I say, "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you." All the way along the contradiction between the teaching of Christ and the world is sharp and pronounced. And so when the world would counsel hate to the unfriendly, Christ speaks up, "But I say unto you love your enemies." Oh, blessed speech of Christ! What would have become of us had not Christ so spoken? The light and life of all the future was in those three words. But I say.

You which hear. It were useless to speak, as here, to others. Christ's words were a blessing to the world only as spoken in the presence of those who heard. Indeed, that was one pre-eminent object of Christ's life in the flesh. He would get nearer men's senses, would find a hearing among them. From all creation, in nature, in providence, in grace God had been teaching the lesson of disinterested and, we may say, unrequited love. Yet men misunderstood it, passed it by. Here in Christ the Son he speaks his love so loudly, clearly, that all must hearken. "Herein is love—God "sent his Son." Now do we hear that voice speaking to us? If we do, then we will take it into our hearts and, with lip and life speaking in unison, will pass the word on to others till it is sent all down the ages and around the wide world. It is by faith the circuit is established. "Let him that heareth say, Come."

Bless them that curse you. I can't do it, you say. No, of course you can't. Let God do it. That is, let the spirit that is in you, the mind of Christ, a spirit and mind wholly alien to and opposed to the spirit and mind of earth, speak through you. Just because it is wholly unworldly and, in a sense, unnatural, let it have exercise and expression, for thus only is the dull earth blessed by something that comes down to it other than itself and higher than itself. But how can I bless when I am cursed? What weight will language from one who is despised and hated have? You can perhaps bless by saying nothing. Our very silence under cursing speaks volumes. Or it may be a glance of the eye, a hand outheld, a word of greeting. God will turn it into blessing if the heart be right.

Offer also the other. The other cheek it is. We need not go about with neck exposed for the sword, or necessarily unresisting where precious life is in danger. Christ is teaching here the insignificance of slights and slurs. To the man who has great objects in view it is never else than debasing to pause for petty retaliation or in small resentment. Rather brook insult and go on your way leaving vengeance with God. Mind not the smart or the sting. Be so anxious for the soul that what word and hand may do against you is of little consequence.

Forbid not to take thy coat also. Otherwise why let the cloak go? If you start out to be gentle and

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Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Reference—Hamilton National bank. 20-2m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Cheap, set "Encyclopaedia Britanica." Inquire of C. W. McKee, 120 Calhoun street. 25-tf

FOR SALE—About seven acres of land with good frame house, fifty fruit trees, drainage complete, just the place for a gardner, within a mile of the city limits. This property must be sold. A snap for someone, take it quick. For particulars call at the Ervin house, 12 Harrison street. 2-tf

LOST.

LOST—Umbrella from fruit stand, corner Calhoun and Wayne streets. $1 reward. No questions asked. Leave at Sentinel office. 3-tf

PROFESSIONAL.

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Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1890.

OUR CIRCULATION.

STATE OF INDIANA, ALLEN COUNTY, SS:

Personally appeared before me, clerk of the Allen circuit court, Jos. F. Ervin, business manager of THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL, who makes oath that the actual number of copies of THE DAILY SENTINEL delivered to subscribers and sold to newsboys and news agents for the week ending March 29, 1890, was as follows:

Monday, March 24	2,805
Tuesday, March 25	2,772
Wednesday, March 26	2,816
Thursday, March 27	2,782
Friday, March 28	2,769
Saturday, March 29	2,756
Total for the week	16,700
Average for the week	2,783

[SIGNED.] JOS. F. ERVIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 31st day of March, 1890. GEORGE W. LOAG, Clerk.

DEMOCRATIC TOWNSHIP TICKET

FOR TRUSTEE,
GEORGE W. BRACKENRIDGE.
FOR ASSESSOR,
FRANK M. CHAPMAN.
FOR JUSTICES OF THE PEACE,
HARRY F. FRANCE,
MICHAEL TANCY,
JAMES WILKINSON,
DANIEL RYAN,
CHARLES A. HAYES.
FOR CONSTABLES,
PHILIP SKELLY,
CHRISTOPHER KELLY,
GEORGE SHEPLEY,
LOUIS C. SCHAUDROFF,
ALBERT L. BAGBY.

TO-NIGHT.

WORLD'S MUSEUM—Madam Naomi and other attractions.
BUILDERS' EXCHANGE—Meet at 195 Calhoun Street.
SION S. BASS HALL—C. A. Powers, on Service Pensions.
RELIGIOUS—Preaching at the Church of God.
CIRCUIT COURT ROOM—Republican Township Convention.

MONDAY is election day.

THE pay-days of the month will commence next Friday.

LET every democrat vote at the township electien next Monday.

SENATOR VOORHEES has introduced a bill in the Senate to appropriate $60,000 to aid in the decoration of the soldiers' and sailors' monument which is being constructed at Indianapolis under the supervision of the State.

The pension committees in both Houses of Congress are laying aside all bills to pension widows and other dependant claimants, being confident that the dependent pension bill, which has passed the Senate, will become a law within a few weeks and make it unnecessary to adopt most of the private pension bills now pending.

THE township elections occur next Monday and every democrat should be at the polls to vote. This election is the first skirmish to the great battle for tariff reform which is to be fought in the state next fall, and aside from the importance of the offices to be filled, this fact should impel every lover of the cause to do his duty. Let the full democratic vote be polled and every candidate on the ticket will be elected.

AT the reunion of the Thirtieth Indiana regiment held at Albion the other day ex-Congressman J. B. White, of this city, scored President Harrison in a vigorous way for his attitude toward pension legislation and his sentiments were enthusiastically applauded by the large number of old soldiers present. President Harrison has not only disappointed the country, but he has disappointed the rank and file of the republican party; he has disappointed the old soldiers; he has disappointed everybody, and his prospects for a re-nomination for the high position which he now holds are very poor, indeed.

THE Journal, inspired by a spirit of jealousy and with no other intent than that of injuring THE SENTINEL, attacks us this morning for having said a kind word for the head of the democratic township ticket—Mr. Geo. W. Brackenridge. The item in THE SENTINEL was written because of an expressed sentiment on the part of some republicans not to make a nomination in opposition to Mr. Brackenridge. THE SENTINEL has spoken concerning the democratic township ticket as a whole and pronounced the nominations excellent, and it was far from our intention in the editorial item the other day to "slap the other candidates in the face" as the Journal unkindly intimates. The animus of its frequent attacks on THE SENTINEL are understood. Its purpose is only to injure us and we have not deemed them worthy of a reply. We do so now only because the editorial in this morning's Journal intimates that we court the defeat of some of the candidates on the democratic township ticket.

EASTER DAY.

The long Lenten season will in a few hours more be over.

The darkness which has dimmed the natural brightness of the religious world for the past seven weeks will give way to the sunshine of heaven regained.

Easter day will be here. The church will give expression to its joy over the great anniversary of the Saviour's resurrection in many ways and all will be happy as the early morning bells ring out the glad tidings that Easter has dawned.

The houses of God will be resplendent with bright flowers and sweet music will proclaim the gladness with which the greatest event in the history of the world is celebrated. The religious have followed the divine Master through His trial, conviction and execution on the cross. To-morrow they will rejoice on account of His supreme triumph over death.

Catholics and Protestants will unite in the celebration of the glorious event, and every sanctuary will be bedecked with brightness, while choirs will sing glad anthems and pastors will speak eloquently and appropriately of the day which commemorates the resurection of the Lord and gave to the Christian religion its corner stone—for such was the coming from the tomb.

History has placed the event, which the Christian world celebrate to-morrow, beyond the question of a doubt. No fact is better authenticated than that Christ, after his crucifixion and burial had arisen from the tomb and appeared at various times to His disciples. That His body, after having been laid in the tomb, had disappeared even His enemies admitted. After His resurrection he was seen by Cephas and then by the twelve apostles, then by more than 500 witnesses, then by James and last of all by Paul. They had heard Him talk, they had placed their hands in His gaping wounds, and their renewed zeal in the Master's cause ever afterward was proof convincing that Christ had risen and that there was a glorious reality in His religion.

Yes, Christ has risen. For more than eighteen hundred years the Christian nations of the world have sung the glad anthem. It will be sung the round globe over; it will be sung as long as man lives; it will be sung through time and eternity by the angels of heaven; it will be sung to-morrow when the chimes have announced that Easter morn is here. Christ has risen! It means much to the Christian world, to the church, to God's people everywhere. Let it be enjoyed with glad hearts and in the celebration, the pasch, or peace egg of multi-colors is not to be despised nor wholly eschewed. The children will expect this parental manifestation of Easter good will. Let them not be disappointed. There's a broad and Christianizing religion in the Easter egg—an influence for good that will be "as bread cast upon the waters."

STATE NEWS.

South Bend has set apart certain sidewalks upon which bicycles must not venture.

The Shelby county tax payers will vote on the question of free pikes Monday next.

Michigan City has the material for making glass and it is being shipped in large quantities to the factories within the gas belt.

Joel Roberts and Frank Cherry, of Fairland, have been arrested as the parties who used dynamite in blowing up John R. Joyce's saloon.

Three miles from Laporte is a rise of ground, from the top of which a perfect view of Michigan City and the lake can be had, nine miles away.

Wm. McDonald, aged seventy, of Brazil, died Friday, of la grippe. This is the fifth death in Clay county during the past week from the same cause.

When the flood receded from the farm of Richard Wagner, in Knox county, a catfish weighing seventy-one pounds, and still alive, was found lodged against a picket fence.

Alvah Risk, of Greensburg, a prisoner in a jail on a charge of forgery, Friday overpowered the jailer and attempted to escape, but after a chase of half a mile, was recaptured.

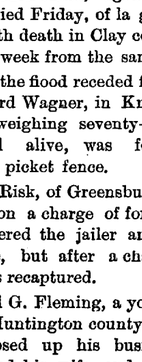
Roland G. Fleming, a young married man of Huntington county, during the week closed up his business affairs, abandoned his wife and disappeared. His entire surroundings were pleasant and prosperous.

According to the Laporte Herald one person in every eleven in Center township, Laporte county, received aid from the township trustee last winter, and the same condition of affairs is reported in Center township, Porter county.

While Edward Calkins and wife and Frank Hendrix were fishing in the St. Joe river, near Elkhart, and were in a boat, Calkins was drowned by an accidental upset, while Hendrix was successful in saving himself and the lady.

The Indiana University is nearing the close of its sixty-fifth college year, and the catalogue shows 300 students in attendance, of whom 216 are males. The senior class numbers forty one. David Starr Jordon, M. D., Ph. D. LL. D. is president.

ROYAL



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THE METHODISTS.

Further Proceedings of the Annual Conference in Session at Muncie.

The following account of the proceedings of the North Indiana conference, now being held at Muncie, is taken from the Gazette of this morning:

The conference met at 8:30 a. m. Devotional services were conducted by J. K. Waltz. At 9 o'clock the bishop resumed the business of the conference, and B. A. Kemp, presiding elder, reported the Muncie district. The report shows an advance in church and parsonage property, in membership and benevolent collections. The names of the effective elders were called, they reported their collections and then characters were passed. The church in Muncie reports $1,443 for the benevolent institutions.

Thomas Stabler, presiding elder, reported the work on the Richmond district, showing a prosperous year throughout the district. The elders of the district reported their collections and their characters were passed.

C. W. Lynch, presiding elder, reported the work on the Warsaw district. More than 1,100 asscessions to the church have taken place this year. The church property of the district is in good condition. The elders reported their charges and collections and their characters were passed. The stewards presented their report and it was adopted.

The names of those continued on trial were called and their characters were passed. The traveling deacons of the second class were called. They reported their collections and their characters were passed. The members of the class of the fourth year were called. They reported their collections, their characters were passed and they were elected to elder's orders.

Prof. G. B. M. Rodgers, of Fort Wayne, was left without appointment to take a special course of study in Boston university.

The characters of the supernumerary ministers were passed. The names of the superannuated members were called and their characters were passed. J. S. McCarty was changed to the effective list. W. E. McCarty was made effective.

A proposition from the general conference to increase lay representatives in the general conference was defeated.

Rev. R. M. Barns, D. D., preached the annual missionary sermon at 2 o'clock. At 3 o'clock Mrs. Colonel Springer, of Iowa, addressed the Women's Home Missionary society. At 7 o'clock Rev. Mr. Oldham, of New York, made the annual missionary address.

W. J. Vigus, agent of the American Bible society, represented its interests.

The Spring Medicine.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health-giving, blood-purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Do not continue in a dull, tired, unsatisfactory condition, when you may be so much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.

A collection of postage stamps belonging to one of the Rothschilds was recently sold for $60,000.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Many of the Farms of Thrifty Germans Sold for Old Taxes.

HARBOR CITY, N. J., April 4.—One of the most exciting events ever known in this section took place yesterday in the form of a sheriff's sale on lands of the German districts, including Millica, Galloway and Hamilton townships under the foreclosure instituted by the heirs of Stephen Colewell. A mortgage for $30,000 had been given some thirty years ago to Stephen Colewell by the Gloucester farm and town association which purchased the land in question at that time.

Upon the associations failing to pay the taxes levied by the township committees it was sold for taxes, the purchaser thinking that the tax titles given them by the township were valid under acts passed by the legislature at that time authorizing such tales. These acts have been declared by the supreme court not to affect the morgage lien and this mortgage therefore remains firm, and was ordered foreclosed. Great distress will be inflicted upon many farmers who thus lose the lands they have been cultivating for years.

The sale will be continued to-day, when thirty parcels of No. 30, which contains over two hundred farms owned by thrifty Germans, will be sold. The wives and children of these farmers gathered around the hotel yesterday, while the sale was in progress, and the scene was a very affecting one. Over a hundred of these farms have been planted by the recent owners with peach, pear, and other fruit trees, berries, and grapes have also been extensively cultivated. Now all the labor of years has been suddenly declared to be for nothing. George Lang, one of the evicted farmers, became insane yesterday, and burned his buildings and was himself burned to death in the flames.

Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

Eight Catholic priests have died in New York city since New Year's day.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Emperor William's most recent portrait shows him with a bracelet on his right wrist.

Ladies Have Tried it.

A number of my lady customers have tried "Mother's Friend," and would not be without it for many times its cost. They recommend it to all who are to be come mothers. R. A. Payne, Druggist, Greenville, Ala. Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. By all druggists.

The czar of Russia drinks five quarts of champagne a day.

That Tired Feeling

That extreme tired feeling which is so distressing and often so unaccountable in the spring months, is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which tones the whole body, purifies the blood, cures scrofula and all humors, cures dyspepsia, creates an appetite, rouses the torpid liver, braces up the nerves, and clears the mind. We solicit a comparison of Hood's Sarsaparilla with any other blood purifier in the market for purity, economy, strength, and medicinal merit.

Tired all the Time

"I had no appetite or strength, and felt tired all the time. I attributed my condition to scrofulous humor. I had tried several kinds of medicine without benefit. But as soon as I had taken half a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, my appetite was restored, and my stomach felt better. I have now taken nearly three bottles, and I never was so well." MRS. JESSIE F. DOLBEARE, Pascoag, R. I.

Mrs. C. W. Marriott, Lowell, Mass., was completely cured of sick headache, which she had 16 years, by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Everybody needs and should take a good spring medicine, for two reasons:

1st, The body is now more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season.

2d, The impurities which have accumulated in the blood should be expelled, and the system given tone and strength, before the prostrating effects of warm weather are felt.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best spring medicine. A single trial will convince you of its superiority. Take it before it is too late.

The Best Spring Medicine

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a spring medicine, and I find it just the thing. It tones up my system and makes me feel like a different man. My wife takes it for dyspepsia, and she derives great benefit from it. She says it is the best medicine she ever took." F. C. TURNER, Hook & Ladder No. 1, Boston, Mass.

"Last spring I was troubled with boils, caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me. I can recommend it to all troubled with affections of the blood." J. SCHOCH, Peoria, Ill.

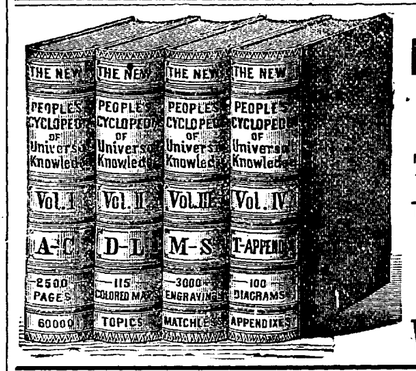
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar


THE NEW PEOPLE'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE
Vol. I A-C 2500 PAGES 60000 TOPICS
Vol. II D-L 115 COLORED MAPS
Vol. III M-S 3000 ENGRAVINGS MATCHLESS
Vol. IV T-APPEND 100 DIAGRAMS APPENDIXES

—THE—

NEW PEOPLE'S CYCLOPEDIA

The only one complete to date.

The Cheapest and the Best.

Over 100,000 Sets Sold.

FOR TERMS ADDRESS

W. I. SQUIRE, Toledo, O.

Lakeside Easily Sewered.

Parties owning building lots, which they are trying to sell, that are located a mile from any sewer and so far out, that a sewer is not likely to reach them during the present century, are endeavoring to halt the rush of home seekers into Lakeside Park addition, by telling them that sewers in that addition, if put down low enough to drain cellars, would not operate in times of great floods, and would only admit water to cellars they were intended to drain.

There is nothing in this objection for the following reasons:

First: Fort Wayne residences had no sewers for fifty years. Only within about the last five years has even the central part of the residence portion of the city been thus supplied.

Second: Not more than one house in ten in Fort Wayne, is, even now, connected with a sewer.

Third: Nearly all the outlying additions to Fort Wayne are so far removed from sewers, that it will, of necessity, be a long time before they can be so connected.

Fourth: "Lakeside" is underlaid with ten to fifteen feet of coarse gravel. You have only to dig a pit fifteen feet deep in your back yard, wall it up cheaply with rough stone, cover it over, and carry your pipes to it from bath room and kitchen, and your waste water is disposed of, without the least difficulty, even without a sewer.

Fifth: When sewers are wanted civil engineers say, there is scarcely a piece of residence property about Fort Wayne so easily and so cheaply sewered as Lakeside. The plan outlined is a main sewer of brick of thirty inches diameter, starting near the toll gate and running down the side of what is now the Maysville pike, to the point selected for crossing to the river. As the land is twenty to twenty-five above the river bed, the sewer outlet could be high enough to escape the effect of any, but extraordinary freshets. At the outlet will be fixed an automatic sewer gate, which closes as soon as the flood reaches the necessary height. At this point will also be located a sewer pump, run by an inexpensive small engine, which would be started as soon as the flood gates closed, and the sewerage be thus pumped into the river. This system is in operation in hundreds of places in this country and throughout Europe, and as any person can see, is simple and effective. It is not likely the pump would have to be used to exceed forty-eight hours in a whole year, and the consequent expense would be practically nothing. This main sewer, if three thousand feet long, would hardly cost complete, pump, engine and all, more than $5,000, about eight dollars for each lot in the addition—a mere trifle. Thus easily is this sewer bugbear brushed aside.

PAUL E. WOLF.

Steam Carpet Beating.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.

Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.

All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.

PAUL E. WOLF,
No. 33 AND 35 CLINTON STREET.

T. E. COVINGTON,
Cor. Washington and Harrison Sts.

Spring Garden and Flower Seeds.

All Seed Warranted Fresh.

No Old Stock.

I will also keep

EARLY GARDEN PLANTS.

Call before buying and save money.
Feb18-daw3mo

Arrival and Departure of Trains. From Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time.

Leave and Arrive at Fort Wayne, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 20, Mail Express	1 25 p m	1 45 p m
No. 8, d, East Line	7 40 p m	8 00 p m
No. 2, d, Penn'a Limited	9 10 p m	9 15 p m
No. 4, d, Atlantic Ex	5 05 a m	5 20 a m
No. 58, Chicago Accom	10 50 p m	.....
No. 62, Plymouth Accom.	8 55 a m	.....
No. 10, Crestline Accom.	.....	7 00 a m
No. 60, Chicago Express	†1 55 a m	.....

GOING WEST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 3, d, Pacific Express	1 35 a m	1 45 a m
No. 5, d, Penn'a Limited	5 30 a m	5 35 a m
No. 1, Fast Line	11 10 a m	11 30 a m
No. 9, d, Western Ex	5 03 p m	5 08 p m
No. 11, Crestline Accom	6 45 p m	.....
No. 61, Plymouth Accom.	.....	4 00 p m
No. 59, Chicago Accom	.....	6 30 a m

d Daily. †Daily except Monday; all other trains daily except Sunday.

NORTH DEPOT.
[MUNCIE ROUTE]
FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis. Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD. Dec. 1, 1889.	No. 5. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-S'dy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne..lv	6:00 a. m.	10:25 a. m.	6:05 p. m.
Indianapolis..ar	10:30 a. m.	3:50 p. m.	10:50 p. m.
Cincinnati...ar	——	5:30 p. m.	——
Louisville...ar	——	7:00 p. m.	——
RETURNING:	Daily.	Ex-S'dy.	Daily.
Louisville...lv	——	7:30 a. m.	——
Cincinnati...lv	——	7:20 a. m.	——
Indianapolis..lv	7:00 a. m.	11:10 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Fort Wayne..ar	11:25 a. m.	3:45 p. m.	7:48 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via. any other line.

WABASH RAILWAY.
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex, daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule limited daily	5 05 a m
Cannon Ba. except Sunday	1 30
Limited Expr. daily	6 25 p. m.
Lafayette accon. rives 11 a m.	

INDIANA L|S TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m	10 30 a m
1 45 p m	6 30 p m
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Ft Wayne
7 15 a m	1 20 p m
1 10 p m	6 10 p m
7 00 p m	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Nov. 10, '89

GOING NORTH.

*For Grand Rapids and North	Lv 8 50 a m
" " " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids	" 2 40 p m
From Richmond	Ar 6 10 p m

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv 5 45 a m
" " "	" 1 50 p m
" " "	" 12 10 a m
From Grand Rapids	Ar 5 30 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids.
All other trains daily except Sunday

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N Y

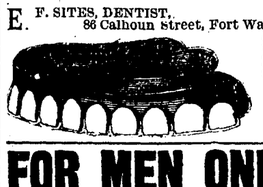
Health is Wealth!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

E. F. SITES, DENTIST,
86 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.



Over Ohmans & Cox's hat store 4 doors North of Wayne street.

FOR MEN ONLY!

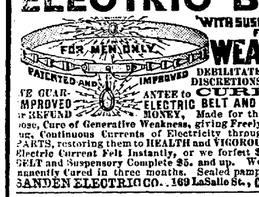
VIGOR AND STRENGTH

For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing. HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

No Other Cigar Has Such a Record as

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

DR. SANDEN'S
ELECTRIC BELT
WITH SUSPENSORY FOR
WEAK MEN



DEBILITATED through INDISCRETIONS or EXCESSES

WE GUARANTEE to CURE by this New IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY or REFUND MONEY, Made for this specific purpose, Cure of Generative Weakness, giving Free, Mild, Soothing, Continuous Currents of Electricity through all WEAK PARTS, restoring them to HEALTH and VIGOROUS STRENGTH. Electric Current Felt Instantly, or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. BELT and Suspensory Complete $5. and up. Worst cases Permanently Cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet Free. SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 169 LaSalle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. Sold by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker & Embalmer
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,
Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

J. M. E. RIEDEL
ARCHITECT,
ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.
112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

DR. T. J. DILLS,
NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

JAMES MADDEN,
PLUMBER,
Steam and Gas Fitter,
101 Calhoun Street;
Next door to Y. M. C. A.
FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

HENRY HOP LEE'S
CITY LAUNDRY,
154 1-2 and 180 Calhoun St.

Shirts, 10 cts.; Cuffs, per pair, 4 cts.; Collars, 2 cts.; Undershirts, 7 cts.; Drawers, 7 cts.; Handkerchiefs, 2 cts.; Socks, per pair, 4 cts.; Towels, 2 cts.

Big reduction from above prices for starching and ironing. All work done first-class and on short notice. 15-tf

UNLIKE TEA & COFFEE--GOOD FOR THE NERVES.

The claims of cocoa as a useful article of diet are steadily winning recognition. Unlike tea and coffee, it is not only a stimulant but a nourisher; and it has the great advantage of leaving no narcotic effects. Hence it is adapted to general use. The strong may take it with pleasure, and the weak with impunity.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"BEST & GOES FARTHEST."

☞VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA ("once tried, always used") leaves no injurious effects on the nervous system. It is no wonder, therefore, that in all parts of the world, this *inventor's* Cocoa is **recommended by medical men instead of tea and coffee or other cocoas or chocolates for daily use by children or adults, hale and sick, rich and poor.** "Largest sale in the world." Ask for VAN HOUTEN'S and *take no other.* 56

The Standard Sewing Machine

Is the Easiest Running machine in the market. You can do the same amount of work on it that you can on any other Machine in two-thirds the time. It will save time and money for you.

We also handle "American Bicycles," Baby Carriages, Garden Tools, Hose, Lawn Vases, Wire Chairs and Settees and a complete line of General Hardware.

PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER,

38 & 40 E. COLUMBIA

—FOR YOUR—

Hay, Straw, Oats, Corn, Mill Feed And Poultry Supplies,

—GO TO—

W. E. MINER'S,

45 EAST COLUMBIA ST.,

8oo 6m) TELEPHONE 253.

C. D. NISWONGER,

Dealer in all Kinds of

Fresh Oysters and Fish

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

NO. 17 1-2 WEST BERRY STREET.

☞FRESH FISH Dressed Ready for Cooking. 3-6-3m

McCRAY'S PATENT COOLING ROOMS.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Butcher, Grocery and Hotel Refrigerators,

And Builders of Any Size Cold Storage Rooms.

For Catalogue and Prices write to

KENDALLVILLE REFRIGERATOR CO.,

[Mention this paper.] Kendallville, Indiana.

DON'T DO IT.

From the *"Medical Review,"* "Upon the first symptoms of Liver Complaint the misguided sufferer applies blue pill, calomel and other mineral poisons, in the delusive hope of obtaining relief, whereas these powerful purgatives but aggravate the disease and debilitate the constitution. Dr. Tutt has had the courage to ignore this killing practice of the old school. His remedies, drawn from the vegetable kingdom, are almost miraculous in renovating the broken down body. The letters of cured patients in the Doctor's possession are a tribute of gratitude to his genius and skill which but few can exhibit. His Liver Pills are sent all over the world. They can be found in every town and hamlet in the United States."

Tutt's Liver Pills

ACT MILDLY BUT THOROUGHLY.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages.

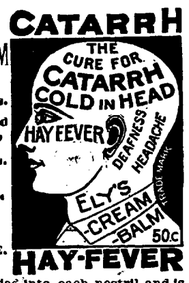
Allays Pain and Inflammation,

Heals the Sores.

Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY The CURE.

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cts at druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents. dec2-eod1y

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

LADIES!

READ THIS:

Read What Wonderful Cures Stekete's Neuralgia Drops is Doing.

It is the Cheapest Remedy Know. It is the Ladies' Friend. A Perfect Pain Killer.

GRAND RAPIDS. Oct. 28, 1889.

This is to certify that I have been troubled with Neuralgia in the Face and Womb for over four (4) years. At times the pains were excruciating, and I thought I must die. I had spent dollar after dollar and physicians could give me no relief. Upon the advice of a friend I bought a bottle of Stekettee's Neuralgia Drops, and after using it according to directions, I can say I feel better than I have felt for many years. I shall continue in its use until I am thoroughly well. I feel very grateful to Mr. Steketee for making such a medicine. I will take pleasure in stating my case to any lady who may call on me.

MRS. LIZZIE CLANTON,
160 Ottawa-st.

For sale by all druggists. In Fort Wayne by Dreier & Bro., Thieme & Gross and B. R. Noll & Co., and the proprietor,

G. G. STEKETEE,

Grand Rapids, Mich.

LAST OF THE WEEK!

Personal Points and Pithy Paragraphs Giving the Day's News as Gathered Around the Busy Centers.

F. Hanke, of the Bass works, is on the sick list.

F. Hanke, of the Bass works, is on the sick list.

The pay days of the month will soon be here again.

Engine No. 113 is in the Pittsburg shops for repairs.

No. 9 on the Pittsburg road was three hours late last evening.

Gus Rahe, of the Bass moulding rooms, is on the sick list.

H. D. Rensberger will resign his position at the east yard shops.

The fan for the fires in the Bass boiler shop, is undergoing repairs.

Ed. Hipp, of the east Pittsburg shops, is off duty on account of sickness.

Eighty-one men from the east Pittsburg shops were off duty yesterday.

Louis Schinackers has accepted a position in the Pittsburg blacksmith shop.

J. Nix, car builder at the east Pittsburg yards, has tendered his resignation.

J. B. Brown, of the I., D. and W. railway, from Indianapolis, is in the city.

Ben Wires, of the east Pittsburg shops, has returned to work after an illness.

Several of the moulders in the Bass foundry have been suspended for a time.

Elmer Cordery, of the Bass foundry, who has been sick, has returned to work.

H. Strasser, of the Pittsburg round house, had his arm badly sprained yesterday.

Charles Cramer, of the Pittsburg shops, is a lover of the writings of Alex Dumas.

J. H. Helms, a car builder at the east Pittsburg yards, has resigned his position.

G. W. Campbell has accepted a position as car repairer at the east Pittsburg car shops.

H. Schweir, Wm. Bruns, C. Greaney, of the Bass boiler works, were off duty yesterday.

Rudolph Bensman, of the Bass foundry, has returned to work after a two days' illness.

Henry Altekruse, of the east Pittsburg shops, is off duty on account of injuries received to his hand.

J. Burlage, of the east Pittsburg shops, was severely injured the other day by being kicked by a mule.

The oil men of the Bass foundry have been transferred from Fred Meyers' department to the department of Foreman Jacob Stier.

T. G. Conrady, of the east Pittsburg shops, whose highest hope was to gain the hand, heart, and $5,000 of Madam Naomi was so badly disappointed that he didn't return to duty yesterday morning.

Surgeon J. M. Dinnen has returned from a trip of the western division of the Nickel Plate.

James Powers, of the American wheel works, was initiated into the Fat Men's club last evening.

J. Welch, of the Pittsburg round house, who has been sick, reported for duty this morning.

W. Briggeman, of the east Pittsburg shops, returned to duty yesterday morning after an illness.

W. J. Neizer, a popular tinner at the Pittsburg shops, will, ere long, take unto himself a bride.

D. Cramer, engineer on the Grand Rapids & Indiana, reported for duty after two days illness.

Mr. Fry, foreman of the Crestline machine shop, is in the city visiting the Pittsburg machine shop.

Joseph Carey, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, is off duty on account of injuries received by a fall.

A. L. King has returned from Muskegon, Mich., where he was inspecting 300 cars for the company.

O. R. Redmon, of the east Pittsburg car shops, is off duty on account of injuries received a short time ago.

Frank Ankebrook, of the Bass works, has resigned his position to take one driving a wagon for Louis Brames.

The Bass foundry have shipped two 72x17 feet boilers to New Orleans, for the Fort Wayne Electric company.

The new building being erected near the Pittsburg round house for the car tinkers, is being slated by Chas. Welch.

The west bound trains Nos. 7 and 9, on the Fort Wayne road, were late last night, the latter being two hours behind time.

H. Barley, of the east Pittsburg shops, will go west in a short time to mingle with the cow boys of the prairies.

George Shannon, formerly of the Pittsburg shops, who had his leg broken at Warsaw, will soon be able to visit the shops.

H. C. Kestel, formerly of the Jenney Electric company, will leave for Cleveland Monday to take a position as instrument maker.

Wm. Stine, of the cleaning department of the Bass foundry, will soon lead to the altar a charming young lady from the west end.

A brakeman named Palmer, of the Nickel Plate, had two fingers of his left hand mashed while coupling cars. He lives at 81 High street.

P. Rupp, stationary fireman at the electric works of the Pittsburg shops, who was taken suddenly ill the other night, has returned to duty.

C. A. Howell, of the Pittsburg shops, has a fine collection of old coins, such as dimes, quarters, and half-dollars which he prizes very highly.

John Casey is running the large wheel lathe in the Pittsburg machine shop during the absence of C. Cramer. John is a hustler and can wrestle a pair of wheels out in a very short time.

The report of the earnings of the Wabash railroad at Toledo for the month of March has been submitted, and the increase is astonishing. The report shows an increase of $100,267.14 over the corresponding period of last year for Toledo station alone. This is surely a healthy increase.

On Sunday, April 27, divisions of the Order of Railway Conductors all over the country will meet to select delegates to the annual convention to be held in Rochester, N. Y., in May. Each division will be expected to instruct its delegates as to how they shall vote on the proposition to eliminate from their ritual the clause which makes it a non-striking organization under any circumstances.

The Indianapolis Journal says: "The Car Service association went into operation at Fort Wayne on the first of April, and already complaints of its hardships are heard, some of the manufacturers threatening to go back to the old style of wagoning their goods to the station of some road which will not require them to live up to the rules of the Indiana Car Service association. For some weeks a bitter opposition has been manifested to an introduction of the demurrage system at that point."

A special from St. Louis says: "It is reported here that Jay Gould is seriously ill again and that his stay in Mexico is to be prolonged almost indefinitely. He is troubled with a return of his old nervous spells and the stories given out about the business deals he is arranging are regarded as pure fiction. Members of the Passenger Agents' association who met Mr. Gould in Mexico comment on the incessant nervous trembling of his hands, and the enormous quantity of coffee he consumed as a stimulant."

Wild West Show.

The Wabash line announces two grand half-fare excursions to points in Iowa, Utah, Texas, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Wyoming, Missouri, Nebraska, Arkansas, Colorado, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, New Mexico and Indian Territory, to be run on April 22, and May 20, 1890. Tickets will be sold on the above dates at ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP, and will be good returning thirty days from date of sale. Remember, the Wabash is the shortest line, and can make the quickest time. Free chair cars on all through trains. Apply to

R. G. THOMPSON,
Passenger and Ticket Agent,
27-d-eod-tf-wtf Fort Wayne, Ind.

A Lady of Texas Writes:

My case is of long standing; has baffled many physicians; have tried every remedy I could hear of, but Bradfield's Female Regulator is all that relieved me. Write The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

PUTTING ON AIRS.

South Wayne Figuring to Get Fire Protection of Its Own.

South Wayne wants fire protection.

Being a corporation, it can not expect protection by the Fort Wayne department.

The trustees of that burg decided to solicit the opinion of property owners out there as to the purchase of a chemical engine and portable apparatus.

The purchase of some protection of this kind is important as there are valuable interests that could be destroyed by a conflagration.

"Why doesn't he take Hood's Sarsaparilla?" is the general inquiry of friends when a person suffers from any disease of the blood.

A Texas debating society recently had for a subject, "Is it proper to sound the 'r' in dorg?"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Barnum is a candidate for mayor of Bridgeport, and is encountering much opposition.

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Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

In Lent, it is said, New York eats 3,360,000 eggs a day.

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Tones and invigorates the stomach when weakened by indigestion, corrects the appetite and aids assimilation of the food, while as a nerve tonic it has no equal.

It may be taken immediately after eating for DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCY or any IRRITATIONS of the STOMACH or NERVES.

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FORT WAYNE, IND., April 4th, 1890.

The undersigned will receive proposals from contractors and builders up to 12 o'clock, noon, of Saturday, April 12th, 1890, for the erection of a bank building to be built in the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana. Plans and specifications will be on file at the office of the architect, B. S. Tolan, 108 Calhoun street, up stairs, on and after Saturday, April 5th, 1890. No bids will be received for less than the whole work, for which plans and specifications are furnished.

The undersigned reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

4-6t J. D. BOND.

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THIRD { It cures Hereditary Blood Taint, even in the third and fourth generations. No other remedy has ever done it.

FOURTH { It has never failed to eradicate Scrofula (or King's Evil) in all its forms from the system.

FIFTH { It cures contagious Blood Poison in all its stages by eliminating the horrible virus from the system, thus giving relief from all the consequences of this bane of the human family.

MY BLOOD Had been so out of order during the summer of 1888 that I virtually had no health at all. I had no appetite; nothing I ate agreed with me. I was feeble, puny, and always feeling bad. I had tried various remedies without receiving any benefit, until at length I commenced on Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) That medicine increased my weight from 155 pounds to 177 pounds in a few months, and made me as well and healthy as any man now living. S. S. S. is undoubtedly the greatest blood purifier to day on the American continent.

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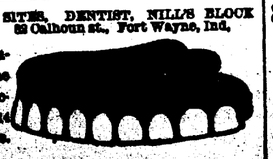

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A GOLDEN GRIST FOR OUR FAIR READERS.

Getting Into "Society"—Some of the Tricks and Devices Resorted to—Woman's Dress at Breakfast—The Woman of Business, Etc., Etc.

Woman's Dress at Breakfast.

So far as possible let all women dress beautifully; so God dresses the meadows and the mountains. Let them wear pearls and diamonds, if they can afford it. God has hung round the neck of His world strings of diamonds, and braided the black locks of the storm with bright ribbons of rainbow. Especially before and right after breakfast, ere they expect to be seen of the world, let them look neat and attractive for the family's sake. One of the most hideous sights is a slovenly woman at the breakfast-table. Let woman adorn herself. Let her speak on platforms so far as she may have time and ability to do so. But let not mothers imagine that there is any new way of successfully training children, or of escaping the old-time self-denial and continuous painstaking.—*T. De Witt Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Three Kinds of Married Women.

They were discussing a certain clever and well-known married woman, who is prominent alike for her business and social success.

How does she sign her name?" asked a bright-faced listener from another State.

"Let me see?" mused one of the group. "I believe she always writes Mary W. Smith."

"Then she isn't 'advanced' and she still loves her husband," said the first.

"What do you mean?" half a dozen women demanded at once.

"Just this," was the answer. "The married woman of to-day is of three classes—the woman who puts her husband and his interests first, the woman who considers her individuality and interests of equal importance with her husband's, and the woman who considers the name of her husband's family alone amply honorable and dignified, and writes her name as your friend does. The second adds her husband's name to her own family name and writes 'Mary White Smith.' The third writes the family names with a hyphen between them and wishes to be known as 'Mary White-Smith.' The first woman is conservative; the second, progressive; the third, 'advanced.'"—*New York Evening Sun.*

The Woman of Business.

I have heard country girls talk of coming to the city for employment, giving as one reason that they wanted more social life. Well, that is just what they will not get; the woman of business is not a woman of leisure, and she has no time for society. She will find more social life in her own home, even if she be a worker, than she could ever have in a crowd. Salaries are not large enough to permit of much relaxation in the way of entertainments, and after the day's work is over one is too tired to go in search of enjoyment. In the country home, in these days, the daily paper and the magazine come, so that one may keep in touch with the world, even if she be at one side of the bustle and confusion of the city life. The fashion articles tell her how to dress her hair and make her gown, and give the latest notions in small toilet details. No town is so small that it has not its public library, where all the new books come; and the lecture and concert are not infrequent in visits. Railways and telegraphs have brought the corners of the earth together, so that one is never so far away from the centers of things. There are occupations, too, for the girls who stay at home, and particularly those who stay in the country, and these will be talked about by and by. Do not throng to the cities in search of employment, for you will be doomed to bitter disappointment. The country stores employ women as well as the city stores, and many a girl makes a good beginning in them. I myself know country towns where a few years ago nearly all the positions in stores were held by young men which to-day are held by women. Everywhere it has come to be quite the accepted state of things that women shall sell goods.—*Wide Awake.*

Getting Into "Society."

That many of the guests at any so-called "swell" society affair would disclose some curious facts if closely scrutinized, goes almost without saying. The wonder often is not only as to how they got there, but how they manage to keep themselves there. They may be rich and willing to entertain in return, but their antecedents or manners, or both, are in many cases so bad that there must be some other reason than their mere possession of wealth and a disposition to use it liberally.

To puzzle out why they have been bidden to the feast would be to disclose a network of business and social relations quite unexpected before. To be taken up and introduced into society by one of its leaders on the score of a schoolday acquaintance with one's grandmother is the way that many carry the point. Many acquaintances are gained by means of a wedding in the family, for then the etiquette of cards is strained to its utmost limit in order to include many persons whom it has been considered desirable to know, but who have hitherto been rather backwark in responding to advances made in their direction.

To ignore the important part which watering-places play in the acquiring of a visiting list would be to omit a prime factor in this phase of our social life, for acquaintances made in the country are often pushed to an advantage in the city. Many little devices are used to attain that end. A young and pretty mother said the other day:

"Don't you know, I can always make the acquaintance of any one I care to know, without the bother of an introduction? I accomplish it entirely through baby. He is so sweet and cunning! Every body is attracted to him. I send him near the persons I want to know. They speak to baby; a conversation invariably follows; I am drawn into it as a matter of course, and then the acquaintance is made."

Ladies on the verandas are often enticed from their high-bred reserve by exciting their feminine interest in fancy work or by courtesies extended to them by the proffer of a newspaper or a magazine. A person determined to get on in society is never at a loss for the means to do so, particularly if that person be a woman.

Some are invited on occasions when their room would be preferred to their company, but who, for the sake of expediency, are not suffered to go unnoticed. Their unwilling host is afraid to excite them, for fear of their causing the family skeleton to walk out. The worst of it is, skeletons are generally strung on wires, and it is naturally agitating when those wires are mysteriously connected with somebody's electric battery of private spite.

Those who want to get in are very hard to keep out of "society." The obstacles which surround them and the disappointments which dishearten them would fill volumes, and not unfrequently display a tragic as well as a comic side. How they get in it is almost impossible to tell. It is not always necessary to enter in by the door, more than a few climb up some other way, but the end is apparently the same.

And when they get there what do they really find? What is "good society" composed of? What are its characteristics that it should be pursued so assiduously? It certainly is not noted for mental ability, general intelligence or education. In these qualities very many of the "middle ten thousand" are the superiors of even Ward McAllister's upper "Four Hundred."

The daughter of a storekeeper may not have the affected airs and the charms of a capitalist's heiress, but she may possess a mind stored with facts, and an understanding of how to gain knowledge. Her time is frequently spent in the pursuit of happiness, and the acquirement of knowledge, while her "Four Hundred" sister is following fashion or en deshabille is lolling away her time in her untidy boudoir.

Testing His Fitness for an Editor.

When a verdant youth called at the office of the Texas *Plumbago* and applied for a position the other day, the editor, who wasn't very busy just then, put him through an examination to determine his fitness:

"Who discovered America?"

"Klumbus. Pshaw; ask me a harder question."

"Who was the first man?"

"Adam. Why Mister, I know all—"

"What was his other name?"

"His other name? Why, he didn't have none."

"Yes, he did. His other name was Ebenezer—Ebenezer Adam, Esq., late of Paradise Center. How many bones are there in the human body?"

"Well, I forget just now, but I did know wunst."

"What! don't you know that? Every school boy knows there are 7,482,654,941 bones in an ordinary man, when he isn't eating mackerel. A man who snores has one more bone than other people."

"What bone is that?"

"The trombone, of course. It is situated somewhere in the nose. You won't forget that, will you?"

He said he wouldn't.

"How long would it take a mud turtle to cross the desert of Sahara with a small orphan boy to touch him up behind with a red-hot poker?"

"Well, look here, Mr. Editor, if I had a slate and pencil I could figure that out; but dog my skin if I am much on mental 'rithmetic."

"Slate and pencil! Did you ever see a slate and pencil about a sanctum? Nonsense. Well, we'll let that question slip. Have you got a good constitution?"

"Pretty tol'ble."

"How long do you suppose you could live on raw corn and faith and do the work of a domesticated elephant?"

"Lord! I don't believe I could live mor'n a week."

"Well, that's about as long as you would want to live if you got a position on the *Plumbago*. I shall now ask you one more question, and if you prove equal to it you can peel off your coat and sail in."

"Let's have 'er, Squire. You'll find me on deck with both feet and a cane."

"Well, sir; if two diametrical circles with octagonal peripheries should collide with a centrifugal idiosyncracy—or to put it plainer——".

"Put it plain as you can, Boss."

"Well, say, it collides with an asphyxiated desuetude — what effect would the catastrophe exert on the crystaly zed codfish suspended by the tail from the homogeneous rafters of empyrean?"

The verdant young man waited to hear no more, but grabbing his hat, he made a wild dash for the street, and disappeared.—*Texas Siftings.*

Some Funny Mistakes.

Every one knows the story of the Frenchman who, while sitting with his face close to the open window of an English railway car, heard a shout of "Look out!" and, popping out his head accordingly, received a tremendous bump on the forehead from the projecting pole of a scaffolding which the train was just passing; whereupon monsieur exclaimed indignantly: "Inglisman big fool! He say 'Look out!' when he mean 'Look in!'

A similar misconception occurred during the siege of Sebastopol, says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, when an English guardsman was "brought up" for having given a severe thrashing to a French grenadier, the Englishman's only explanation being that "he would 'ave it, and so I just 'ad to give it him." It appeared on inquiry that the guardsman had accosted the other in what he supposed to be French, and that the puzzled Frenchman had exclaimed in bewilderment: "Comment?" (How?) which John Bull mistook for "Come on." "Come on yourself, then," he roared, "if you will 'ave it!" and forthwith the fisticuff began in earnest.

But more startling than all was the mistake made by a Queen of Denmark during her visit to the Danish colony of Iceland, where the good old bishop exerted himself to the utmost to show her everything that was worth seeing. The Queen paid many compliments to her host, and, having learned that he was a family man, graciously inquired how many children he had.

Now, it happened that the Danish word for "children" was almost indentical in sound with the Iceland word for "sheep;" so the worthy bishop—whose knowledge of Danish was not so complete as it might have been—understood her majesty to ask how many sheep he owned, and promptly answered "Two hundred."

"Two hundred children!" cried the Queen, astounded. "How can you possibly maintain such a number?"

"Easily enough, please your majesty," replied the hyperborean prelate, with a cheerful smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hills to graze, and when winter comes I kill and eat them!"

HE—Would it make you very sad if I should tell you I was going to marry some one else? She (who doesn't show the desired anxiety about accepting him)—It would, Jack, if the girl were a very near and dear friend of mine.

CURIOSITIES OF FASTING.

Strange Customs That Prevail or Have Prevailed in Lent.

In the early Christian Church wine was as much forbidden as meat to those who were fasting. Very terrible must have been the ancient days of Holy Week that were classed under the euphonious title of Xerophagy, when the only foood allowed was bread and salt, to which, in certain localities only, vegetables were added. The rules concerning Lent varied greatly in different localities for several centuries. A writer in the fifth century mentions that in certain places it lasted only three weeks, in others six, and in some as much as seven. Then there were countries in which the Lenten fast was kept on every day in the week. Sunday was omitted in others, and elsewhere there was no fasting on either that day or Saturday. The Cistercians, who did so much in the middle ages for agriculture in this country, used to fast from the 14th of September until Easter, eating neither meat, fish, nor eggs.

To this day in the Roman Catholic Church the fast days vary greatly in different countries and even dioceses, and, although its Lent now begins or ends on the same days throughout the world, there is considerable difference in the rules for keeping it in certain localities. Then, with regard to the Advent, there is some diversity. In the fifth century it was kept as a general fast of forty days, from Nov. 11 till Christmas. This custom has so died out that, although in England and Ireland Roman Catholics are made to fast on the Wednesdays and Fridays in Advent, there is no such rule on the continent, except in religious houses, and only in some of those. A curious custom prevails in France of allowing a certain water fowl that feeds chiefly on fish to be eaten on days of the year on which other flesh meat is forbidden. We think, however, that people who have once tasted this particular delicacy will not be likely to avail themselves of the privilege the second time. The most interesting exceptional rule connected with abstinence is one that exists in Spain. It seems that at the time of the Crusades all who contributed a fixed annual sum were dispensed from certain days of abstinence by a Papal bull, and that dispensation has never been withdrawn. As the fee required has now become a mere trifle through the detioration in the value of the money (about a couple of shillings), this dispensation has fallen within the reach of most people, and the funds thus accumulated are devoted to charitable purposes.

It is interesting to remember that when the rules about fasting were far stricter among Roman Catholics in England than they are now, such a thing as eating flesh during Lent was unheard of, and the fast days other times being then much more numerous than at present, it was very difficult for those living inland to get any fresh fish caught in the sea, and that the potato, to say nothing of certain other vegetables, had not yet been introduced into this country. Tea and coffee were unknown, as also were tobacco and many other little luxuries which tend to make a day of fasting or abstinence far from intolerable in modern times. Nor should it be forgotten that eggs were not allowed on fast days in the middle ages. Cheese, milk, and butter were long forbidden. The permission to eat meat at the "one meal" on every day in Lent except Wednesdays and Fridays and the last four days of Holy Week is very modern indeed; nor is it universal. Another modern innovation is the toleration of the custom of taking a little tea or coffee with a few mouthfuls, which are not to count at all, at breakfast time, as well as the "half meal," which, with certain restrictions, is allowed under the title of collation later on in the day. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

For Contempt of Court.

The stories of early Western judges are almost as numerous and incredible as the bear stories of that part of our country. The following incident, which is vouched for as fact, is of a judge who had a very lofty idea of his own legal capacity, and was at the same time anxious to sustain the dignity of his court.

A "shooting case" came before him. There was no direct evidence as to the perpetrator of the murder, but the individual arrested was well known, and, indeed, confessed the deed.

When brought into court, the judge cautioned the prisoner not to commit himself; that he must remember his rights as a free citizen, and that, above all things, he must not interrupt the proceedings of the court. After this friendly warning the judge proceeded to state that he, the prisoner, was accused of having, on such a date, shot the deceased.

Upon this the prisoner broke in. "Wal, an' so I did."

The judge was annoyed at the interruption.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" he exclaimed. "Haven't I told you not to commit yourself, nor to interrupt me? I shall commit you for contempt of court if you do so again!" he added, sternly.

He then repeated the accusation, upon which the prisoner again broke in:

"I have told ye afore that I killed—"

The judge's indignation was intense at this second interruption, and he demanded, "Mr. Sheriff, what is your evidence?"

"I have nothing but circumstantial evidence, your honor, and the prisoner's own confession."

"Then," said the judge, "I discharge the prisoner on this accusation, but commit him for contempt of court."—*Youth's Companion.*

Killed in Battle in the Last Twenty-Five Years.

"Did you ever think how few people are killed during wars?" asked Thomas Sloane of Boston as he sat in the Colonnado last evening. "Well, here is a memorandum I made recently regarding deaths in battle since 1856. The entire number killed during these thirty-four years—exclusive of those who died from disease—is about 2,253,000. In the Crimean war 750,000 were killed, the Italian war of 1859 resulted in the slaughter of 45,000; in the American cival war, 800,000; in the Danish war (1864), 3,000; In the Austro-Prussian war, 45,000; in the Franco-German war —France 155,000, Germany 60,000; in the Turko-Russian war, 250,000; the South African wars, 30,000; the Afghan war, 25,000; the Mexican and Cochin-Chinese expedition, 65,000, and the Bulgarian-Servian insurrection, 25,000."—*Philadelphia Press.*

MRS. OLIVER, of Athens, Ga., is 87 years old and has never taken a drink of water. If she had lived in Kentucky they would have insisted on her wearing trousers and being a colonel.

He Took No Chances.

A certain conductor, before he was married, took his best girl out to dine. He didn't have much money that day, so he felt nervous. He thought he would give her a beer to start on, so he handed her a bill-of-fare and invited her to guess what she was going to have to drink. The girl read it over carefully and finally said:

"Ed, dear, I guess I'll take champagne."

Ed looked up almost paralyzed, then murmured:

"Wrong, darling, this time; guess again."

Then, without waiting to take any more chances, he sung out:

"Two beers!"—*New York Dispatch.*

A Hint to Journalists.

Journalist—I'll have to get me a new pair of heavy boots pretty soon.

Friend—Those you have got on seem to be in pretty good condition.

They will not last long.

Going to walk down to your office to save car fare?

No, I've got a free pass over the line.

And you haven't got any marriageable daughters that I ever heard of.

No, thank heaven!

Then I cannot imagine why you yearn for a new pair of boots.

Man alive! Can't you discern the signs of the time? Don't you know that the spring poet, owing to the mild winter, matures a month earlier than usual?—*Texas Siftings.*

The Ability to Bear Pain

Is the test of fortitude among the Indian tribes. But we defy any Cherokee, Sioux or Comanche to endure the twinges of rheumatism without wincing. These, indeed are slight at first, but grow in intensity until they become unbearable. No malady is more obstinate in its maturity than that which gives rise to them. The more need, then, of attacking it at the outset. Foremost among remedies for it is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, safe and infinitely more effective than colchicum, veratrum and nux vomica, all remedies which might prove destructive of life in a slightly excessive dose. Mineral depurents, also, when not positively mischievous, are far inferior in remedial power to this salutary botanic medicine. It entirely expels from the blood the acrid impurities which originate the disease, and enriches as well as cleanses it. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia and other ailments also give way to it.

All Editors Know How to Swear.

Judge—Do you fully understand the nature of an oath?

Witness—I think I understand the form of an oath, yes, sir."

"Will you please answer my question as to your understanding the nature of an oath?"

"If you please, I am an affidavit editor."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Carried Off the Honors.

"Did you attend the amateur theatricals last evening?"

"Yes. I came in after the first act."

"They tell me I carried off the honors."

"Very likely you did; at least, someone must have carried them off, for they were conspicuously absent in the last two acts."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Catarrh Can't Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucus surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucus surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

THE pancakes eaten at Vassar College in one year would make a column eight miles high, if piled one upon another. There's high education for you.

IF there had been another woman and a lawyer in the garden of Eden, Eve would have probably got a divorce and married the devil.

A FATHER who has put his boy into a law office, speaks of him as his son-in-law.—*Boston Star.*

$2,500 Reward for a Lost Cat.

The equivalent in English money of $2,500 was once offered by an old lady in London for the return of a favorite cat which had strayed or been stolen. People called her a "crank," and perhaps she was. It is unfortunate that one of the gentler sex should ever gain this title, yet many do. It is, however, frequently not their fault. Often functional derangements will apparently change a woman's entire nature. Don't blame such sufferers if they are "cranky," but tell them to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is an infallible remedy for "female weaknesses." It will soon restore them to their normal condition. It is *warranted* to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be returned.

DR. PIERCE'S Pellets, the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial; one a dose.

Contrary to Tradition.

"Young man," he said, solemnly, "do you realize that the truly wise man doesn't think that he knows as much as he really does know?"

"Oh, yes sir," was the reply, "and the man who isn't truly wise thinks he knows it all, and when he jumps in he generally gets there with both feet."—*Life.*

A Superb Achievement.

Thousands of dollars have been expended in preparing the magnificent new catalogue just issued by the Bryant & Stratton Chicago Business College, Shorthand Institute and English Training School, which is everywhere recognized as the Great Business University of America. The great catalogue now presented to the public is a perfect masterpiece, and constitutes the most elegant and costly volume of the kind ever published. It is an exquisite work of art, containing 112 pages printed upon finest enameled paper, 9½x12 inches, with thirty large and beautiful engravings. It is distributed at college office free of charge, or will be mailed to any address upon receipt of stamps to pay cost of postage, which is ten cents. Every ambitious young man and young woman should secure a copy. Address H. B. Bryant & Son, Washington street, corner Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Willing to Let Him Have the Earth.

Mamma (looking up from her novel)—Jane, what ails Freddy now?

Jane—He's crying for the moon, mamma.

Mamma (absorbed in her reading)—O, well, let the little dear have it.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

A Low-Cut Dress.

Editor of Spicy Society Paper—Yes, the *Slanderer* will appear in a new dress next week.

Blinks—So? Well, I hope it will not be so low-cut as the present one.—*Lawrence American.*

The Homeliest Man in This Town,

As well as the handsomest, and others, are invited to call on any druggist and get *free* a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits, and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Consumption. Large Bottles, 50 cents and $1.

IF a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, is a mole on the face worth two in the ground?

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

THE striped stick candy must go. There is enough poison in one hundred and sixty-five pounds of it to kill a boy. Just think of it.

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They disappear like hot cakes before a St. Louis tramp—"Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

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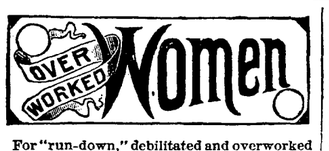
A MEMORY OF EARLY DAYS.

Bane of childhood's tender years,
Swallowed oft with groans and tears,
How it made the flesh recoil,
Loathsome, greasy castor oil!
Search your early memory close,
Till you find another dose:
All the shuddering frame revolts
At the thought of Epsom salts!
Underneath the pill-box lid
Was a greater horror hid,
Climax of all inward ills,
Huge and griping old blue pills!

What a contrast to the mild and gentle action of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, easy to take, cleansing and renovating the system without wrenching it with agony. They are gently aperient or strongly cathartic according to size of dose. Unequaled as a liver pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. As a laxative, only one Pellet necessary for a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Put up in vials, hermetically sealed, therefore always fresh and reliable. Being purely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. Sold by druggists, at 25 cents a vial.



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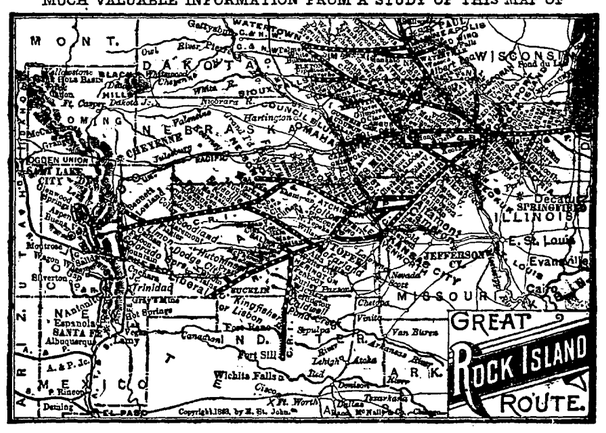
A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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Spring Medicine

Is a necessity with nearly everybody. The run down, tired condition at this season is due to impurities in the blood which have accumulated during the winter, and which must be expelled if you wish to feel well. Hood's Sarsaparilla thoroughly purifies and vitalizes the blood, creates a good appetite, cures biliousness and headache, gives healthy action to the kidneys and liver, and imparts to the whole body a feeling of health and strength. Try it this spring.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every year as a spring tonic, with most satisfactory results." C. PARMELEE, 349 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Purifies the Blood

"Hood's Sarsaparilla purified my blood, gave me strength, and overcame the headache and dizziness, so that I am able to work again. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to others whose blood is thin or impure, and who feel worn out or run down." LUTHER NASON, Lowell, Mass.

"We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for years, and recommend it as the best spring medicine or blood purifier. Our boy is nine years old and has enjoyed good health ever since we began giving it to him. We are seldom without it." B. F. GROVER, Rochester, N. H.

The chief reason for the marvelous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article itself. **It is Merit that wins**, and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes what is claimed for it, is what has made it the medicine first in the confidence of our countrymen, and given to Hood's Sarsaparilla a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier.

"Early last spring I was very much run down, had nervous headache, felt miserable and all that. I was very much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla and recommend it to my friends." MRS. J. M. TAYLOR. 1119 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Creates an Appetite

"I wish to enroll my name as one of those who have derived health from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For many years I have taken it, especially in the early spring, when I am troubled with dizziness, dullness, unpleasant taste in my mouth in the morning. It removes this bad taste, relieves my headache, and makes me feel greatly refreshed. The two bottles I have used this spring have been worth many dollars to me. I advise all my friends to take it." JOHN BINNS, 663 43d Street, Town of Lake, Chicago, Ill.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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DOES CURE

CONSUMPTION

In its First Stages.

Be sure you get the genuine.

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PATENTS E. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. Send for circular.

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To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70; Photo-gravure panel size of this picture for 7 cents (coppers or stamps).

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CLASSIC FOUR-HAND COLLECTION ($1.) Nineteen superior Duets for Piano, by Godard, Bohm, Hoffman, Brahms, and other first class composers.

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N. U. F. W.....No. 14—'89

When writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

HOW MEN MUST DRESS.

THE MATERIAL AND THE SHAPING OF THE CLOTH OF 1890.

Cuts of Coats Wherewith Gentlemen May Feel Abreast of the Year's Fashions—Wide Wale Worsteds and Soft Finish to Rule the Modes of Good Dressing the Current Season.

THE question as to how a man shall dress himself is easier asked than answered. There are certain canons of taste which override all fashions, and to these he must appeal who would be really and truly a well-dressed man. A Chicago *Times* reporter recently visited a number of the arbiters of taste and material in the World's Fair city, and out of their wisdom the following facts were evolved:

In the first place men's clothes, as a whole, if they are to be really chic, will show the softest possible finish, coats will display low openings and ample sleeves, vests will follow this form, and trousers will sit moderately close to the leg as to the upper works, and will exhibit a moderate spring at the bottom.

In overcoats the Chesterfield or fly-front oversack will be much more worn than any other style. It will be made from worsteds and almost all styles of soft overcoatings, and will be of me-

THE COVERT COAT.

dium length, thirty-six to thirty-seven inches being the limits for a man of average height, 5 feet 8 inches.

The covert overcoat, made of covert overcoating, modified for street wear, will be quite popular with many who have no very profound regard for the eternal fitness of things.

For day and half-dress the double-breasted frock is the most appropriate, as it is the most elegant style of coat made. For day dress it will have lapels of ample width, well peaked, and silk-faced to the button-holes, of which there will be five on each side. It will roll when closed to the third hole, but when unbuttoned will roll free. The lengths for a man of average height will be eighteen and one-half inches to the hip buttons and thirty-six inches to the bottom of skirts. It will be made of worsteds and cheviots.

The three-button cutaway frock will be, as for several seasons, more popular than the four, two, or one buttoner. The lengths will average eighteen and one-half and thirty-three inches, the roll will be moderately long, and the fronts will be cut away so as to show one button of the vest. The four-buttoner will close higher on the chest and button a trifle lower, while the the two-buttoner will open lower and be cut away from rather higher above the waist-seam. For half-dress these cutaways will be made from worsteds or cheviots, with the edges flat-braided narrow if the former and double-stitched narrow if the latter material is used.

The vest worn with them may be of

ONE-BUTTON CUTAWAY.

the same material as the coat, or of any fancy vesting, and the trousers may be of any style of striped, checked or plain trousering.

Early in the season the double-breasted sack will, perhaps, be more worn than the other styles. It has quite a number of good points to recommend it. It can be worn without an overcoat, it is very dressy when silk-faced, and it is very becoming to a good figure.

So much for the general effect to be produced by the new year's clothes.

DOUBLE-BREASTED FROCK COAT.

Now for the special and particular details out of which these results are to be achieved. The first cut shows the covert coat. The material represented is a covert overcoating. The length for a man of average height, five feet eight inches, is thirty-four inches. The back is cut whole, with nearly straight side-seams that are finished with vents, and the form, though its shape is suggested, is fitted loosely. The collar and lapels are light, the roll averages four and a half inches in length, and the edges are double-stitched moderately wide. The pockets have flaps to go in or out, and the sleeves, which are

LOW-ROLL SACK SUIT.

cut half and half, are finished with three rows of stitching around the bottom. The seams are lapped and stitched to match the edges.

In the next cut is exhibited one of those new one-button cutaway suits, which are designed especially for persons of a rather corpulent build. The material is a wide wool worsted and a striped trousering. The roll of the coat is about six inches deep.

The fronts are cut away from the closing button with a gentle curve, and are well rounded from midway of skirt to the bottom. The edges are bound, or flat-braided narrow, and the sleeves are finished with imitation cuffs, closed with two buttons.

The vest extends about one and a half inches below the waist seam of the coat, closes with five buttons, and has a notched collar.

The trousers are more shapely, proportionately, than for a regular form, but should have the same appearance of looseness.

In the double-breasted frock coat shown in the next cut it is claimed that for half-dress there is nothing more suitable, effective, or appropriate than the suit shown in this figure. The material represented for the coat and vest is a fancy diagonal worsted and for the trousers a very handsome, subdued, striped trousering. The collar of the coat is cut rather long to a low gorge and the lapels are well peaked and spaced for five holes, to button four if desired. The silk extends to the end of holes and the edges

A LIGHT-WEIGHT OVERCOAT.

are flat braided. The sleeves are shapely and are finished to imitate cuffs closed with two buttons. The trousers for this and all other half-dress suits average nineteen inches at knee and seventeen and one-half to eighteen at the bottom. They have a slight spring.

The next illustration shows a low-roll sack suit the material of which is a striped cheviot. The collars and lapels are one and one-half inches wide and the fronts are cut with quite a curve from top to lower button. They are finished soft. The trousers with this suit average nineteen and one-half inches at the knee and eighteen at the bottom, and the side-seams are finished with a welt.

In the figure represented following this the overcoat is a soft diagonal cheviot, the coat and vest a medium wale worsted, and the pantaloons a striped trousering.

The overcoat is an accurate representation of a light-weight overcoat for the current season, thrown open.

They Swore.

A FRIEND of mine has two little sons, aged respectively three and five years. They have been most carefully trained, and especially warned and guarded against profanity. But one day the little fellows arose feeling irresistibly impelled to do something naughty, and, the nursery door being open, we overheard the following:

"Let's swear," proposed John, the elder.

"Well, leth," lisped wee Charlie.

"Go ahead," said John, encouragingly.

"You thwear firtht," replied Charlie.

A moment's hesitation and John responded, emphatically:

"I swear!"

"Tho do I," asserted Charlie, solemnly.

And that evening before saying their prayers the little sinners penitently confessed that they "has sweared" in the morning.

Kind-Hearted.

Mrs. Simkins has just heard that her husband has been drawn to serve on a jury.

"John Simkins on the criminal jury!" exclaimed Mrs. Simkins. "Well, all *I* can say is that I congratulate the criminals."

"Why, Mrs. Simkins? Is your husband a very merciful man?"

"Merciful? Why, John Simkins wouldn't hang a pictur', much less a door, unless he was jest made to!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Too Strong to Work.

First tramp (watching men and women coming from the mill)—Pretty sickly looking crowd, ain't they, Bill?

Second tramp—They are, pard. A parson once told me that work was healthy, but I don't believe him. We're as fat as them people, ain't we?—*Boston Herald.*

STORY OF A BUSY LIFE.

HON. JOHN WANAMAKER, POSTMASTER GENERAL.

How He Won His Way in the World—His Public and Home Life—Personal Characteristics and Business Methods—His Wife a Woman of Tact.

NOBODY likes a good story or joke better than John Wanamaker, and none can laugh with more heartiness, writes a Washington correspondent. The story of his early life is brief, and very much like the stories of the lives of other men who rise to fortune through the force of industry and their own ability. The present Postmaster General was born in Chambersburg, Pa., in 1838. When a boy he worked in the little brickyard owned by his father, and left that to enter a book store at $1.25 a week. His next move was to Philadelphia, and he got there aided only by the sturdy legs that trudged over every foot of the way between Chambersburg and the city of white marble steps. In Philadelphia he married, and was made Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association—two events that happened not very far apart.

In 1861 his father-in-law started him in a store which was the beginning of his present immense establishment. That is the story of his life. And it is as different from his present existence as the brickyard of his boyhood is different from the Postoffice Department of the United States.

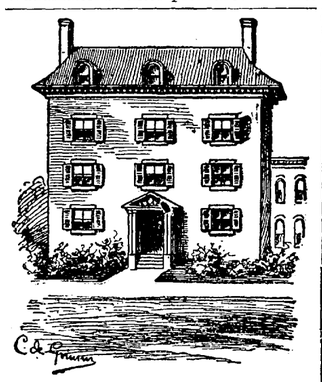
The present family of the Postmaster General consists of that official himself, Mrs. Wanamaker, Thomas B. and L. Rodman Wanamaker, and the two girls, Misses Minnie and Lilly, the former a debutante of this season and the latter a sprightly young lady of 13.

MRS. WANAMAKER CRUSHES THE CUP.

One of the sons, the elder, is in Philadelphia, while L. R. Wanamaker is in France representing the firm of Wanamaker & Co., of Philadelphia. Mrs. Wanamaker and her two daughters are in Washington.

The house occupied by the Wanamakers is not only historical but surrounded by memories of the most brilliant social events that have ever shone in American society. The house was part of the old Frelinghuysen estate. The interior has been remodeled to a very great extent, and cost a good many thousands of dollars. The parlor is charmingly furnished, the prevailing tone being rather dark. Etchings, engravings, and bric-a-brac fill odd nooks and spaces, but the most beautiful pictures are where they should be—in the art gallery.

Her home and charity are Mrs. Wanamaker's chief pleasures in life.



THE WANAMAKER MANSION.

Although judicious through the force of the very instinct which prompts her gifts, she annually gives away a great deal of money directly or indirectly to the poor of Philadelphia. The chief characteristic of the woman is tact, a trait which, everything considered, she possesses in a most remarkable degree. A story is told of Mrs. Wanamaker which clearly illustrates this attribute. Mr. Wanamaker met one day a man whom he had known in years gone by and to whom he desired to show some courtesy, so he invited him to call on Mrs. Wanamaker. Now, this old friend was primitive in his ways and rather crude as to social observances, so Mr. Wanamaker sent his wife word to make the caller as much at home as possible. As it happened, the caller made his appearance just as Mrs. Wanamaker

POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER.

was in the midst of an afternoon tea. When he saw what was going on a nervous desire to get out only increased his embarrassment. Mrs. Wanamaker, seeing this, tried to calm him with a cup of tea served in a cup belonging to a new and almost priceless set, handing him the beverage with her own hand. Of course the first thing the visitor did was to break the cup, at which mishap he was rapidly dying of fright when Mrs. Wanamaker turned to him and said:

"These cups are so fragile that they are almost useless," and then turning, so as to be seen by all, said: "See how easily they break, and while speaking crushed the cup in her own hand into a dozen pieces.

But to return to the Postmaster General himself. There is about his office none of the exclusiveness that so often marks the Cabinet officer. Between Mr. Wanamaker's desk and the corridor of the department there is but one door, and that is of lattice-work. No double row of secretaries or aids ask you what you want or why you want it. You go in, wait your turn in the ante-room, and are then privileged to walk up to the desk of the Postmaster General, make your little speech, and then give the next man a chance. There is not a single employe of the United States Government that works harder or more hours a day than the Postmaster General. He rises at 6, breakfasts at 6:30, reads the morning papers, and is at his desk at 8 o'clock, an hour before the department is open for business or the clerks have arrived.

The Devil Broke Loose.

WHILE working on a Southern newspaper I was sent down into a swamp neighborhood to investigate a rumor to the effect that the devil had broken loose. No, it was not a political disturbance. It was declared by the negroes that the devil—the old personal fellow himself—had made his appearance in the community. He first made himself known by leaping over the fence into the county road, snatching up a horse that belonged to a highly respected citizen and pulling the animal in two. The next occasion of the old man's introduction was at a hog-killing. He seized a shoat, knocked down a justice of the peace with it, swallowed a chunk of fire and then went shouting through the woods. Shortly after reaching the neighborhood I learned that all the reports could be traced to a negro preacher, an old fellow who was regarded with extreme veneration. I called on him and found him in the woods engaged in prayer.

"I have been told," said I, "that you could give me some information concerning the devil that is now airing himself in this neighborhood."

"Ah, Lawd, chile, I does hope an' pray dat you won't talk ter me on dat subjeck. It's er awful time we's habin' down yere, an' lessen dar's some mighty tall prayin' somebody gwine ter git hurt powerful."

"Have you seen the devil?" I asked.

"I wush you wouldn't put me in de mine o' anything so awful."

"But have you seen him?"

"Cose I has. Whut you come foolin' wid me dat way fur? How I gwine ter know so much erbout him ef I ain't dun seed him?"

"What does he look like?"

"I ain't got time ter tell you whut he do look like, sah. Da's so much erbout him ter tell dat I wouldn't like ter undertake de job. Monst'us, sah; oh, he was monst'us."

"Now, look here, old man, you are too intelligent to believe in such nonsense. You know that no devil has been seen; you know that you started the report yourself."

"Look yere, sah," he exclaimed, turning wrathfully upon me, "whut you mean by comin' down yere a-foolin' an' a meddlin' wid our 'ligious affairs? Ain't you got no bisness ter tend ter at home? Doan you know dat you got ter keep de devil ccnstantly befo' dese niggers or da ain't gwine do no good? Whar I preached last year I got up an' tole 'em dat I didn't bl'ebe dat dar wuz any devil, an' whut did da do? Da cut down my salary, dat's whut da done. Yas, cut down my salary, an' den didn't gib me but half o' de cut-down. An', 'stead o' takin' off dar hats when da meet me in de road like da uster do, da'd laugh at me an' call me old knock-kneed Ben. So when I come ober yere I 'lowed ter myse'f, I did, dat I wuz gwine ter use diffunt tactics, an' I has. W'y, sah, ef you take de devil outen 'ligion, de nigger preacher would starve ter death, so go on away now, an' quit foolin' wid er bisness dat you ain't got no intrust in."

Two Hundred Women Killed.

A letter from Zanzibar says that over a year ago a caravan of 300 Arabs left the East Coast to go into the interior to trade. They have now returned, and one of the chiefs relates their adventures. Arriving at Kavirondo, on the northeast shores of Victoria Nyanza, the Arabs saw that the natives had a good deal of ivory and that they had no guns. They attacked the tribe, and before the shooting had gone on long the natives were willing to do anything to make peace.

After a long palaver with the chiefs the Arabs agreed to leave the country upon the payment to them of two hundred tusks of ivory and two hundred young women. The natives were glad to get rid of the enemy even on these hard conditions. As soon as they received the ivory and the women the Arabs started for the coast. They had a terrible time in the Masai country. There was a drought, and they almost perished of thirst. Then provisions became scarcer and scarcer, and the whole party was in danger of starvation. Finally the Arab chiefs decided that, in order to save themselves and their ivory, it would be necessary to sacrifice their female slaves, who were very weak from their deprivations and could march no further.

That night all of these two hundred young women were shot to death and their bodies were left in the camp for beasts of prey. The victims happily had not a moment's warning of their impending fate. Each murderer selected his intended victim, and the horrible crime was accomplished so speedily that few of the women made any outcry. With their force thus summarily reduced the Arabs were able to pull through the desert region, obtaining little more food than barely enough to sustain life.

The chief who related these facts in Zanzibar showed no compunctions whatever for the terrible crime in which he had assisted, but mentioned the massacre only to give an idea of the great loss they had sustained by the necessary sacrifice of the two hundred slaves. It is a curious fact that some of the murderers were troubled in mind because their necessities had compelled them to eat rats and other unclean food, which is prohibited to Mohammedans on the march.—*Revue Francaise.*

THE electric companies seem to be almost as proud of their dead men as they are of their live wires.

HISTORY OF THE WATCH.

IT DATES BACK A FEW HUNDRED YEARS.

The First Clocks Were Cumbrous Things, and for a Long Time Were Only Used in Convents and Monasteries—Some Queer Old Watches.

THE use of the watch has become so common, and people are so accustomed to take note of time by the pieces which they carry in their pockets that they are apt to forget how recent an invention it was. The first watch was not twenty years old when America was discovered. The great mass of the human race never saw a watch, and if men have lived (as some scientists claim) for 100,000 years, then how singular the fact that for 99,600 years of that time no one ever had a watch.

Of course the watch grew out of the precedent use of the clock, and it was about 600 years between the first clock and the first watch. That is as closely as one can estimate dates when the precise year of either invention is unknown.

The invention of the clock is generally ascribed to the monk Gerbert, who was afterward raised to the tiara, under the name of Pope Sylvester II. The first clocks were cumbrous things, calculated only to be hung to the wall, and worked with cords and weights. For a long time they were only used in convents and monasteries, where they helped to make miserable the lives of the inmates. Others say that the invention of the clock was due to the Saracens. However, it was invented and for a long time was made in such a large and cumbrous form that no one thought of reducing it to pocket size. Some time in the fourteenth century the escapement was introduced in what is known as De Wyck's clock. This allowed of reduction in size, but it seems to have taken 100 years more for the idea to have gotten into men's minds

that the clock might be made small enough to carry in the pocket, or to hang as an ornament upon the person.

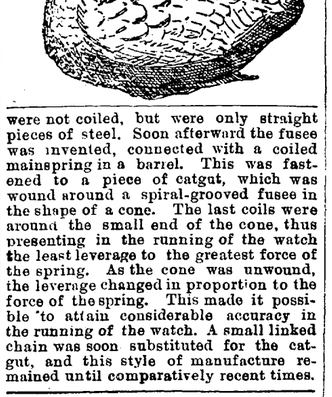
The city of Nuremburg claims to have made the first watch in 1477, and Peter Hell, of that city, made watches of steel as early as 1490. It is certain that the first watches were called Nuremburg eggs—a fact that identifies both the place of making and the shape of the watch. The works were inclosed in circular metal cases, and were hung from the girdle. They generally suggested the idea of the egg.

The first English watches were made upon a different principle. They had weights and were used as a pocket-clock. The earliest mention made of one under its present name is of a watch belonging to Edward VI. as being "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron guilt, with two plummets of lead." Such early watches had only one hand, and required to be wound up twice a day. The dials were of silver and brass, the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter—about the size of a common dessert plate.

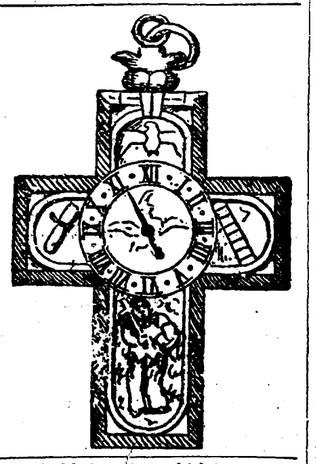
Henry VIII., who died in 1547, had one of these pocket-clocks, as did his contemporary, Charles V. Watches seem to have come into a wider use about that time in France than in England, for they were named with clocks in a statute enacted in Paris in 1544.

All the earlier watches were extremely rude measurers of time, and the necessity of frequent winding is alluded to by Shakspeare in "Twelfth Night," where he makes Malvolio say: "I frown the while, and perchance wind-up my watch, or play with some rich jewel."

The first great improvement of the watch—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. These springs



were not coiled, but were only straight pieces of steel. Soon afterward the fusee was invented, connected with a coiled mainspring in a barrel. This was fastened to a piece of catgut, which was wound around a spiral-grooved fusee in the shape of a cone. The last coils were around the small end of the cone, thus presenting in the running of the watch the least leverage to the greatest force of the spring. As the cone was unwound, the leverage changed in proportion to the force of the spring. This made it possible to attain considerable accuracy in the running of the watch. A small linked chain was soon substituted for the catgut, and this style of manufacture remained until comparatively recent times.



The spiral hair-spring, which is so necessary for equalizing the motion, was invented and attached about the year 1658 by Dr. Hook. Lengthening or shortening the spring lessens or increases the vibrations and made the regulation of the watch an easy matter.

The cases of the early watches were made for personal adornments, and were of all sorts and shapes. One that belonged to Lady Fitzgerald tells in a curious way the classic tale of Jupiter and Ganymede. The works are contained in the body of the eagle, which opens across the center and displays the dial plate richly engraved with scrolls and flowers.

The silver gilt watch in the form of a death's head was given to Mary Queen of Scots by her husband, the Dauphin of France. It was lately in the possession of Sir John Lauder, and came to his family through Catherine Seton, to whom the unfortunate Mary gave it before her execution.

There is a similar watch in a Boston museum that belonged to some one of the pilgrim fathers. It is of silver in the form of a death's head, but differs from the one engraved here by opening at the under jaw. It has at the top a small ring by means of which it was attacked to the girdle.

When the famous Diana of Poitiers became allied to Henry II. she was a widow

and the complacent court went into mourning on a most grievous scale. Rings were made in the form of skeletons, coffins of gold contained chased and enameled figures of death, and watches were made in the form of skulls. These were worn as ornaments, and are a fair sample of the extremes to which fashion will sometimes go.

Early in the seventeenth century all these strange forms passed out. The watch-makers succeeded in making the watches more compact and they assumed substantially their present form, except that in order to protect the key-hole they were surrounded by a large silver case. This gave them the shape of the flat turnip and the popular voice irreverently called them "turnip watches." The outer case was usually the repository of sundry verses and devices—tokens of love or friendship—which, although generally printed on satin, or more frequently worked with the needle, were always designated watch papers. Sometimes they were poetical conceits like the following:

Time is—the present moment well employ;
Time was—is past—thou canst not it enjoy;
Time future—is not and may never be;
Time present—is the only time for thee.

The French were the first to introduce judicious improvements in weight and size. A watch that once belonged to Charles I., having been presented to him by Louis XIII., was of an oval shape, two inches by one and a half on the face, and an inch thick. The back is chased in high relief with a figure of St. George conquering the dragon. The motto of the Garter, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," surrounds the case, which is enriched

with enameled colors. There was one exception to the grotesque forms which went out of fashion in the seventeenth century, and that was in the case of watches made in the form of a cross and intended to be hung by a ring to the girdle.

They are sometimes called abbess watches, but for no good reason. One curious fact in the history of watches is that in one of the halls at Oxford there is the figure of a female who is said to have been the first wearer of a watch. No one seems to know what her name was or when she lived.

He Mashed a Hat.

Along about the middle of the coach was a young lady, not a beautiful girl, but just ordinary, although she had a very jaunty hat and a sealskin sacque. A young man got on at Castile, who stood at the door and looked the passengers over for a minute or two, and he then walked deliberately down the aisle and plumped himself down beside the girl. As he did so there was a crash and a crush, and he sprang up to discover that he had sat down upon a bandbox and mashed it flat.

"I'm so sorry—so sorry!" he stammered as he turned all sorts of colors.

"Mister man!" she replied as she inspected the ruin, "have you got $12 in cash about you?"

"W-what! I really beg your pardon. Indeed, I didn't——"

"Fork over!" she interrupted, holding out her hand.

"Twelve dollars!"

"Exactly. You have mashed a $12 bonnet, and I want the money."

"But, miss—but——"

"My brother Bill is forward in the smoking car, and if you don't pay I'll call him! There's nothing cheap about Bill. He'll knock $50 worth of jaw off your chin before he gets through with you."

"I'll pay, miss."

"That's business. Fifteen dollars, eh? Twelve from fifteen leaves three, and here's the change and the hat. Next time you go to kerplunk down beside anybody look out for breakers."

"I beg to apologize, miss," he replied.

"Oh, you needn't; you got off cheap. If you hadn't smashed the hat I'd have pulled $25 worth of hair out of your head anyhow."

Everybody felt sorry for the man. He got into a seat at the end of the car, closed himself up like a jackknife, and every time the door opened what we could see of him turned pale for fear it was her brother Bill.—*New York Sun.*

What Kept Them Up.

Farmer—How much be them pants, anyway?

Clerk—Three seventy-five.

"Yes, same old price. 'Taters worth half what they uster be; corn 'way down to nothin'; oats down, butter down, eggs down—I'd like to know, by gol! what keeps pants 'way up, bub."

"Suspenders, perhaps."

The old man went out, muttering something about he guessed 'twas safety pins, p'r'aps, in some cases.

THE family circle—a wedding ring.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

NECK OR NOTHIN' HALL,
KILKENNY CORNERS.

MR. EDITUR: Thay want nuthin in under the sun purvented Sally an Willam Henery frum havin a scrummig, only Mis Perkins frum over on to Spider Crick a driven up jest then.

"I heerd you wus back," ses she, "an I jest hitched up old Begum an kim rite over, fur in the fust place I wanted you to promise to kim over and spend one hull day nex weak, an in the nex place I wunted to onburden my hart to sum sympathizin feline, an I didn't no of enny buddy thet wus more so than you."

"I'm proud o' yure conference," ses I, a wipin my specks an' tellin Willam Henery to go put up Begum, es I led the way into the frunt room. "It's about Mary Hanner," ses she, arfter she'd got out her nittin' work, "she's thet onhappy, an' her man drinks an' abuses her, an' to think we made her marry him," an' Mis Perkins sithed. "Well, it's too bad." ses I, "but what kaint be cured must be ondured, an' she tuck him fur better nor worse, an' ef she finds him sum worse then she axpected why she ort to stick the titer to him."

"I wunt you to talk to her about it," ses she, a wipin her eyes on her apron es she seen Mis Purdy a cummin up the lane.

I promised I wood.

"I've made up my mind," ses she, "to let my other gals marry who thay plese, an Ellie is a goin to take the Doctor, an Emmie an the minister is awful frenly, but don't mention it," ses she. An I sed I woodn't, an jist then Mis Purdy kim in.

"Whare's Willam Henery?" ses she, arfter she'd shuck hans an kissed me.

He jest stepped out with Ben a while ago.

"Well, is it so?" ses she.

"What so?" ses Mis Perkins an me to onct.

"Why, thet you folks air a goin to sell out an go to Utah, whare he kin marry Mis Boggs an be a Morming alder," ses she.

"Land o love!" I gasped; "of all things! Why, we haint never even thunk o sech a thing."

"Well, it is quare how sech things sturt," ses she.

"Tis so," ses Mis Perkins. "What kind o luck you hed with your turkeys this year?"

"O, I didn't raise nun. Purdy sed last year when thay et all the cabbig thet thay shudent never not another one cum on to the place, so I didn't set enny this year."

"Thay be a dretful instructive critter," ses I.

"Yes, an do you fead your calves this summer, Mis Perkins?" ses Mis Purdy.

"No, we let 'em have half the milk."

"Thet is the bes way, I think," ses I.

"Yes," ses Mis Purdy, "but hed you heerd thet Mis VanDyke hed a new bow?"

"No," ses we in a breth.

"Well, she hes; he's a ole tooth-pullin man. I don't s'pose the school marm' want him.

"I don't no. I'm shore; she likes to devil the widder," ses I.

"Yes," ses Mis Purdy, "Jonathin Blodgerses air a gittin better o' the hoopin cough, now."

"I glad to hear it," ses I; an jest then Willam Henery cum a sneekin in, an fust Mis Purdy node he hollered "boo!" jest es lowd es he cood rite into her ear.

"O! you ole scalawag," ses she, a hittin him a lick over the back with her parasol un brakin it rite smack off'n the han'le.

"Goody good!" ses he, an run off an her arfter him, an he never quit till he hed opsot 3 swill pales an hart his corns, then he baiged off.

I wus glad they didn't hev no scrummig. Yourn thankfully,

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

Did Not Consummate the Sale.

A grizzled old farmer with a shotgun put two swindlers to flight a few miles north of Mascoutah. His name is Henry Emmerich. He signed the old swindling lightning-rod contract under the impression that he was getting his lightning rods for $15. When he discovered the true character of his contract he took down his double-barreled shot-gun and waited for the party of the first part. He had not long to wait before the swindlers came prepared to put the rods on the building.

"Stop!" said Emmerich, as one of the agents started to enter. "You can't come in," and he backed the assertion with his shot-gun.

"But," protested the lightning-rod man, "I have a contract to put up rods on your building, and I am here for that purpose."

"How much will it cost?" asked Emmerich.

"Something over $15," was the reply.

"How much more?" said Emmerich.

"Well, sir, it will cost you $630."

"I don't think it will," said Emmerich, decidedly, and he cocked both hammers of the shot-gun. "Now," he continued, "I will give you just five minutes to get off my place, and if you don't get I'll fill you so full of buckshot that you won't know what hurt you."

They fled.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A Change of Room.

"You will have to give me another room, I guess," said a Congressman to the hotel clerk.

"What's the matter? aren't you comfortable where you are?"

"Well, not exactly. That German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarionet so that I thought I never would get to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding on my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Of you blease,' said the German, 'dot you vould schnore of the same key. You vas go from B flat to G, und it schpoils der moosic.'"—*Washington Post.*

THE outburst of a hitherto patient boarder: "Mrs. Starvem, I can stand having hash every day in the week, but when on Sunday you put raisins in it and call it mince pie, I draw the line.

HOW ARE the mighty fallen! An heroic-size figure of a British lion is to be used to ornament the grave of a patent medicine man in a Yankee graveyard.

ICE crumbles under saw and chisel, but it is said to be more capable than wood of being smoothed and shaped by the plane.

THE

New York Store!

OUR

SECOND ✻ FLOOR

DISPLAY.

—THE—

GREAT

OPENING

TWO MORE DAYS'

Friday & Saturday.

The Beautiful Wraps have advertised themselves.

THE CARPET DISPLAY.

We have been telling you about the handsome carpets—but

The Opening Display

Showed you such artistic patterns, you had never thought of seeing.

COME

And See the Beauties!

AXMINSTERS,
MOQUETTES,
VELVETS,
BRUSSELS,
3-PLYS AND
INGRAINS,

Lovely Curtains and Portieres, Handsome Rugs.

Get Your Kids For Easter.

ROOT & COMPANY.

P. D. SWICK,

MERCHANT ✻ TAILOR,

50 HARRISON ST.

New Goods Just Opened.
Fine Tailoring a Specialty.

PRICES REASONABLE.

WALL PAPER!

I have opened a store at

68 E. MAIN ST.

And have put in a brand new stock of Wall Paper of the latest designs. We have no shelf-worn or old goods to select from—all latest styles. Prices to suit.

PRICES CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!

Anything in Paper Hanging, Painting or Graining, call and see me.

F. H TREEP,
68 E. Main Street.

WALL PAPER

—AT—

Wholesale and Retail.

We buy in large quantities and therefore get the lowest prices. We can sell for nearly the same price other dealers have to pay for their goods. Come in and see us. Prices lower than ever before.

RENNER,

CRATSLEY

& CO.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1890.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. M. Backus is seriously ill.

To-morrow will be Easter Sunday.

Mr. M. W. Simons is at the Wayne.

Mr. Frank Gibson has returned from a business trip.

Mrs. Sam Hanna is quite ill at her home in Auburn.

Supt. George F. Felts was at New Haven yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Charles Munson is recovering from his sickness at Chicago.

William Anglun has been reinstated as conductor on the Nickel Plate.

Mr. George Coarson left to-day for an extended trip through the west.

The second floor of Mordhurst's drug store has been improved during the past week.

Wm. Lane, representing the National Tobacco works of Louisville, Ky., is in the city.

The republican mass convention will be held in the circuit court room this evening.

Mr. Wm. Beach, of Grand Rapids, is visiting his parents at 444 Broadway for a few days.

Mr. Charles O. Essig, of the Pittsburg freight office, is about to purchase a valuable horse.

The T. M. D. club held a pleasant meeting last evening at the home of Miss Fannie Conover.

Mrs. Harriet Carr, of Ligonier, Ind., is visiting her nephew, George Shisler, of 126 East Creighton avenue.

The Builders' Exchange will be in session this evening in their new quarters next to Wilding's coal office.

Russell Viberg, son of the sheriff, entertained a number of young friends last evening, at his home, in the jail.

Mrs. Rev. Hollopeter and family, of Monroeville, are guests in the family of Rev. S. D. Miller, on South Harrison street.

The Euclid club have furnished cozy parlors in the Schmitz block. The club is composed of about a dozen married gentlemen.

Mr. N. Leonard, of the north side, accompanied by his daughter, Mattie, and Miss Zella Weidner, will go to Muncie to-morrow.

The bids for the masonry of the St. Patrick's Catholic church basement will be let within a few days. The excavation will shortly be made.

Messrs. Homer Gorseline and Frank Zimmerman have accepted positions in the Globe clothing house, recently opened by Heller & Frankel.

Mrs. E. J. Cour, accompanied by Miss Cora McCarthy, of Minneapolis, are guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Donnelly, of South Calhoun street.

Miss Clara Koontz, of Camden, Ind., who has been engaged as an instructor at the Conservatory of Music, has arrived in the city to enter upon the discharge of her duties.

The World's Museum was packed last night, and Manager Geary gave five performances. The newly wedded couple, Madam Naomi and husband, was the center of attraction.

Mr. James Woulfe will have his new hotel building, at the corner of Calhoun and Baker streets, commenced as soon as Architect F. B. Kendrick completes the plans and the contract is let.

A letter received by W. T. Abbott from United States Consul H. W. Deidreich at Leipsic, states that Prof. Diedrich has passed the crisis of his illness and the symptons of paralysis have left him.

A petition from South Calhoun street property holders will be submitted at the next meeting of the council. It asks that cedar blocks be substituted for the brick pavement for which a resolution has already been passed.

The Philalathean literary society of the M. E. college rendered a delightful program last evening. The exercises throughout were excellent; the piano solos by Miss Boylan, the violin solos by Mr. Hanson and several recitations attracted especial attention.

Fred Wesson, who fell from a wind mill while attempting to extinguish a fire a few days ago, will recover. Himself and family were bereft of a home by the fire and are now having refuge in the house of their neighbor, Mr. Riedel, near the Institute for Feeble Minded.

The teachers of Madison township will hold the closing institute of the year at Hoagland on the 12th inst. Notable features of the work will be the discussion of the subject of compulsory education. Mr. Denny, of this city, will speak in the afternoon on the campaigns of the civil war.

John Madden, merchant policeman, has been sick and off duty for several nights past. His beat has been temporarily attended to by his son. Last night the young man saw a man attempting to effect an entrance into Francis Sallier's grocery and fired a revolver at the burglar who fled apparently unharmed.

Last evening after the services at the Jewish temple a family gathering was held at the home of Samuel Chaska, on East Wayne street, commemorative of the passover. At the gathering last evening Rabbi Guttmacher was present and gave a reading from the "Hagadah," an ancient work which recites the history of the 400 years' bondage and emancipation.

Mr. Will Hoynes has gone east.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Austrop—a daughter.

The First Regiment band is coming to the front.

There will be preaching at the Church of God to-night.

The improvements in the Foster block are almost completed.

T. C. McConnell, of Fargo, North Dakota, is in the city.

St. Bernard branch 103, C. K. of A., will hold a meeting to-morrow.

The little son of Yardmaster J. P. Schlaudroff and wife is very sick.

Superintendent C. D. Gorham and wife have gone to New York City.

The street between Creighton avenue and Killyea street is almost impassable.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walker, of South Harrison street, are visiting at Crestline, Ohio.

A. M. Schmidt, the yardmaster of the Wabash, is the happy father of a sweet girl baby.

Mr. Davidson, of Detroit, representing the Hocking Valley road, was in the city to-day.

Mr. M. L. Jones, the dealer in photographer's supplies, has returned from a twe weeks' business trip.

Mr. W. S. Toole, a traveling salesman of Toledo, was the guest of Mr. Will P. Breen yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Emanuel Bostick, of East Wayne street, who was thought to be at the point of death a few days ago, is now reported as much better.

Rev. J. M. Seymon, of Norwalk, Ohio, will occupy the pulpit of the Congregational church one week from to-morrow. Rev. Seymour is a former pastor of this church.

Mr. H. W. Bond has returned from a business trip to Chicago and a visit to Kansas City. At the latter place he was the guest of W. R. Nelson, owner of the Kansas City Star.

The pension agents have had increased business lately. The applicants for pension are looming up to a greater number than they have since the present board of pension examiners served in office.

Mr. Charles Rivers, of Cadillac, Mich., has arrived in the city to locate. He will engage in the painting business. Mr. Rivers was at one time a member of the firm of Kover, Rivers & Starkey, of this city.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Hanley Fitzpatrick will take place to-morrow at 1 p. m., from the Cathedral. The pallbearers will be as follows: P. O'Ryan, P. McCarty, J. Wolfe, P. Lannigan, J. Fitzpatrick and P. Burns.

Last Thursday evening at his residence Pastor Northrop united in marriage J. D. Kantrowitz and Miss Sadie Emenhiser, both of Monroeville, where they intend to live. Mr. Kantrowitz is a prosperous photographer of that place.

This evening at Sion S. Bass Post hall C. A. Power will address the people upon the subject of service pensions. Not only old soldiers, but the public generally is cordially invited to be present. Mr. Power is secretary of the National Service Pension association, and the bill is that for which Governor Hovey is so energetically laboring.

The directors of the Fort Wayne Land and Improvement company will hold a meeting this evening. Among the matters to be discussed will be the advisability of the company at once constructing, at its own expense, the proposed main brick sewer along the Maumee road. It is not unlikely the company may so decide. Another subject of discussion will be the proposed advance at an early day of 10 per cent. in the price of all lots which remain unsold. It is believed by many members of the company that it would be better to hold on to all lots that are left until later in the season, giving time for the completion of the elegant improvements on the land decided upon by the company. The many handsome residences that will be erected during the next ninety days will also materially add to the value of the property.

SCRATCHED 28 YEARS.

Body Covered with scales. Itching terrible. Suffering endless. No relief. Doctors and medicines fail. Speedily cured by Cuticura at a cost of $5.

Cured by Cuticura.

If I had known of the Cuticura Remedies twenty-eight years ago, it would have saved me $230.00 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time and my suffering was endless and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some ringworm, psoriasis, etc. I took .... and .... Sarsaparillas over one year and a half, but no cure. I went to two or three doctors, but no cure. I cannot praise the Cuticura Remedies too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them were three boxes of Cuticura, and three bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, and two cakes of Cuticura Soap. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for $200.00, you would have had the money. I looked like the picture in your book of psoriasis (picture number two, "How to Cure Skin Diseases"), but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while, but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times.

DENNIS DOWNING, Waterbury, Vt.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, and permanently cure every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, scrofulous and hereditary diseases and humors of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM. In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing plaster.

F. G. and Frank's Choice are the best 5-cent cigars sold. All first-class dealers sell them.

For nobby Bonnets and imported patterns go to Mrs. Flagler's millinery store, 14 West Berry street.

Holders of season tickets to E. F. Biddle's lecture course may reserve seats for the Royal Hand Bell-Ringers—the first entertainment in the course—Monday at 9 a. m., at the Masonic Temple. Season tickets will be on sale. Single tickets will be sold and seats reserved Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Ice cream orders promptly delivered at Seidel's. Telephone 239.

Miss Randall's classes will be held Saturday afternoon, April 12th, as usual. The Monday evening class will be extended a soriee April 12th, 8:30 to 11:30 p. m. All members and friends invited.

EASTER SUNDAY.

All flavors of ice cream and sherbets at Seidel's.

Positively the best 5-cent cigars are Frank's Choice and F. G., sold by all first-class dealers.

A dollar saved is a dollar earned. You can save one by buying a Bonnet at Mrs. Flagler's millinery store, 14 West Berry street.

Holders of season tickets to E. F. Biddle's lecture course may reserve seats for the Royal Hand Bell Ringers—the first entertainment in the course—Monday at 9 a. m., at the Masonic Temple. Season tickets will be on sale. Single tickets will be sold and seats reserved Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Pine Apples Reduced 3c.

Choice Large Pine Apples, 20c each.
Extra Large Russett Oranges, 50c doz.
Choice Messina Oranges, 25c doz.
Best Lemons, 25c doz.
Choice Bananas, 15c doz.

FRUIT HOUSE.

F. G. and Frank's Choice are the best 5-cent cigars sold. All first-class dealers sell them.

Ice cream and sherbets daily at Seidel's.

I. L. Barkley, real estate, loan and insurance agent, has removed to room 18, Schmitz block, where he will be pleased to see all parties wanting to buy or sell real estate or wanting to borrow money. I have money at 6, 6½ and 7 per cent. on five year loans. I have a few extra cheap houses and lots for sale and a splendid farm to trade for city property. Commission low. Give me a call and be convinced. Notes bought and sold. Remember the place, 18 Schmitz block. wlt-d3-5

The Royal Hand Bell Ringers, of London, with their carillon of 131 bells of from 3 1-2 oz. to 11 1-4 pounds, will give one of their popular entertainments at the Masonic Temple, Tuesday, April 8. The first entertainment in E F. Biddle's lecture course.

Positively the best 5-cent cigars are Frank's Choice and F. G., sold by all first-class dealers.

Everybody see Capt. Paul Boyton's wonderfully intelligent performing seals at the World's Museum next week. 3-3t

The Switchmen's Mutual Aid association give their third annual ball at Princess rink, Thursday evening, April 24. The First Regiment band will furnish the music, which guarantees the affair an excellent time, and, no doubt, will be the last ball of the season.

tues&sat4w

Roses—Callas Carnalios, for Easter, fresh home grown, at City greenhouse, 16 East Washington street. 4-2t

Bock Beer.

Leave your order for Bottled Bock Beer at the Ale House, 100 Calhoun street, where Mr. Christen handles 100 different kinds of bottled drinks and prices as low as any in the union. 3-2t

Holders of season tickets to E. F. Biddle's lecture course may reserve seats for the Royal Hand Bell Ringers—the first entertainment in the course—Monday at 9 a. m., at the Masonic Temple. Season tickets will be on sale. Single tickets will be sold and seats reserved Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Roses—Callas Carnalios, for Easter, fresh home grown, at City greenhouse, 16 East Washington street. 4-2t

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Has removed his office from West Berry street, to

74 CALHOUN STREET,

Over Mordhurst's drug store.

SAD EYED WOMEN.

Why so many Ladies are Miserable Clearly Explained—Some Stirring Remarks by One Who Knows.

"I feel sad everytime I see a woman." The above remark was made to the writer by one of the oldest and most prominent physicians in New York.

"Is it possible that you are a woman hater, doctor?"

"Not at all, but I have seen so much suffering, so many women who are miserable, that I cannot help feeling sorry for them all. How many ladies do you know that are perfectly well and healthy? How many enjoy life as they should? is this not enough to make one feel sorrowful?"

"There must be a cause for all this, doctor."

"There is. Women are weak and their troubles largely arise from weaknesses. When a women is weak she requires strength. Her body, her mind and all her functions must be put in a healthy condition, or she cannot secure strength. Nothing does this so easily and surely as pure spirits taken in moderation, either before meals or between meals. I know scores of ladies that are kept in perfect health, strength and brilliancy, by the judicious use of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. Many of these ladies are wives of ministers and professors, and most of them are temperance women. They realize that Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey furnishes the best and only positive help, and they are intelligent enough to profit by such knowledge. I know whereof I speak and I speak as a temperance man. The best temperance people of today are the ones who use pure spirits in moderation and find that strength, vigor, color and brightness are the results, rather than weakness, sallowness and a loss of interest in everything in life."

I was much impressed with the remarks of the doctor and believing their importance, reproduce them entire.

RICH ✻ HOTEL

FOR FIFTEEN DAYS.

NO CURE, NO PAY.

Knowing that the unfortunate have been imposed upon by unprincipled pretenders who charge heavily in advance,

DR. WILBUR

Has adopted this plan: That he will charge nothing for advice, consultation or treatment until the patient pronounces himself well.

The Only Charge Being Made for Medicines Used During Treatment.

Dr. Wilbur, Specialist,

Treats successfully chronic and long standing diseases, as those of the head, throat and lungs, liver kidney and heart complaints, inveterate diseases of the stomach, that have defied all other methods, those fearful diseases of the nervous system arising from whatever causes: scrofula, dropsy, paralysis fits, fever sores, contracted cords, enlarged and stiff joints, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatic, bone deformities, salt rheum, erysipelas, scald head, ill-conditioned ulcers syphilis, nasal polypus, asthma, hay fever, rose cold, winter coughs, chronic diarrhœa and diabetis. All may be cured by this wonderful system if not too far advanced. Some diseases cured when all methods have failed.

Ladies who are suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex, can consult the doctor with every assurance of speedy relief and permanent cure without subjecting them to the embarrassing procedure of an examination, which, in nine cases out of ten is unnecessary. The doctor particularly invites all cases that have been given up by other physicians.

☞ The doctor will remove one tape worm free of charge; also, straighten the first case of cross eyes that presents itself at the hotel, FREE.

Consultation and Examination Free.

OFFICE HOURS—From 10 a. m. to 9 p. m. No patients received Sundays.

Tumors and Cancers removed without pain or use of the knife.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. Wm. Ryan, 35 Hoagland avenue, cross eyed for 21 years, straightened in one minute without pain.

Fred Hoffman, employed at the Morton house, Grand Rapids, was cross eyed for 17 years. It took Dr. Wilbur only one minute to straighten them and without pain.

Mrs. Thomas Roof, 608 Park avenue, Jackson, had a large tumor on her breast for years. Dr. Wilbur removed it by a plaster, and she is now a well woman.

Elizabeth Detwiler, 101 Division street, Jackson, had a large mole near her eye. Dr. Wilbur removed it with a plaster, which is far better than the knife, and it causes no pain.

Mrs. Harmon Ritchie, Trail Run, Ohio, had a little baby that had a cancerous tumor on its upper lip that in one year grew as large as a peach. Dr. Wilbur removed tumor, lip and all, and made a new lip from its cheek, and the baby is entirely cured.

Mr. Abe Horning, of Soldier Home, Grand Rapids, had two tumors on his head, each of which were as large as tomatoes. Dr. Wilbur removed them without pain.

Mrs. T. F. Rabe, 228 South Forth street, Steubenville, Ohio, had female complaint for years. Dr. Wilbur treated her without subjecting her to an examination, and she now feels like a new woman.

Mrs. E. S. Bissell, 714 Village street, Kalamazoo, Mich., had a tumor in her side for 16 years, it measured ten inches in diameter and had 23 roots, some of which were as large as a ladies wrist. Dr. Wilbur removed it and she is a well woman.

Mrs. Wm. A. Dean, 802 Academy street, Kalamazoo, Mich., could not see or read letters for two years. Dr. Wilbur cured her without any operation and she can now see to read.

Mrs. John Vlieken, 523 West Vine street, Kalamazoo, Mich., had a tumor on her head as large as a base ball. Dr. Wilbur removed it in one minute without pain.

The doctor invites correspondence from people at a distance, but never answers any letters unless they contain two stamps.

ANNA LEMON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office Rooms over Klinkenburg & Detzer's Drug Store.

Can be consulted day or night. Women and Children a specialty. mar24-1m

SHERIFF: Editor Sentinel—Please announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of county sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.

FRANK K. COSGROVE, JR.

Do you feel any interest in a light weight overcoat and if so you are the party we are after. We want to show you the handsomest line of overgarments this city has ever seen, and at prices that ARE RIGHT.

Just opened some special fine nobby suits for young men in frock and sack shapes. They are beyond question the prettiest goods of the season. The make is elegant, the fit perfection.

FRIEND'S ENTERPRISE,

Clothiers, 62 & 64 Calhoun street, Corner of Berry.

THE NEW WORLD'S MUSEUM AND THEATRE

(Formerly Academy of Music.)
JAMES GEARY.....MANAGER.

ONE WEEK! COMMENCING MARCH 31.

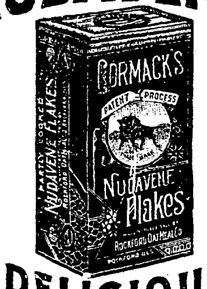
THE BRIDE TO BE. who will marry the Michigan Fat Lady who is anxious to wed some respectable young man, grass widower or bachelor. She offers $5,000 in cash and a $10,000 farm to the one of her liking that will marry her, the marriage ceremony will take place in the museum, and all will be invited to partake of the festivities. Due notice will be given. Watch the papers.

THE INDIAN FAMILY.
Eagle Eye Jason, and the pretty little Indian baby, Laughing Eyes.
By request, retained one week longer.

ROSE, THE WILD GIRL.
The most interesting attraction ever exhibited. A genuine curiosity.
Many other objects of interest and a splendid vaudeville entertainment in the theater.

HOGAN & HOGAN, specialty Company.
The pleasing sketch artists, THE MAHERS, in something new.
America's Prima Donna,
MISS MAY WENTWORTH,
The sweetest singer on the vaudeville stage.
The Great TREBOR, the lightning change artist; HOGAN BROS., in their own origination, and a very funny farce comedy.
Special matinee for children Saturday morning, April 5. Every child receives a present.
Next week, Capt. Paul Boytons wonderfully intelligent performing seals. April 14, Me & Him.

NUDAVENE



DELICIOUS BREAKFAST DISH.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

J. M. WATSON,

Practical Carpet Layer.

(Formerly with Sterling & Co., Toledo, O.)
28 Stophlet Street, - - Fort Wayne, Ind.

Carpets made and laid to order promptly. Changes and refittings made. First-class work guaranteed. Postal cards at house will be promptly attended to. apri5-1m

WANTED—Boarders at 16 West Wayne street. 5-3t

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

A Big Drive In Chenille Portieres

We have just closed out a manufacturer's stock of

PORTIERES,

Same goods that were sold at $7.50 and $8.00 a Pair.

OUR - PRICE

Will be, as long as they last,

$5.90 A PAIR.

FIRST COME-- FIRST CHOICE!

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Pixley & Long Block
Berry street.

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

NATURAL GAS FITTING.

H. J. ASH is prepared to do your Natural Gas Fitting very promptly and give you first-class work for the least possible sum of money. Give him a call at No. 9 E. Columbia St. Stoves of every description for all kinds of fuel. Also Kitchen Furnishing Goods.

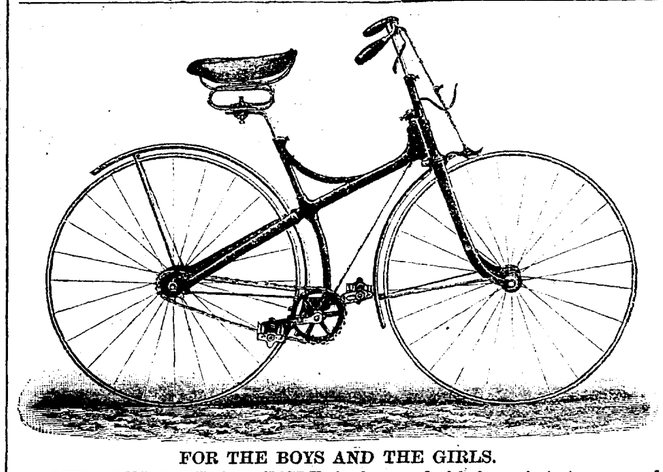
NATURAL GAS FITTING.

ROBERT SPICE.

Is prepared to do your fitting for heating and lighting promptly.

Pumps, Wind Mills, Drive Wells and Repairs.

48 W. Main St---Telephone 261.



FOR THE BOYS AND THE GIRLS.

OUR "PET" SAFETY BICYCLE, for boys and girls from six to ten years of age. Small size, $11; medium size, $15; large size, $21, the last two having rubber tires.

THE "JUNIOR" SAFETY BICYCLE, for youths from ten to sixteen years of age Price with rubber tires, standard finish, $29.50.

These Bicycles are of the celebrated make of the Western Toy company and are unquestionably the best youths bicycle now on the market.

As usual, we make the price 25 per cent. less than these machines can be purchased for elsewhere.

In a few days we will have in the same make of machines in young ladies' safeties.

Bicycle riding will be a great rage this year. Purchase early as no manufacturer will be able to keep up with his orders and later in the season it will be very difficult to get orders filled.

FOSTER FURNITURE COMPANY.

IF YOU ARE WANTING A SUIT OF CLOTHES OR AN OVERCOAT!

First-class make, guaranteed in every particular, cheap or fine, made of any kind of goods, we have it and can make it. We have only New Goods to Show.

✻NO FANCY PRICES.✻

Full Dress or Wedding Suits Made Up on Short Notice.

THIEME BROS., ✻ No. 12 WEST BERRY STREET.

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE!

The Delight of the

DRESSMAKER!

MADAME WARREN'S

DRESS-FORM CORSETS.

Our regular MADAME WARREN'S CORSET is made in the most correct and substantial manner; is extra long and long-waisted. The success of MADAME WARREN'S DRESS FORM CORSETS has been unprecedented.
We have just received a full assortment of this celebrated Corset.

GEORGE -:- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

H. C. MEYER,
—THE FASHIONABLE—
Merchant Tailor!
is now receiving his large and well selected stock of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.
Which are the nobbiest ever brought to this city. He intends making Suits in the Latest Styles and at Very Low Prices this Spring and Summer and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,
44 Harrison street.
mch25-1m

BABY CARRIAGES!

Wholesale and Retail at James M. Kane's.

Stock Complete. 300 Carriages to select from. Prices from $1.75 up to $25.00 each. Our $5.00, $6.00, $8.00, $9.00 and $10.00 carriages are the best ever offered in this market. All new goods. No old stock to work off as I have exclusive control of this market of all the leading manufacturers of carriages. I can offer you goods not to be found elsewhere in this city, at from 25 to 30 per cent. less than any house in this market. Latest improvements on all carriages at

JAMES M. KANE'S.

FOR TO-MORROW,

SATURDAY,

We have a tremendous Bit Bargain for you. Having bought a sample line of Capes and Jackets Cheap we are going to sell them Cheap.

1 Lot of Capes for

$2.20.

1 Lot of Capes for

$3.30.

In Black, Blue and Combination Colors

A Good Cork Screw Cloth Jacket for

$4.00.

Worth $5.50 and cut in the latest style.

A Better one in a white Cord and wide wale Cloth for

$4.50.

Worth $6.50.

A Jersey Jacket for

$2.75.

Would be cheap at $3.50.

A line of Misses' and Boys' Gossameres, for 39 cents.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1890. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

READY TO FIGHT!

John L. Sullivan is Ready to Put Pugilist Corbett to Sleep in Four Rounds for $10,000.

BOSTON, April 5.—John L. Sullivan was seen last night with regard to the published report that J. M. Corbett, the SanFrancisco heavy-weight, was anxious to try his skill against the champion.

"I am more than ready to meet Corbett," said Sullivan, "but only on one condition. If we are to box four rounds, I'll contract to put him to sleep in that time. If I succeed I am to get $10,000; if I don't he gets the money. No half and half business about it. These gate receipts savor too much of faking. You can say that John L. Sullivan will fight Corbett four rounds for $10,000, and if he does not whip him in that time he won't accept a cent."

Secretary Slattery, of the Gladstone club, of Providence, who was present at the interview, said the club would give a purse of $1,000 for the contest if it could be arranged for April 23. Billy Mahoney and John L. are desirious of getting in a match between Jack McAuliffe and Patsy Kerrigan, and will back the latter for $2,500.

WISCONSIN TURNERS.

Will Pass Resolutions Indorsing the Bennett Law.

SHEBOYGAN, Wis., April 5.—The annual convention of the delegates of turners for the district of Wisconsin, gathered here yesterday, is likely to play an important part in the turning of public sentiment in favor of the now famous Bennett law. About 100 delegates were present, representing all of the turn societies in the state which are members of the National turnerbund. The proceedings last evening were purely preliminary. The work will begin this forenoon.

It is certain that a resolution will be introduced and quite as certain that it will be passed by a large majority, indorsing the principles of the Bennett law and protesting against the interferrence of the churches of any denomination with the public schools of the state or the right of the state to the control of all schools, so far as compulsory education in the language of the country is concerned.

There will be some opposition to the consideration of the educational question by those who believe that politics should be kept out of the organization, but the friends of the law are determined and active, and as the qualification for membership is a belief in freedom of thought and speech and a development of mind as well as of body, there can be little doubt of the result of the discussion. The session will probably last two days.

INDIANA DEATHS.

Two Ministers of the Gospel Pass Away--Rev. John F. McLain.

CONNERSVILLE, April 15.—Rev. John F. McClain, M. D., of this place, died Thursday of blood poisoning. Two years ago, by reason of a disease of the knee, one of his limbs was amputated and he never fully recovered.

SEYMOUR, April 5.—Rev. Walter Benton, a resident of Jackson county since 1819, and a Methodist minister for sixty years, is dead. He was aged ninety-one. He was the grand-father of Rev. C. W. Tinsley, of Franklin, who will conduct the funeral services. Mr. Benton was the oldest preacher in the state.

GREENCASTLE, April 5.—John S. Jennings, esq., died Thursday night at his home in this city, aged eighty-eight years, of exhaustion incident to old age.

PENSION FRAUDS.

An Ex-Congressman Arrested at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 5.—Ex-Congressman Lee Wilson, of Shelby county, was arrested last night, charged with extensive pension frauds. He has been indicted by the federal grand jury, evidence showing that he secured a total of twenty-one annulment marriages in the Shelby county court, and in each case he had received from $50 to $100. The women who were thus freed from matrimonial bonds were the widows of soldiers who had remarried and their names restored to the pension rolls. Wilson gave bond for his appearance.

CLAIM JUMPERS.

And They Propose to "Hold the Fort"--Trouble Feared.

CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., April 5.—Four claims in one locality on the ceded Sioux lands west were Thursday jumped by claim jumpers. The jumping was done during the temporary absence of the original settlers, who, upon returning and discovering the intruders, used every means in their power to prevail upon the jumpers to vacate, but without avail. The four settlers came to Chamberlain yesterday, purchased Winchester rifles and ammunition, and returned to the reservation, swearing they would have their claims back, if blood shed was necessary to accomplish it.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—For Indiana: Fair till Sunday night; warmer, southerly wind.

LOCAL LINES.

There was no police court to day.

Dr. G. W. McCaskey has entirely recovered from his illness.

Frank Dwelly has accepted a position with Golden & Monahan.

Worden & Morris will go to Winchester, Ind., to try a case, Monday.

Two cases of drunk were sent to jail by the mayor yesterday afternoon.

Henry Woise, of the Salimonie company's offices, went to Montpelier today.

Attorney S. L. Morris settled a case for the Nickle Plate at Sydney, Ind., yesterday.

Miss Randall will return home Wednesday, April 9, from Kansas City and Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Grove left this morning for Bucyrus, Ohio, to attend a funeral of a relative.

The Fort Wayne Bicycle club will have a banquet at the Wayne hotel next Wednesday evening.

The government case against Baggagemaster Sam Brokaw will come up at Indianapolis next Tuesday.

Mrs. Fred Neise went to Indianapolis this morning. She will visit her friend, Miss Miller, until the first of May.

Rev. Latchaw, president of the Findlay theological college, will preach at the Church of God to night and tomorrow.

E. W. Mitchell was arrested last night at Indianapolis for obtaining money from labor societies. He will be brought to this city.

L. B. Plessinger, Chester Thorp, Bluffton, E. M. Breese, Kalamazoo, W. Ketchum, W. Clutter, Huntertown, are guests at the Aldine.

Mrs. Neff, of 18 Hamilton street, is entertaining her sister-in-law, Mrs. William Woodward, nee Miss Hattie Neff,, of Fennville, Mich.

Miss Fanny Perley, a very gifted missionary from Spanish Forks, Utah, will speak at the First Presbyterian church to-morrow evening.

Calvin Bowman enters suit against the Ohio Farmers' Insurance company on contract; demand, $500. Swayne & Donghman for the plaintiff.

The diminutive canine curiosity, "Jay," owned by O. L. Perry, is flirting with the rabbits, hen and chicks in Mr. Barcus' easter window to-day.

Mrs. Banister will meet the scholars of Trinity Sunday school on this evening, in the parish house for the first rehearsal of their Easter festival music.

Mrs. Perry N. DeHaven and Miss Gertrude Green have returned from a visit with Miss Caroline Andrews, of Rose Place, Huntertown, this county.

Mr. Ed. Biddle has shown commendable enterprise in securing the Royal Hand Bell Ringers, which comes here next week as the first attraction in his course.

The announcement of Frank K. Cosgrove, as a candidate for county sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention, appears elsewhere in this paper.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Lipes—a daughter. Mr. Lipes is foreman at the Keller medicine works and he is remembering his friends with cigars today in a liberal manner.

Several changes of time will be made in the schedule of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad trains tomorrow. Several important trains will again adopt the old time.

Simon P. Haifley, who was discharged from the insane asylum this week, has returned home accompanied by his brother-in-law, George Walke. He lives in Springfield township.

Robert McSmith, Cleveland, Col. W. S. Shaw, Cincinnati, and O. Warner, of Chicago, agents of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincey railroad, were the guests of Passenger Agent John E. Ross to-day.

Miss Florence Clark, corresponding secretary of the Sunday School union, desires all persons to whom blanks have been sent, to return them, when filled out, to her at once, so that they may be forwarded to the state officers.

Mary Schmuck, through her attorneys, W. and E. Leonard, enters suit againts her husband, Peter Schmuck, for a divorce. The complaint recites some severe charges, which summed up are habitual drunkenness and extreme cruelty.

The Tri-State Building, Loan and Savings Association sold 1286 shares last month. The law allows the issuing of only 10,000 shares at $100 each and the full quota being almost reached the forming of a Tri-State No. 2 is now in progress and the complete organization will soon be effected.

This morning Mr. James H. Conway, who was found on the streets about a week ago in a demented condition, was released from the county jail, where he had been confined for safety. He has recovered his reason. Mr. Conway is a respected citizen of Milwaukee and his case is a sad one. He will probably leave to-night for his home. He says he knew nothing of his wanderings from the time he left Milwaukee until his awakening in the county jail the morning after his imprisonment.

WOODRUFF'S BOMBSHELL

Explodes in the Polygamists' Camp--The Day of Revelation Has Ended.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, April 5.—The sixtieth annual conference of the church of the Latter Day saints began yesterday. Five thousand people were in attendance, representing branches of the Mormon church from all over the country.

President Woodruff, the head of the church, said in his opening speech that the day of revelation had ended. God had revealed enough mysteries for the people to see salvation, and there was no need for looking for more divine utterances.

The statement was a bomb shell in the camp of the Mormons, who have hitherto contended that all actions of the church was detailed by revelations from the prophet, which is Woodruff.

Others speakers followed in the same strain and urged strict compliance with the laws of the church. A leading Mormon said yesterday that it was expected that Woodruff would, before the end of the conference, assert that he had a revelation from God that polygamy should be abandoned.

IMPALED ON A PITCHFORK.

John E. Whicker Meets With an Accident That Will Prove Fatal.

A terrible accident occurred to a young man named John E. Whicker last evening, about fourteen miles west of the city and just across the county line of Whitley county.

Mr. Whicker was in a barn feeding the stock. After throwing hay down from the mow he also threw the pitchfork down, which struck the barn floor with the two prongs, of which the fork consisted, sticking straight up. Mr. Whicker by some means lost his balance and fell on the fork, both prongs of which penetrated the abdomen and passed clear through his body.

Medical aid was summoned from this city and Dr. J. W. Younge left for there at 10 o'clock.

Upon his arrival he found the unfortunate young man suffering intense agony, and relieved him as quickly as possible, in so far as it could be done. The doctor has but little hope of the recovery of the patient, but will visit him again this evening. What adds to the sadness of the occasion is the fact that the young man was to have been married one week from to-morrow, to an accomplished young lady of Coesse, who is nearly crazed on account of the sad misfortune that has befallen her betrothed. Mr. Whicker is a most estimable young man, and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Impressive Services Last Night--Tomorrow's Services.

Not an empty seat was to be seen in the Cathedral last night, at the closing services of Good Friday.

Rev. M. S. Byrne, closed his very successful Lenton course by a sermon on the dying words of Christ—"All is finished," and for fifty-five minutes the vast congregation gave a most attentive ear to the pathetic discourse of the young divine.

Father Delaney conducted the closing ceremonies.

This morning the new fire, the Easter candle and Font, were blessed and the prophecies read, and mass sung by Rev. J. F. Delaney. The bell were again rung and the wonted silence of Holy week was once more broken.

The Easter services to-morrow will be of unusual splendor. At 10:30 the Rt. Rev. Bishop will pontificate and all the Cathedral clergy will assist. The sermon will be by Rev. Delaney, and the exercises will close with solemn Vespers at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

WINNING FAME.

W. B. Beamer Gets a Nice Promotion Under General Manager Wade.

Word was received in this city to-day that Mr. W. B. Beamer had been promoted from trainmaster to general superintendent of the Southern California railroad system, with headquarters at San Bernardino, Cal.

The news of Mr. Beamer's strides to railroad fame fall pleasantly upon the ears of his many intimate friends of this city, where he once resided when agent of the Muncie, and where his railroad experience practically began. He then took a position as trainmaster of the Wabash, where Mr. Wade discovered his worth, and when Mr. Wade was made general manager of the Southern California road he soon caused the appointment of Mr. Beamer as trainmaster, and this is the result.

Mr. Beamer is a son-in-law of Mr. A. G. Barnett, of the bus line firm of Powers & Barnett.

Remember the Three River Rod and Reel Club Ball is Monday evening, at Turner Hall.

The annual meeting of the congregation of the Second Presbyterian church for the election of trustees and such other business as may come before it, will be held in the Sabbath school room April 7th, at 7:30 p. m. 25 29-5

CHICAGO CARPENTERS!

Will Declare a Strike To-night to Begin Monday Morning--The Plumber's Strike.

CHICAGO, April 5.—That a strike of the carpenters will be declared to-night at 12 o'clock, to begin Monday morning, seems now an assured fact.

The master carpenters have shown no disposition to conciliate or accede to the demands of the carpenters' council. Instead of preparing a peace offering, they have been quietly making concessions to the individual workmen, and accepting reciprocal obligations from them. So it is that 5,000 journey-carpenters are looking forward to an enforced idleness, perhaps for weeks.

Yesterday developed little that was new in the plumbers' strike. The most significant feature of the day being the influx of plumbers from other cities. Strikers and employers hold out with equal pertinacity and are alike confident of victory. The plumbing business throughout the city is practically suspended.

GOMPER'S ADDRESS.

The Noted Labor Agitator Addresses a Large Audience at the Masonic Temple.

Mr. Samuel Gompers, of New York city, president of the American Federation of Trades, who had been billed to deliver a free lecture on the labor question at the Temple last night, was given a royal reception by the organized labor of the city. The different organizations, headed by the First Regiment band, marched in a body to the Rich hotel and escorted the noted agitator to the Temple, which building was comfortably well filled with people anxious to hear him.

In his opening remarks the speaker spoke of how it was necessary that everything that is, or has ever been, of value to humanity has been moulded by the hands of the laborer, who, having placed material in a shape to be of the most value, oftentimes was not able to retain any of it for his own benefit or luxury.

He touched on the question of child-labor and said that in nine cases out of ten where the child was employed it was done, not for the benefit of the child or sympathy for the parents, but for the reason that its labor could be purchased cheaper than that of the father, the mother, the brother or the sister who had grown to manhood or womanhood, and often the employment of the child was the cause of the discharge of the father.

He next took up the shorter hour question and tried to demonstrate why days of shorter hours of labor would be of benefit not only to the men who were compelled to do such labor, but to those who were their employers and those who in the business of life depended to a great extent on the earnings of the workingman. He demonstrated that where wages were highest and a day's work shortest there you found the best friendship and comfort between man and man. He spoke of the hours of pleasure that could be spent at home with wife, children, mother or sister, not in the glare of the lamp and electric light, but under the shining rays of the sun, when nature was at its best. He stated that even now in the city of Fort Wayne the men who were the latest to arrive and earliest to depart were the best paid, the happiest situated and enjoyed the beauties of this life to the greatest extent. In his mind one of the greatest maxims ever written were those beautiful lines, "Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest, eight hours for what we will."

When closing his remarks he made the statement that the carpenters would be the first to make the demand for shorter hours and when successful, of which he felt no doubt, the cause of the coal miners would be taken up, and all organized labor were pledged to assist each in their demands for the elevation of mankind.

Mr. Gompers was the recipient of many thanks and congratulations from the workingmen of the city at the close of his remarks.

SEVERELY SCALDED.

A Child Falls in a Pan of Boiling Hot Water.

Yesterday, at the home of its parents, 39 Pine street, the little two-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Miller, was around in the kitchen where the mother was washing. A pan of boiling hot water stood on the floor, and into this the child accidentally fell, and was scalded in a serious manner about the hips and body up to the shoulders.

Dr. E. J. McOscar was summoned and dressed the little one's injuries, which it was feared for a time might prove fatal. The child is resting easier to-day.

All kinds of cakes at Seidel's.

Dr. E. F. Sites, the dentist, is now located at No. 86 Calhoun street, four doors north of Wayne street.

The best dinner for 25c at Seidel's.

Everybody will attend the popular Three River Rod and Reel Club Ball Monday evening.

CHRIST HAS RISEN.

The Coming of Sunday Morn Will Usher in Easter Day--The Churches and Their Services.

Pastor Sims welcomes you to the Christian Chapel at 10:30 and 7:30.

No services at the Congregational church to-morrow. Sunday School at 12 m.

Services at the U. B. church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunnay school at 9.30 a. m. Revival meeting every evening next week.

An attractive musical program has been arranged for the Easter festival service of Trinity Episcopal Sunday School, at 4 o'clock, to which all are invited.

Simpson M. E. church, corner South Harrison and Dawson streets. Services morning and evening conducted by the Rev. G. B. M. Rogers. All cordially invited to attend.

St. Paul M. E. church will hold Easter services to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school Easter song service at 2:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to all.

Men's meeting at the R. R. Y. M. C. A. will be held at 3 o'clock, standard time, Sunday afternoon, for one hour. All men cordially invited and any stranger in town especially welcomed. A profitable hour is assured.

Remember the boys and girls meeting at the Baptist Tabernacle 3.30 tomorrow. Illustrated booklets for all. Those from eight to eighteen years only are invited. Doors close at 3:15. A thousand youths are expected.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 a. m. Missionary meeting at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Society of Christian endeavor, at 6:30. All are invited to attend these meetings.

Rev. J. H. Latchaw, of Findlay college, will be in the city over Sunday, the guest of Pastor Shanks, and will preach this evening, to-morrow morning and evening in the Bethel, corner of DeWald street and Hoagland avenue. All are cordially invited to hear him.

The song service at the City Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoon is constantly increasing in number and interest. All the young men in the city are invited to come out to-morrow at 4 o'clock, city time. Some additional music and an interesting leader expected to-morrow. Meeting to continue one hour.

Rev. J. M. Boggs, of the Third Presbyterian church will preach to-morrow in the Second Presbyterian church, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The sacrament of the Lord's supper will be observed at the morning service. Sunday school at 11:45; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45. There will be no services at the Third church, but their Sabbath school will be as usual, at 2 p. m.

Services at the Grace Reformed church to morrow morning and evening appropriate for Easter Sabbath. At the morning service a large number of applicants will be received by baptism, and confirmation with full membership, with the church. In the evening the different societies of the church will unite with a service appropriate for the day. Strangers and friends of the church are invited to these services.

The Easter services at the Trinity Episcopal church to-morrow will be:

7 a. m.—First celebration of Holy Eucharist.

10:25 a. m.—Morning prayer and second celebration of Holy Eucharist.

4 p. m.—Choral festival, services of the Sunday School.

The musical program will be as follows:

Pontifical March	Lemmens
Anthem: This is the Day	Danks
Anthem: Christ Our Passover	Lloyd
Gloria, in E flat	Greatorex
Gloria	Saar
Gloria, in A	Greatorex
Te Deum	Hopkins
Jubilate	Havens
Anthem: Why seek Ye the Living Among the Dead	Greene
Ivrie	Gounod
Gloria Tibi	Gounod
Anthem: Lift Your Glad Voices	Williams
Offertory: Pastoral	Kullak
Offertory Gloria	Greatorex
Sanctus	Dykes
Hymn: Bread of the World	
Gloria in Excelsis	Old Chant
Recessional: Jerusalem the Golden	
Postlude	Battiste

Strangers are welcome to all services.

JUDGE HENCH

Is Not a Candidate for Superior Court Judge.

FORT WAYNE, April 5, 1890.

Editor of THE SENTINEL.

I have been informed to-day by democrats from all parts of the county that it is the current report in many of the townships of this county that I am a candidate for judge of the superior court. I desire to say that I am not a candidate for said office, although I have been urged to-day, and for some time past, by many of my friends, to be a candidate. SAMUEL M. HENCH.

A FORT WAYNE LADY

Has Two Tumors Removed.

Miss Lena Dillon, No. 135 Broadway, has had two tumors for five years. Dr. Wilbur removed them and she is a well girl. The doctor also removed a tumor for Mr. Wm. Volland, No. 279 West Washington street. True merit must be recognized, even in a traveling physician, and testimonials like these speak volumes for the doctor's ability.

KILLED INSTANTLY.

Patrick Finney, a Fort Wayne Brakeman, Meets a Sudden Fate at Columbia City.

Patrick Finney, a popular freight brakeman on the Fort Wayne road, was instantly killed at Columbia City this morning.

The circumstances of the accident are as follows: Finney was returning to this city on his regular run—freight train No. 98, eastward bound, due here at 8 20 o'clock a. m. When near Columbia City, as he was descending the side of a car, his body struck a water hydrant and he was hurled to instant death underneath the moving train.

His body was cut in twain and he was otherwise horribly mangled. The remains were gathered up and boxed for shipment on mail train number 20, which arrived here at 1:25 o'clock this afternoon. Undertaker Peltier was detailed to take charge of the corpse and convey it to the family residence.

The deceased was nearly twenty-three years old.

Mr. Finney was an unmarried man and lived with his parents at 18 Melita street. His father, Michael Finney, is a helper in the Wabash blacksmith shop. James Finney, the well known Pittsburg conductor, is an uncle of the deceased, and Austin Finney, a printer on the Journal, is a brother.

The death of Patrick Finney will be learned with deepest sorrow. He was loved for his fellowship, liked for his acquaintance and admired and respected for his sobriety and earnest manhood.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

Attorney W. P. Denny Raises a New Question in Indiana Courts.

The circuit court, by jury, recently returned a verdict of $1 and costs against the defendant in the case of the state of Indiana vs. Josiah O. Keller.

The defendant was found guilty of assault and battery on John E. Housh, then in his employ.

Mr. W. P. Denny, attorney for Mr. Kellar, appealed the case to the supreme court and a decision just handed down from there loses him the suit.

Mr. Denny raised a point never before tried in an Indiana court, hence the decision of the supreme court was awaited by the attorneys with no little interest.

Mr. Denny's point was that the state ought to be required to show up the whole case, and that the defense should have the privilege of cross-examining any of the state's witnesses before the defendant is called upon to make defense.

In the case at issue Prosecutor Robinson did not call on one of the state's witnesses whom the defense looked upon as being able to render testimony of benefit to them. Attorney Denny appealed to the court to demand the examination of the witness and was overruled. It was then on this point that he appealed to the supreme court.

A motion will probably be made for a new trial.

IN NEW HANDS.

The Bloomingdale Mills, Under the Management of Pilliod & Brown, Coming to the Front.

The Bloomingdale mills, which were purchased by Messrs. Charles J. Pilliod and Charles W. Brown, of Swanton, O., a few days ago, have undergone a series of extensive repairs and are now ready for business again.

The gentlemen are old time millers, having been in the business for years, and understanding thoroughly all the branches of the industry. They have placed in the mill the celebrated Geo. T. Smith purifier, which is the best in the world, and have added to the mill property much new machinery, all of which is of the latest and most improved pattern. With these improvements it is safe to say that the Bloomingdale mill is now one of the best in this part of the country.

The new firm will manufacture, by the roller process, the celebrated brands of flour known as "Diadem" and "Peerless" and will be able to compete in excellence and prices with any of the mills of the country. They will do all kinds of custom work and carry on a general milling business.

Messrs. Pilliod & Brown came to our city strangers, but our readers here in Fort Wayne and throughout the country, will find them gentlemen with whom it is a pleasure to do business, and obliging in every respect.

THE SENTINEL bespeaks for the new firm success, and under their management the Bloomingdale Mills will no doubt take a position among our city's busy industries it has never held before.

Do not fail to attend the grand ball given by the Three River Rod and Reel Club Monday evening. Good music in attendance.

Holders of season tickets to E. F. Biddle's lecture course may reserve seats for the Royal Hand Bell Ringers—the first entertainment in the course—Monday at 9 a. m., at the Masonic Temple. Season tickets will be on sale. Single tickets will be sold and seats reserved Tuesday at 10 a. m.

REGINA CŒLI—AN EASTER ANTHEM.

BY CHARLES CURTZ HAHN.

Rejoice, O Queen of heaven, rejoice!
Alleluia!
Th' angelic host let thy sweet voice
Lead in triumphant hymns of praise
For this most glorious day of days.
Alleluia!

For He whom thou in purity bore,
Alleluia!
Is risen, and the tomb no more
Can hold the faithful who will rise
With songs of triumph to the skies.
Alleluia!

He is risen! He is risen!
Alleluia!
Broken is the dark, stone prison;
Angels stand before the tomb,
Easter light dispels its gloom.
Alleluia!

He is risen. Loud we sing;
Alleluia!
But with anthems, upward wing
Pleading minor cries to thee,
"*Ora pro nobis*," Star of the sea!
Alleluia.

AN EASTER BONNET;

OR,

Why Mrs. Philemon Kesterson Was Worried.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

"YOU haven't tried a muffin, dear," said Mr. Kesterson.

"No," dismally.

"Nor touched your chop."

"No," more dismally.

"Nor tasted your coffee."

"No," most dismally.

It was a very pretty room, that in which the Kestersons sat at breakfast. A big Persian rug partly covered the polished floor; there were sash curtains of China silk on the windows; the table was a miracle of snowiness, sparkle, and tempting viands; a bowl of violets stood on the low, tiled mantel, and over on a broad lounge in the baywindow kicked a little dimpled, rosy baby, Philemon Kesterson, Jr.

"My love, what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"You are ill, Augusta, or you are worried. Which is it?"

Mrs. Kesterson rolled between her slim white fingers one of the ribbons of her old-rose morning gown.

"I'm w-worried," she replied, with quite a pathetic tremble in her voice.

"Well?" queried her lord.

"I haven't any money!" broke out Mrs. Kesterson.

Philemon stared.

"Why, my dear Augusta, it is only five days since you drew $50."

"I—I know, darling; but I saw such lovely faille selling at an absurdly low price. I thought it would be swindling you not to buy it. You'd have to pay so much more if I should happen to need some in the future. Don't you see, love?"

Mr. Kesterson put his hands in his pockets and leaned back in his chair. He had not been married long enough to make him either callous or irritable regarding requests for money.

"Well, no, my dear: I can't exactly say I do. What is it you need?"

"A new hat to wear Easter Sunday."

Mr. Kesterson laughed. "Now, why in the world do women always want a new bonnet for Easter? I don't buy a new hat because Lent is over. Well, well, how much will the bonnet cost?"

"I don't want a bonnet," corrected Mrs. Kesterson. "I want a hat. A bonnet makes one look so old."

Philemon smiled benignantly on the dimpled wild-rose face across the table, and thought it would be a peculiar head-dress which could impart to its curves and color an appearance of age.

"Well, a hat, then. How much?"

"I don't know, but I did see just the very one I want. It was in Palmer's window—the loveliest hat, all sage-green velvet and surah, and the cunningest little curly tips."

Mr. Kesterson smiled more broadly. He rose. He kissed his wife.

"Money is very scarce, my dear, but

"YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED YOUR CHOP, DEAR," HE SAID.

I'll see—I'll see!" And he shrugged himself into his light spring overcoat and betook himself down-town.

If not exactly an old man's darling, Mrs. Kesterson was the adored wife of a man considerably older than herself. But than she was barely 20.

It was quite a chilly morning, and the draught circled through the car on which Mr. Kesterson rode to his place of business at a positively rheumatic rate; but Philemon was oblivious of such small discomforts. The consciousness of a kind deed contemplated seemed to keep his feet as well as his heart warm.

"Wonder if she thought me indifferent to her request. She'll know better this evening. Won't she be delighted, though?" And he rubbed his bearded chin in an ecstasy of anticipation. Arrived at State street he turned in the direction of Palmer's millinery store. Within half a block of his destination he was startled by a slap on the shoulder.

"Hallo, Kesterson! Where are you bound for?"

A reddish glow, the very parody of a blush, passed over Philemon's honest face. Then he recollected that Charley Kent was probably as indulgent a husband as himself, because a much more recent one.

"To tell you the truth, Kent, I'm going to buy my wife a bonnet—no, a hat."

Charley first laughed and looked quizzical, then grew suddenly serious as the possibility of his Dora being at that moment sighing for suitable head covering occurred to him.

"Women always do want new bonnets for Easter, don't they?"

From the standpoint of a longer matrimonial experience, Philemon, with decision, answered, "Yes."

"Funny, ain't it?"

"Very."

"Guess I'll go with you. How do you know you'll get what your wife will like?"

"That's as easy as rolling off a log. She told me."

"Oh! Not a surprise, then?"

"No."

When the two gentlemen entered Palmer's, Mr. Kesterson explained to the saleslady who waited upon them the particular features of the particular chapeau his wife desired. At least, he endeavored to describe them.

"The color had two names," he said, "and, though I can't exactly remember them, I know I would if I were to hear them again."

"Crushed strawberry?" she suggested.

"No."

"Harrison blue?"

"No-o."

"Terra cotta?"

Mr. Kesterson wiped his forehead. He feared his friend was laughing at him, and he was becoming desperate.

"Yes," he murmured. "I think that's it—terra cotta."

"Oh, then, this must be it," and she brought from the showcase a trim little bonnet.

"Has it tips? She said the one she preferred had tips."

"Dear me, yes," replied the saleslady, as she smilingly revolved the bonnet before his ignorant eyes.

"All right, then. Give me a couple of cards."

On one he wrote the address and on the other, "With my dear love. Philemon."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

Kesterson gasped, but he went heroically down in his pocket and counted out the sum.

"Think I'll take that one for Dora," said Kent, indicating an æsthetic hat in the window. And when he had paid for it and given the address he and Kesterson walked out and over to Kinsley's, where on the strength of their good deeds they treated themselves to a very choice luncheon. Meanwhile the intelligent and discriminating saleslady boxed and forwarded Mrs. Philemon Kesterson's terra-cotta bonnet to that lady, but inclosed Mrs. Philemon Kesterson's card with Mrs. Charley Kent's green velvet hat.

* * * * * * *

"Not at home?"

"No, ma'am, but she will be soon. Won't you step in and wait?"

Mrs. Kesterson hesitated. She was fatigued. The parlor beyond with its ruby portieres, its sparkling little fire, its general air of comfort and cosiness, was most inviting. So she went in.

"Mrs. Kent said she would be back by four," said the servant, and then she drew the portieres and went away. Mrs. Kesterson, seated by the piano, pretty as a picture, in her moire street suit, looked critically around the room, as women have a trick of doing when alone. Her glance fell on a peculiar-shaped parcel on the sofa. "A new bonnet!" She got up and walked toward it. "From Palmer's. How I should love to see it! I believe I shall take a peep. Dora and I are so intimate she won't mind." So, accordingly, two small gloved hands snapped the cord, removed the paper, took off the cover, and unswathed from its tissue-paper wrappings a green velvet hat all trimmed with surah and curly tips.

"Oh!" she cried, "my hat!" For in imagination it had already been hers. She stooped to pick up the card which had fallen on the rug. In blank astonishment she read the line thereon. In wild suspicion she re-read it. In an agony of doubt, bewilderment, misery, she perused it again. Her husband had sent Dora the very hat she had described to him! Hadn't she heard rumors of his having been attentive to Dora long ago? But now! that was his writing—and his name! with his dear love—oh! But Dora would be returning soon! In a feverish hurry Mrs. Kesterson restored the hat and card to their places in the box and tied up the latter. Then she drew down her veil, let herself softly out of the house, and hurried home. There she found awaiting her the terra-cotta bonnet. "He didn't inclose any card to me!" she commented, bitterly! "Oh, no! Just sent me this ugly old thing."

When Philemon, radiant at the prospect of his reception, entered his home that night he was confronted by a red-eyed, irresponsive, and resentful little lady.

"W-what is it, dearest? Didn't you get the—the hat?"

"No, I didn't get the hat," retorted his wife, with a stinging emphasis on the pronoun, which was quite lost on her innocent spouse. "I got a hideous little bonnet."

"Wasn't it the one you described?" queried Philemon, aghast.

A look of crushing scorn was the only answer he received. That very evening, as mute and miserable they sat in the parlor, who should be ushered in but Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kent. And Mrs. Kent wore her new hat. She to come! And wear it! The insolence of it made Mrs. Kesterson grow white as death. But what was that Charley Kent was saying in that rollicking voice of his?

"Look here, Kesterson, the card you wrote your wife to-day when we bankrupted ourselves on Easter bonnets, they sent home in Dora's box."

"Eh?" cried Philemon.

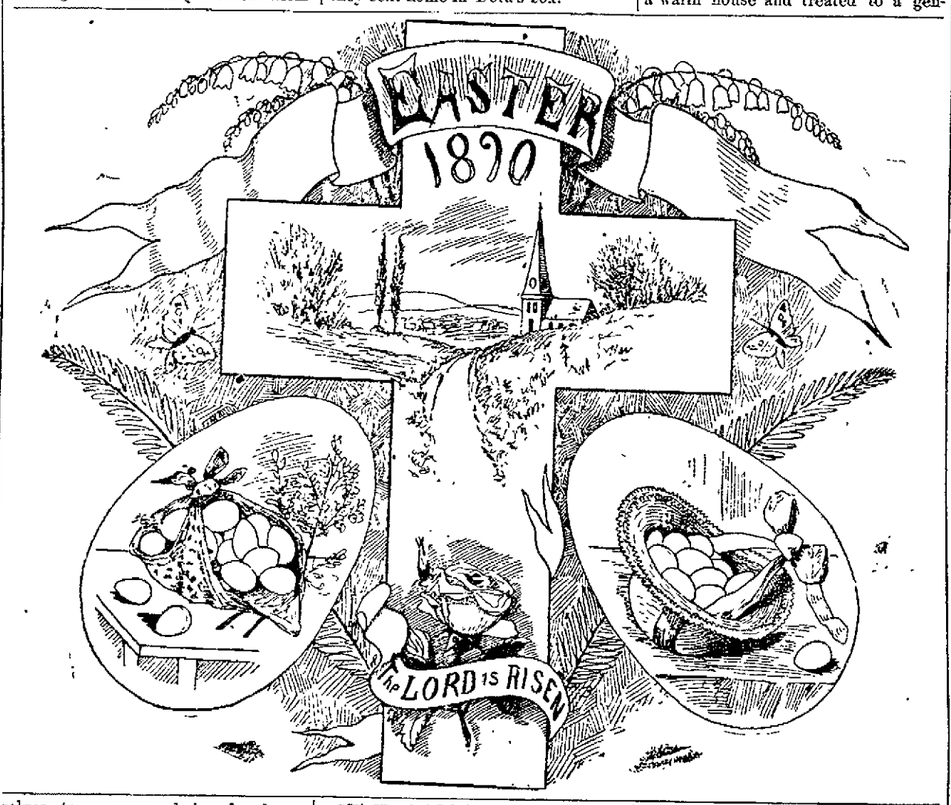
Mrs. Kesterson gasped. The blood came back from her heart with a rush. She went up to Dora and began talking to her rapidly, cordially, affectionately. She could hear the gentlemen jesting over the mistake, their purchases, and her husband saying how he had bought the wrong hat after all. The evening passed delightfully. Philemon looked at his wife in surprise. She was so full of vivacity, of mirth. When the guests were gone she went up to her husband, and leaning over the back of the chair wherein he sat bent and kissed him several times.

"You dear old Phil! I was cross to-night—wasn't I? And I didn't thank you for that beautiful bonnet!"

"But——" stammered Kesterson.

"It is exactly the shade of the faille, and I'll have my dress of that made up right away. It is a charming bonnet! You darling boy!"

Beamingly Mr. Kesterson received his delayed caresses. But he made up his mind at that moment that one never could understand a woman, and that it was no use trying to do so.



"MY HAT!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

IT EXPLAINED EVERYTHING.

BUYING THE BONNET.

The Simnel Cake.

A very curious old Easter custom in Shropshire and Herefordshire, England, is to make a rich and expensive cake called a simnel cake. The cakes are raised and the crust is made of fine flour and water with enough saffron to give it a deep yellow color. The interior is filled with materials of a very rich plum cake, with plenty of candied lemon peel and other good things. They are made up very stiff, tied up in a cloth and boiled for several hours, after which they are brushed over with an egg and then baked. When ready for sale the crust is as hard as if made of wood, a circumstance which has given rise to various stories of the manner in which they have at times been treated by persons to whom they were sent as presents, and who had never seen one before, one ordering his simnel to be boiled to soften it, and a lady taking hers for a footstool. They are made of different sizes.

EVEN the humblest toiler in the land can resolve to live for a higher purpose.

SOME EASTER FLOWERS.

A Few of the Many Blossoms Appropriate to the Season.

EASTER-DAY, the glory of the Christian year, is essentially a feast of flowers. Highest among them is the lily of purity, emblem of the Annunciation to the Maid blessed among women, emblem also of the glorious resurrection. Its beauty lies sleeping in the dormant bulb; it is the very prototype of the mortal which shall put on immortality.

Every florist's window now shows a mass of "Easter lilies," a popular name applied indiscriminately at this season to several differing varieties. The original "Easter lily" is Lilium candidum, a native of the Levant, and one of the oldest known species. It displays a panicle of snowy flowers, usually from four to eight in number, buds and blossoms together. This is the lily usually represented in devotional pictures. Two other varieties often referred to by the same popular name as the preceding are the trumpet and Bermuda lilies. The first is noticeable not only for the length of its blooms but also for its firm texture and lasting qualities. However, the Bermuda lily, which is very similar to L. candidum, is now grown more extensively than all the other sorts put together, in spite of being rather lacking in substance. The bulbs are inexpensive, being imported from the West Indies, and the flowers are very readily forced. They may be flowered by Christmas, while other varieties are much later. For forcing, the bulbs are potted in the autumn or early winter, being kept in a cool place until the pots are filled with roots; they are then brought into a warm house and treated to a generous diet. They flower from eight to ten weeks after the change in temperature. A house full of Bermuda lilies is a glorious sight in the bitter winter weather: everywhere straight, shining foliage and proudly held stems with a crown of buds and blossoms. As soon as the bud unfolds the florist removes the anthers from the stamens, lest the immaculate purity of the calyx should be soiled by the fairy gold-dust of its pollen.

Another Easter lily is the familiar calla. It is not a lily at all, being an arum. Our familiar jack-in-the-pulpit is one of its poor relations. The large white bract which apparently forms the flower is in reality the spath which protects the true inflorescence, the yellow spike in the center. This spike is a close mass of tiny flowers. The stately habit and fine foliage of the calla make it so decorative that it never really goes out of fashion, like many of its peers, for, alas! fickle fashion, like many of its peers, invades even the realms of nature, and the flower of one season is relegated to oblivion during the next.

While the lily typifies the glories of the resurrection, passion-flowers are a symbol of the pain and sorrow of the three great days. A devout fancy makes every part of the flower emblematic of the Passion; the stigmas represent the three nails, the anthers the five wounds, and the curious rays of the corona the crown of thorns: the ten petals represent the ten faithful apostles, the digitate leaves the hands of the persecutors, and the curling tendrils their scourges. It is a beautiful fancy, more suggestive of Gerarde or Tradescant than of our modern botanists, though they do not all belong to the Gradgrind school.

An Ancient Custom.

It is difficult to ascertain the precise origin of the graceful custom so universal in France and Germany and more or less prevalent throughout the world of offering eggs at the festival of Easter. The Persians give each other eggs at the new year, the Russians and the Finns at the festival of Easter. Among the Romans the year opened at Easter, as it did among the Franks under the Capets. Mutual presents were bestowed; and as the egg is the emblem of the beginning of all things, nothing better could be found as an offering. The symbolic meaning is striking; eggs are the germs of fecundity and abundance, and we wish our friends all the blessings contained within the slender shell when we offer this gift, whose fragility represents that of happiness here below. The Romans commenced their repast with an egg, hence the proverbial phrase, "Ab ovo usque ad mala," and we still say, to express going back to the commencement—beginning—ab ovo.

EASTER.

BY JOHN D. TABB.

Like a meteor, large and bright,
Fell a golden seed of light
On the field of Christmas night,
When the Babe was born.

Then 'twas sepulchred in the gloom,
Till above His holy tomb
Flashed its everlasting bloom,
Flower of Easter morn.

AN EASTER EVENT.

BY S. A. HARRISON.

In the hay-mow, under the hay,
Hiding the eggs for Easter Day.

Mamma wonders: "The hens don't lay;
We'll not have eggs for Easter Day."

Didn't know—in the mow were Tom and Jay,
Hiding the eggs for Easter Day.

"Mine red!" said Alice. "Mine green," said May,
But not an egg was found that day.

For the rogues had stowed them all away,
Up in the hay-mow, under the hay.

"How warm and sunny," said little May,
"Let's go out in the loft to play."

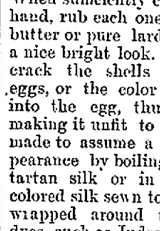
So they frolicked and tossed the hay;
"Look!" cried Alice. "A nest!" cried May.

"Been a nest for many a day;
Now we'll have eggs for Easter Day."

Two boys, that eve, strolled in from play—
Though 'twas Easter eve, they'd nothing to say.

EASTER EGGS.

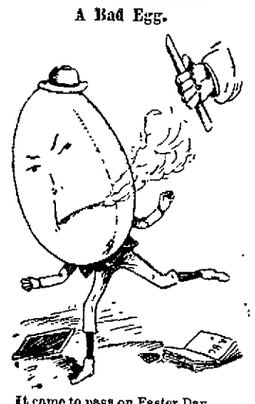
How to Color and Decorate Them—An Ancient Custom.



THE custom of giving eggs as presents about Easter time is ancient and widespread, but its true origin is lost in obscurity. In England it has been revived of late years, and the shops at Easter are full of prettily dyed ornamental eggs of all descriptions and of various prices, many of the more expensive ones containing valuable gifts. A basket or dish of freshly boiled and colored real eggs placed on the breakfast table on Easter morning is, however, preferable to imitation eggs, while the preparation of them will give pleasure and occupation to the younger members of the family.

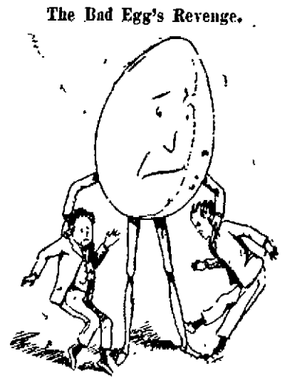
There are many ways of coloring the eggs; logwood chips, if used in small quantities, will cause the egg to assume a port wine color, while if more chips are added the eggs will be black. It is impossible to say the exact quantity of chips required, depending on the quantity of water used, but it can easily be ascertained when the liquid is sufficiently dark by taking up a little in a spoon before putting in the egg. For brown eggs, boil them in coffee; for yellow eggs, in onion peelings. Cochineal will make eggs any shade, from a deep crimson to a lovely pink, according to the quantity used. Another way of coloring eggs is to wrap the eggs in pieces of silk of different shades, place them carefully in a saucepan containing plenty of warm water in which has been dissolved a lump of common washing soda, and boil for an hour; then remove the silk covering and allow the eggs to cool gradually. When sufficiently cool to hold in the hand, rub each one over with a little butter or pure lard, which gives them a nice bright look. Be careful not to crack the shells when boiling the eggs, or the color will boil through into the egg, thus spoiling it and making it unfit to eat. Eggs may be made to assume a sort of marble appearance by boiling them in a piece of tartan silk or in several pieces of colored silk sewn together and tightly wrapped around the eggs. Bought dyes, such as Judson's, may be used as well for coloring the eggs, but are not so effective and bright, nor so amusing to use. A pretty effect may be obtained by daubing the eggs here and there with grease before boiling them, or dipping them into the boiling dye. Wherever the grease is the dye does not take, and therefore they come out spotted or striped or with other devices, as the case may be, or the name of the intended recipient of the egg may be written on it in the same manner, when it will appear afterwards quite distinct. In dyeing eggs care should be taken to use only one spoon, and that an old one; an old saucepan should also be used, and will answer the purpose perfectly if previously thoroughly cleaned. Some of the prettiest eggs are coated with gold and silver; this is not difficult to do. Boil the eggs for an hour in plain water only, then when quite cold rub them all over with painters' size. Procure some gold or silver dust, such as bookbinders use, put it in a saucer or plate, roll the eggs gently one at a time till the egg is entirely covered. Or the egg may be at first colored, and a name, a date, or any other device be put on in the same manner with the size and dust. Gold and silver leaf can be used, if preferred, instead of the dust, but are more troublesome to manage.

A Bad Egg.



It came to pass on Easter Day
A bad egg went outdoors to play;
There happened along
A man with a thong,
And he drove Mr. Bad Egg away.

The Bad Egg's Revenge.



An Easter Card.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

MANY CURIOUS, INTERESTING, AND USEFUL FACTS.

Origin and History of April Fool's Day—The Startling Immensity of Space—To Avoid the Lightning's Stroke—A Budget of Notes of Popular Interest.

BY PROF. J. F. ELSOM.

April Fool.

"April first stands marked by custom's rules,
A day of being and of making fools."

The origin of this day of practical jokes seem a trifle obscure. By some the custom has been traced to the scene in the life of Jesus when he was sent from Pilate to Herod, then back from Herod to Pilate, which occurred at this time. Away back nearly a hundred years in the *Clavis Calendaria* mention is made of the first of April as "All Fools' Day," and Scotland's poetry and song is replete with anecdotes and jokes perpetrated on this day, and among the Hindoos a day of fooleries, the *Huli Fest*, is also observed. Among the Hindoos all kinds of jokes and like silly species of witticisms are saved for this day.

By many it is believed that the term "all" is a corruption of "auld" or "old," thus making it "Old Fools' Day," in support of which a very ancient Roman calendar speaks respecting the first of April, "the feast of old fools is remained to this day," but the oldest almanacs extant all have it "All Fools' Day." Again, with the Roman Saturnalia and the Druidical rites, superstitions which the early Christians found in existence when they began their labors in England, was the Festum Fatuorum, or Fool's Holiday, which was our first of April. In a few of the German classics frequent mention is made of the Aprilon narr, so that even the Germans of the olden time knew how to practice their cunning April arts upon their neighbors quite as well as we of the present day.

Enough is known to prove the custom of very ancient origin, but perhaps the precise origin is unknown, all positive statements made regarding the custom being based mostly on conjecture. Suffice to say it is very, very old, and outside of the slight tinge of superstition and mustiness surrounding it, all of this day and age feel free to confess their dislike and declare it a nuisance. In short, the custom itself, however originating, is "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

The Immensity of Space.

Few people have the faintest conception of the immensity of space. We stand and look around, but how far the eye can penetrate no tongue can tell. We look at a distant star, we see it night after night, and would continue to do so if it should be destroyed; it takes so long for its light to reach the earth that a person looking a hundred years would fail to miss it. If the sun were a ball of fire, as the ancients supposed it to be, and a person had an arm sufficiently long to reach it, he might hold it there and burn it on the sun for centuries and would never feel it, it would take so long for the sensitive nerves to convey the pain to the brain that distance, nearly a hundred million of miles. Think of it! The diameter of the sun, small as it appears to us, is seven hundred and seventy thousand geographical miles, the earth but eight thousand, or one hundred and twelve times smaller than the sun. The volume of the sun is one million four hundred and seven thousand one hundred and twenty-four times greater than the earth, and six hundred times greater than that of all the planets known to astronomers taken together; its aggregate mass is three hundred and fifty-nine thousand five hundred and fifty-one times greater than the earth, and seven hundred and thirty-eight times greater than all the rest of the planets put together. A single spot seen upon its surface has been estimated by astronomers and the leading mathematicians to extend over an area of seventy-seven thousand miles in diameter, and a cluster of spots have been estimated by the same authorities to include an area of three million seven hundred and eighty thousand miles. When we bring ordinary mathematics to bear in measuring these spaces, weighing these weights, it is almost equivalent to an attempt to measure the water of a lake with a chemist's graduate, or the depths and weight of an ocean with a draughtsman's compass and protractor.

Comets.

The ocean, as well as the land, has its different botanical regions; and changes of vegetation are observable with the depth analogous to the variations of terrestrial planets with the height. Marine vegetation seems to have its vertical extent determined by the range of light in the water, which varies with the power of the sun and the transparency of the water.

This marvelous age, this century of gigantic intellectual achievement, has been especially rich in brilliant comets visible to the naked eye. The large comet of 1811 was exceedingly fine; the head measured one hundred and twelve millions of miles in diameter, and the tail was no less than one hundred and twelve millions of miles in length. The comet of 1843 was visible in full day, and of all comets known it approached nearest to the sun. Donati's comet, in 1858, is the most famous of modern times.

Notes of Daily Interest.

VOLCANOES rarely, if ever, are more than five miles deep.

THE eye of the beetle has upward of twenty-five thousand facets.

SPRINGS of fresh water rise in most all the seas known.

THERE are rivers in the ocean as well as on the land.

RANCID oils convert vegetable blues into red—a delicate test.

WATER-SPOUTS seldom last longer than thirty or forty minutes.

How to Raise Boys.

Mrs. Hobbs (parent of an infant terror and several half-grown terrors)—Well, Mr. Hobbs, since you are so dissatisfied with the way I am raising our darling Willie, maybe you will condescend to inform me how you would raise boys.

Hobbs—Certainly; every boy ought to be kept in a hogshead and fed through the bunghole until he is 12 years of age.

"And when he reaches the age of 12?"

"Stop up the bunghole."

MEN are like drums—the one with the big head makes the most noise.

The Impassable Ten-Word Limit.

"It is curious," said the ancient citizen yesterday, "what strange things we hear in the cars, and in what queer channels people's minds run. In a ride of ten miles this morning, occupying thirty-five minutes, four young women, just across the aisle from me, occupied the entire time in discussing the wording of a telegram which they designed to send. One of the four had left her wallet behind, and desired to telegraph for it to be sent after her.

"'Now, we must get it in ten words,' said one. 'Let's see. Go to top bureau drawer in my room, get pocketbook, take to train—'

"'That's too long,' interrupted another. 'You don't need to say in my room, for of course your drawer is in your room.'

"'Go to top bureau drawer, get pocketbook—'

"'Purse, say purse.'

"'Go to top bureau drawer, get purse, take to train—'

"'You want to say something about being in a hurry, so they will deliver it at once, right off.'

"'Get purse from top bureau drawer, take train, please deliver. How would that do?

"'Why not say haste, or immediate, or hurry?'

"And so they went on and on and on to the end of the chapter, until the people about them could think of nothing else save top bureau drawers and pocketbooks, and they did not cease until the train ran into the station at Boston. What queer people there are in this world—especially women."—*Boston Advertiser.*

The Same Name.

Some years ago a very rich resident of Boston—a several-millionaire, in fact—was considerably bothered because there lived in town a man whose name was exactly the same as his—Barton Tucker, we may call it at a venture. After he had stood it a good while, Mr. Barton Tucker, the millionaire, sought out his namesake, and found that he was a teamster, and a poor man at that.

"Is your name Barton Tucker?" asked the millionaire of the truckman, who had just completed taking the feed-bags off his horses' noses, and was preparing to move on.

"That's my name, sir," said the truckman.

"Well, it's my name, too. I came to see you and make a proposition to you. You see, your letters come to me, and I dare say some of mine have come to you, which isn't pleasant for a man of my responsibilities. Now I want to ask you a plain question."

"Fire away!"

"How much money would it take to induce you to go before the Legislature and get your name changed to something else?"

The truckman gave a long whistle, and then he said—with a big oath, if the truth must be told—as he mounted his seat:

"It would take a darned sight more money than you've got, Mr. Barton Tucker! Git up!"

Then his conveyance lumbered away down the street, leaving the millionaire to reflect that a poor man's name may be as dear to him as a rich man's.

To Dispel Colds,

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

A Disappointment.

A New York landlord, who was in a tight place financially, sent his son, a rather fresh young man, to the tenant to collect the rent. On the young man returning in a hilarious mood, the father exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven, you are back, and with the money, I hope."

"He couldn't pay all of it right then, so I consented to take half of it."

"That's all right. Give it to me."

"He didn't have it."—*Texas Siftings.*

Copy of Original.

VAN WERT, Ohio, July 11, 1889.
Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

GENTS—This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

ALBERT KING.

We certify to the above testimonial.
HINES & SON, Druggists.

A BALL was recently bowled against a young English cricketer's forehead, killing him instantly.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

WHEN were there only two vowels? In the days of No-a, before U and I were born.

ST. JACOBS OIL
SURE CURE.
CURES PERMANENTLY
RHEUMATISM.
The Cripple. The Cure.
Lowell, Mass., July 9, 1887.
The boy Orrin Robinson, a poor cripple on crutches, who was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of rheumatism in 1881, is well; the cure has remained permanent. He is now at work every day at manual labor. GEO. C. OSGOOD, M. D.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

La Grippe has Left
the System
badly debilitated
in millions
of cases.
Take
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
and restore
Tone
and Strength.
It never fails.
Prepared by
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

Ely's Cream Balm
GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE FOR
COLD IN HEAD.
—CURES—
CATARRH.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

WILCOX'S COMPOUND
TANSY PILLS!
Safe, Certain and Effectual. At Druggists, or by mail, $2 a box. For Woman's Safe Guard." Dr. Wilcox's Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE SOUNDS A NOTE OF WARNING TO THE SLOTHFUL.

Work During Your Life-Now Is the Accepted Time for Good Works—Discourse from the Text "A Living Dog Is Better Than a Dead Lion."

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Sunday morning, March 30, was "A Dead Lion," and his text, Eccles. ix, 4: "A living dog is better than a dead lion." Following is a verbatim report of the sermon:

The Bible is the strangest, the loveliest, the mightiest, the weirdest, the best of books. Written by Moses the lawyer, Joshua the soldier, Samuel the judge, Ezra the builder, Job the poet, David the shepherd, Daniel the prime minister, Amos the herdsman, Matthew the custom house officer, Luke the doctor, Paul the scholar, John the exile; and yet a complete harmony from the middle verse of the Bible, which is the eighth verse of the one hundred and seventeenth Psalm, both ways to the upper and lower lids, and from the shortest passage, which is the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of John, to the longest verse, which is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther, and yet not an imperfection in all the 773,693 words which it is composed of. It not only reaches over the past, but over the future; has in it a ferryboat, as in the second Samuel; and a telegraph wire, as in Job; and a railroad train as in Nahum; and introduces us to a foundryman by the name of Tubal Cain, and a ship builder by the name of Noah, and an architect by the name of Aholiab, and tells us how many stables Solomon had to take care of his horses, and how much he paid for those horses. But few things in this versatile and comprehensive book interest me so much as its apothegms, those short, terse, sententious, epigrammatic sayings, of which my text is one—"A living dog is better than a dead lion."

Here the lion stands for nobility and the dog for meanness. You must know the dog mentioned in the text is not one of our American or European or Scottish dogs that, in our mind, is a synonym for the beautiful, the graceful, the affectionate, the sagacious and the true. The St. Bernard dog is a hero, and if you doubt it, ask the snows of the Alps, out of which he picked the exhausted traveler. The shepherd dog is a poem, and if you doubt it, ask the Highlands of Scotland. The Arctic dog is the rescue of explorers, and if you doubt it ask Dr. Kane's expedition. The watch dog is a living protection, and if you doubt it ask ten thousand homesteads over whose safety he watched last night. But Solomon, the author of my text, lived in Jerusalem, and the dog he speaks of in the text was a dog in Jerusalem.

Last December I passed days and nights within a stone's throw of where Solomon wrote this text, and from what I saw of the canines of Jerusalem by day, and heard of them by night, I can understand the slight appreciation my text puts upon the dog of Palestine. It is lean and snarly and disgusting, and afflicted with parasites, and takes revenge on the human race by filling the nights with clamor. All up and down the Bible, the most of which was written in Palestine or Syria, or contiguous lands, the dog is used in contemptuous comparison. Hazael said: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" In self-abnegation the Syro-Phœnician woman said: "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the Master's table." Paul says, in Philippians: "Beware of dogs;" and St. John, speaking of Heaven, says: "Without are dogs."

On the other hand, the lion is healthy, strong, and loud voiced, and at its roar the forests echo and the mountains tremble. It is marvelous for strength, and when its hide is removed the muscular compactness is something wonderful, and the knife of the dissector bounds back from the tendons. By the clearing off of the forests of Palestine and the use of firearms, of which the lion is particularly afraid, they have disappeared from places where once they ranged, but they were very bold in olden times. They attacked an army of Xerxes while marching through Macedonia. They were so numerous that one thousand lions were slain in forty years in the amphitheater of Rome. The Barbary lion, the Cape lion, the Senegal lion, the Assyrian lion, make up a most absorbing and exciting chapter in natural history. As most of the Bible was written in regions lion haunted, this creature appears in almost all parts of the Bible as a simile.

David understood its habits of night prowling and day slumbering, as is seen from his description: "The young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens." And again he cries out, "My soul is among lions." Moses knew them and said, "Judah is couched like a lion." Samson knew them, for he took honey from the carcass of a slain lion. Solomon knew them and says, "The King's wrath is as the roar of a lion," and again, "The slothful man says, There is a lion in the way." Isaiah knew them, and says, in the millennium, "The lion shall eat straw like an ox." Ezekiel knew them, and says, "The third was as the face of a lion." Paul knew them, and says, "I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion." Peter knew them, and says, "The devil as a roaring lion walketh about." St. John knew them, and says of Christ, "Behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah!"

Now, what does my text mean when it puts a living dog and a dead lion side by side, and says the former is better than the latter? It means that small faculties actively used are of more value than great faculties unemployed. How often you see it! Some man with limited capacity vastly useful. He takes that which God has given him and says: "My mental endowment is not large and the world would not rate me high for my intelligence, and my vocabulary is limited, and my education was defective, but here goes what I have for God and salvation, and the making of the world good and happy. He puts in a word here and a word there, encourages a faint hearted man, gives a Scripture passage in consolation to some bereft woman, picks up a child fallen in the street and helps him brush off the dust and puts a five cent piece in his hand, telling him not to cry, so that the boy is singing before he gets around the corner; waiting on everybody that has a letter to carry or a message to deliver; comes into a rail train, or stage coach, or depot, or shop, with a smiling face that sets everybody to thinking, "If that man can, with what appears small equipment in life, be happy, why cannot I, possessing far more than he has, be equally happy?" One day of that kind of doing things may not amount to much, but forty years of that—no one but God Himself can appreciate its immensity.

There are tens of thousands of such people. Their circle of acquaintance is small. The man is known over at the store. He is clerk or weigher or drayman, and he is known among those who sit near him clear back in the church under the galleries, and at the ferry gates where he comes in knocking the snow from his shoes, and threshing his arms around his body to revive circulation, on some January morning. But if he should die to-morrow there would not be a hundred people who would know about it. He will never have his name in the newspapers but once, and that will be the announcement of his death, if some one will pay for the insertion, so much a line for the two lines. But he will come up gloriously on the other side, and the God who has watched him all through will give him a higher seat and a better mansion and a grander eternity that many a man who had on earth, before his name, the word honorable, and after his name LL. D. and F. R. S. Christ said in Luke, the sixth chapter, that in Heaven some who had it hard here would laugh there.

And I think a laugh of delight and congratulation will run around the Heavenly circles when the humble one of whom I spoke shall go up and take the precedence of many Christians who in this world felt themselves to be of ninety-nine per cent. more importance. The whisper will go round the galleries of the upper temple: "Can it be possible that that was the weigher in our store?" "Can it be possible that that was the car driver on our street?" "Can it be possible that was the sexton of our church?" "Can it be possible that is the man that heaved coal into our cellar?" "I never could have thought it. What a reversal of things! We were clear ahead of him on earth, but he is clear ahead of us in Heaven. Why, we had ten times more brains than he had, we had a thousand times more money than he had, we had social position a mile higher than he had, we had innumerable opportunities more than he had, but it seems now that he accomplished more with his one talent than we did with our ten;" while Solomon, standing among the thrones, overhears the whisper, and sees the wonderment, and will, with benignant and all-suggestive smile, say, "Yes, it is as I told the world many centuries ago—better is small faculty actively used than great talent unemployed, 'better is a living dog than a dead lion.'"

The simple fact is that the world has been, and the world is now, full of dead lions. They are people of great capacity and large opportunity, doing nothing for the improvement of society, nothing for the overthrow of evil, nothing for the salvation of souls. Some of them are monetary lions. They have accumulated so many hundreds of thousands of dollars that you can feel their tread when they walk through any street or come into any circle. They can by one financial move upset the money market. Instead of the ten per cent. of their income which the Bible lays down as the proper proportion of the contribution to the cause of God, they do not give five per cent., or three per cent., or two per cent., or one per cent., or a half per cent., or a quarter per cent. That they are lions, no one doubts. When they roar, Wall street, State street, Lombard street, and the Bourse tremble.

In a few years they will lie down and die. They will have a great funeral, and a long row of fine carriages, and mightiest requiems will roll from the organ, and polished shaft of Aberdeen granite will indicate where their dust lies, but for all use to the world that man might as well have never lived. As an experiment as to how much he can carry with him, put a ten cent piece in the palm of his dead hand, and five years after open the tomb, and you will find that he has dropped even the ten cent piece. A lion! Yes, but a dead lion! He left all his treasures on earth, and has no treasures in Heaven. What shall the stone cutter put upon the obelisk over him? I suggest, let it be the man's name, then the date of his birth, then the date of his death, then the appropriate Scripture passage, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

But I thank God that we are having just now an outburst of splendid beneficence that is to increase until the earth is girdled with it. It is spreading with the speed of an epidemic, but with just the opposite effect of an epidemic. Do you not notice how wealthy men are opening free libraries and building churches in their native village? Have you not seen how men of large means, instead of leaving great philanthropies in their wills for disappointed heirs to quarrel about and the orphan courts to swamp, are becoming their own executors and administrators? After putting aside enough for their families (for "He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel"), they are saying: "What can I do, not after I am dead, but while living and in full possession of my faculties, to properly direct the building of the churches, or the hospitals, or the colleges, or the libraries that I design for the public welfare, and while yet I have full capacity to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the good accomplished?" There are bad fashions and good fashions, and, whether good or bad, fashions are mighty.

One of the good fashions now starting will sweep the earth—the fashion for wealthy men to distribute, while yet alive, their surplus accumulation. It is being helped by the fact that so many large estates have, immediately after the testator's death, gone into litigation. Attorneys with large fees are employed on both sides, and the case goes on month after month, and year after year, and after one court decides it ascends to another court and is decided in the opposite direction, and then new evidence is found, and the trials are all repeated. The children, who at the father's funeral seemed to have an uncontrollable grief, after the will is read go into elaborate process to prove that the father was crazy, and therefore incompetent to make a will; and there are men on the jury who think that the fact that the testator gave so much of his money to the Bible society, and the missionary society, or the opening of a free library is proof postive that he was insane, and that he knew not what he was signing when he subscribed to the words: "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament."

The torn wills, the fraudulent wills, the broken wills have recently been made such a spectacle to angels and to men that all over the land successful men are calling in architects and saying to them: "How much would it cost for me to build a picture gallery for our town?" or, "What plans can you draw me out for a concert hall?" or, "I am specially interested in 'the incurables,' and how large a building would accommodate three hundred of such patients?" or, "The church of God has been a great help to me all my life, and I want you to draw me a plan for a church, commodious, beautiful, well ventilated, and with plenty of windows to let in the light; I want you to get right at work in making out plans of such a building, for, though I am well now, life is uncertain, and before I leave the world I want to see something done that will be an appropriate acknowledgement of the goodness of God to me and mine; now when can I hear from you?"

In our own city we have many examples of this. What a grandeur of beneficence has our fellow citizen, Mr. Pratt, demonstrated, building educational institutions which will put their hands on the nineteenth century, and the twentieth century, and all the centuries! All honor to such a man! Do not say so when he is dead, say it now. It would be a good thing if some of the eulogies we chisel on tombstones were written on paper in time for the philanthropists to read them while yet they are alive. Less post-mortem praise, and more ante-mortem!

A poor Scotch lad came to America at twelve years of age, and went to Pittsburgh. He looked around for work, and became an engineer in a cellar, then rose to become a telegraph messenger boy, then rose to a position in a railroad office, then rose to a place in a telegraph office, then rose to be superintendent of a railroad, then rose until he became an iron and steel manufacturer, then rose until he opened free libraries in his native land and last month a free library in Allegheny City, and now offers two million dollars for a free library in Pittsburgh. This example will be catching until the earth is revolutionized.

How majestic such men in comparison with some I wot of, who amass wealth and clutch it with both hands until death begins to feel for their heart strings, and then they dictate to an attorney a last will and testament, in which they spite some daughter because she married against her father's wish, and fling a few crusts to God and suffering humanity, as much as to say: "I have kept this surplus property through all these severe winters, and through all these long years, from a needy and suffering world, and would keep it longer if I could, but as I must give it up, take it, and much good may it do you!" Now we begin to understand the text, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

Who would attempt to write the obituary of the dead lions of commerce, the dead lions of law, the dead lions of medicine, the dead lions of social influence? Vast capacity had they, and mighty range, and other men in their presence were as powerless as the antelope or heifer or giraffe when from the jungle a Numidian lion springs upon its prey. But they get through with life. They lay down in their magnificent lair. They have made their last sharp bargain. They have spoken their last hard word. They have committed their last mean act. When a tawny inhabitant of the desert rolls over helpless, the lioness and whelps fill the air with shrieks and howls, and lash themselves into lamentation, and it is a genuine grief for the poor things. But when this dead lion of monstrous uselessness expires, there is nothing but dramatized woe, for "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

My text also means that an opportunity of the living present is better than a great opportunity passed. We spend much of our time in saying, "If I only had." We can all look back and see some occasion where we might have done a great deed, or might have effected an important rescue, or we might have dealt a stroke that would have accomplished a vast result. Through stupidity or lack of appreciation of the crisis, or through procrastination, we let the chance go by. How much time we have wasted in thinking of what we might have said or might have done! We spend hours and days and years in walking around that dead lion. We cannot resuscitate it. It will never open its eyes again. There will never be another spring in its paw. Dead as any feline terror of South Africa, through whose heart thirty years ago Gordon Cumming sent the slug. Don't let us give any more time to the deploring of the dead past. There are other great opportunities remaining. They may not be as great, but they are worth our attention. Small quantities all around, opportunities for the saying of kind words and doing of kind deeds. Helplessness to be helped. Disheartened ones to be encouraged. Lost ones to be found. Though the present may be insignificant as compared with the past. "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

The most useless and painful feeling is the one of regret. Repent of lost opportunities we must, and get pardon we may, but regrets weaken, dishearten and cripple for future work. If a sea captain who once had charge of a White Star steamer across the Atlantic ocean, one foggy night runs on a rock off Newfoundland, and passengers and ship perish, shall he refuse to take command of a small boat up the North River, and say: "I will never go on the water again unless I can run one of the White Star line?" Shall the engineer of a lightning express, who at the station misread the telegram of the train dispatcher and went into collision, and for that has been put down to the work of engineering a freight train, say: "I never will again mount an engine unless I can run a vestibule express?" Take what you have of opportunity left. Do your best with what remains. Your shortest winter day is worth more to you than can be the longest day of a previous summer. Your opportunity now, as compared with previous opportunities, may be small as a rat terrier compared with the lion which at Matabosa, fatally wounded by the gun of David Livingstone, in its death agony leaped upon the missionary explorer and with its jaws crushed the bone of his arm to splinters, and then rolled over and expired, but, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

My text also means that the condition of the most wretched man alive is better than that of the most favored sinners departed. The chance of these last is gone. Where they are they cannot make any earthly assets available. After Charlemagne was dead he was set in an ornamented sepulcher on a golden throne, and a crown was put on his cold brow, and a scepter in his stiff hand, but that gave him no dominion in the next world. One of the most intensely interesting things I saw last winter in Egypt was Pharaoh of olden times, the very Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites. The inscription on his sarcophagus and the writing on his mummy bandages proved beyond controversy that he was the Pharaoh of Bible times.

All the Egyptologists and the explorations agree that it is the old scoundrel himself. Visible are the very teeth with which he gnashed against the Israelitish brick-maker. There are the sockets of the merciless eyes with which he looked upon the overburdened people of God. There is the hair that floated in the breeze off the Red Sea. There are the very lips with which He commanded them to make bricks without straw. Thousands of years afterward, when the wrappings of the mummy were unrolled, old Pharaoh lifted up his arm as if in imploration, but his skinny bones cannot again clutch his shattered scepter. He is a dead lion. And is not any man now living, in the fact that he has opportunity of repentance and salvation, better off than any of those departed ones who, by authority or possessions or influence, were positively leonine, and yet wicked?

What a thing to congratulate you on is your life! Why, it is worth more than all the gems of the universe kindled into one precious stone. I am alive! What does that mean? Why, it means that I still have all opportunity of being saved myself and helping others to be saved. To be alive! Why, it means that I have yet another chance to correct my past mistakes and make sure work for Heaven. Alive, are we? Come, let us celebrate it by new resolutions, new self-examination, new consecration, and a new career. The smallest and most insignificant to-day is worth to us more than five hundred yesterdays. Taking advantage of the present, let us get pardon for all the past and security for all the future. Where are our forgiven sins? I don't know. God don't know either. He says, "Your sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

What encouragement in the text for all Christian workers! Despair of no one's salvation. While there is life there is hope. When in England a young lady asked for a class in a Sunday school, the Superintendent said, "Better go out on the street and get your own class." She brought in a ragged and filthy boy. The Superintendent gave him good apparel. In a few Sundays he absented himself. Inquiry discovered that in a street fight he had his decent apparel torn off. He was brought in and a second time respectably clad. After a few Sundays he again disappeared and it was found that he was again ragged and wretched. "Then," said the teacher, "we can do nothing with him." But the Superintendent fitted him up again and started him again.

After a while the gospel took hold of him and his heart changed. He started for the ministry and became a foreign missionary and on heathen grounds lived, and translated the Scriptures, and preached, until among the most illustrious names of the church on earth and in Heaven is the name of glorious Robert Morrison. Go forth and save the lost, and remember however depraved, however ragged, and however filthy and undone a child is, or a man is, or a woman is, they are worth an effort. I would rather have their opportunity than any that will ever be given to those who lived in magnificent sin and splendid unrighteousness and then wrapped their gorgeous tapestry around them and without a prayer expired. "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

In the great day it will be found that the last shall be first. There are in the grog shops and in the hands of iniquity to-day those who will yet be models of holiness and preach Christ to the people. In yonder group of young men who came here with no useful purpose, there is one who will yet live for Christ and perhaps die for Him. In a pulpit stood a stranger preaching, and he said: "The last time I was in this church was fifteen years ago, and the circumstances were peculiar. Three young men had come expecting to disturb the service, and they had stones in their pockets which they expected to hurl at the preacher. One of the young men referred to refused to take part in the assault, and the others, in disgust at his cowardice, left the building. One of the three was hanged for forgery. Another is in prison, condemned to death for murder. I was the third, but the grace of God saved me."

My hearers, give no one up. The case may seem desperate, but the grace of God likes to undertake a dead lift. I proclaim it this day to all the people—Free Grace! Living and dying, be that my theme—Free Grace! Sound it across the continent, sound it across the seas—Free Grace! Spell out those words in flowers, lift them in arches, build them in thrones, roll them in oratorios—Free Grace! That will yet Ebenize the earth and people Heaven with nations redeemed. Free Grace!

Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin
At death's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

Gordon's Wonderful Power.

What was the secret of his wonderful power? Much of it lay in his fearlessness, much in his swiftness of thought and action, and much in what the Yankees would call his capability in all things, small as well as great. He could ride and shoot and tinker, and conduct campaigns and negotiate treaties, all with unhesitating self-reliance. As a matter of course such a man takes command.

Gordon never lacked opportunities to show these qualities. While steaming quietly up the Nile a monkey with which he was playing fell overboard. In a twinkling Gordon was in the water after him. By good luck the crocodiles got neither Governor General nor monkey. When a nugger was being hauled up the rapids some way south of Lado, the cable got away from the men on the bank and the vessel was swept on the rocks. No one would volunteer to go out and pick up the cable, and Gordon jumped into a skiff and went alone. To be sure, the skiff upset and the Governor General sat some hours dripping on a rock, but his men had a lesson.

On another occasion the garrison of one of the stations was thrown into much anxiety by seeing Gen. Gordon alone, rowing across the river to the east bank, which in that region was occupied by intensely hostile negroes. He landed, made his boat fast, and tried, by a display of beads and wire, to induce the savages to come and talk with him. They simply sat on the hillside and scowled. Finally Gordon shot a hippopotamus and paddled back, leaving the beads on the shore and a fine feast of hippopotamus meat in the rushes. Another man would have been killed.

Famous Lovers of Cats.

Pussy has been the pet and favorite of some of the greatest personages. Mahomet chose rather to cut off the sleeve of his robe than to disturb a cat lying asleep upon it, and his followers, who have no more objurgatory term than dog for the Christians, admit it into their mosques. Dante and Petrarch each had a fondness for them, the great Richelieu had a pet cat, and Cardinal Wolsey placed his near him on a chair while exercising his judicial capacity; the learned Sir Isaac Newton had a pet cat and kitten, and the worthy philosopher for their convenience had two holes cut in the door, the larger one for the cat, the other for the kitten. Montaigne, too, was not too witty nor too cynical but the frolics of his cat would amuse him. To come down to later days, Ellen Terry loves to disport herself with her cats and to amuse herself with their mad capers. La Belle Stewart, satirized by Pope in the line, "Die and endow a college or a cat," was a famous beauty of the reign of Charles II., who left annuities to several of her friends on condition of maintaining and caring for her cats—a delicate way of providing for some impecunious old ladies.—*Philadelphia American.*

Taken at Her Word.

"I was settling down to work," said a book-agent-pestered man yesterday, "when a pretty woman entered my office. No one would suspect that she was a book agent. She placed a volume in front of me and began to talk. I told her I would not buy the book if I really wanted it. 'Never mind, said she, gayly. It won't cost you anything to look at it.'

"As she desired, I did look at it. I read the introduction and then chapter I. It was about 10 o'clock when I opened the book. At 11 o'clock the pretty book agent had become uneasy. I never raised my eyes. Another hour and she was pacing up and down the floor. At 1 o'clock, when she had nearly worn herself out, I laid the book down, and, putting on my hat and coat, said to the exasperated woman: 'That's a clever book. I regret that I cannot read more of it, but I must away to dinner.'

"She was mad, but she didn't say a word. Grabbing the book she shoved it into her satchel and made for the street."—*Boston Globe.*

The "Unselfishness" of Love.

Harry—You know, dearest, that my love for you is wholly unselfish.

Dearest—Yes, Harry, I hear you. But I was reading in the papers that Kingdon Gould had the most costly trousseau ever made for an American baby.

Harry—And pray, dearest, what has that to do with the question?

Dearest—Oh, nothing particular; only I was wondering whether that costly trousseau was purchased to please the baby or merely to gratify its parents vanity.—*Boston Transcript.*

AT a funeral in Utica, N. Y., the handles of the coffin pulled out, letting it fall to the ground with a crash.

WHEN a servant is blown up by kerosene isn't she sort of an ex-ile.

SERMONS FOR SUNDAY.

A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

The American Pulpit—Precept and Practice—What Moody's Revivals Have Done for New York—Kind Word's for the Mother.

What Moody's Revivals Have Done for New York.

"Certain good people," said Mr. Moody, recently, while in New York, "are apt to sneer when a man like me comes into this big city to teach God's word. They say, 'Why, he's only a revivalist,' and 'You know that the effects of a revival only last a day or two.' Well, now, the simple fact is that I know that the effects of a revival are sufficiently lasting. Why, let me tell you that it is fourteen years since Brother Sankey and I held revivals in this town. Right here I will say that people press around me every day after services, take me by the hand and speak gratefully of that revival. These people were benefited. They have led good lives for fourteen years. And that's my answer to the scoffers."

The American Pulpit.

In answer to the question, "How does the American pulpit of the present compare with that of earlier times? Joseph Cook, who is a shrewd observer, remarks: "The earlier American pulpit had fewer rivals for public attention than the later. Newspapers and platforms in the colonial era were by no means such instructors of the people as they are to-day. The pulpit of our time must stand on its rendered reasons. Ministers as a class have great social prestige, but not as great now as in the days of our fathers. It is more necessary now than ever before that the pulpit should expect to be measured, as it certainly will be, according to the standards of its actual character and achievement in spiritual fields of activity. After all, the pulpit has no rival as a teacher of religious thought. Neither the press nor the platform answers, as the pulpit does, the supreme question, 'What shall I do to be saved?' The power of the pulpit to-day, as it has been in every age of the world, is in meeting man's deepest spiritual wants. The modern American pulpit has a practical spirit not surpassed by that of the pulpit of an earlier period."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Precept and Practice.

The Rev. Mr. Kelley, curate of a chapel in the town of Ayr, Scotland, once preached an excellent sermon from the beautiful parable of the man who fell among thieves.

He was particularly severe upon the conduct of the priest who saw the injured man, and ministered not unto him, but passed on the opposite side, and in an animated and pathetic flow of eloquence, he exclaimed:

"What! not even the servant of the Almighty! He whose tongue was engaged in the work of charity—whose bosom was appointed the seat of brotherly love; whose heart the emblem of pity; whose soul the frozen serpent of disease—did he refuse to stretch forth his hand and take the mantle from his shoulders to cover the nakedness of woe? If he refused, if the shepherd himself went astray, was it to be wondered that the flock followed?"

Such were the precepts of the preacher, and he "practiced what he preached." The very next day, when the river was swollen by rain, a boy in a small boat was swept overboard by the force of the current. A great concourse of people were assembled, but none attempted to save the boy, when Mr. Kelly, who was dressed in full canonicals, threw himself from his chamber window into the current, and at the hazard of his life brought the boy safely to shore.

The Mother.

There is no human love like a mother's love. There is no human tenderness like a mother's tenderness. And there is no such time for a mother first displaying her love and tenderness toward her child as in the child's earliest years of life. That time neglected, and no future can make good the loss to either mother or child. That time well improved, and all the years that follow it can profit by its improvement. Even God himself measures his fatherly love by a motherly standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so I will comfort you," he says; and what more than this could he say? And many a strong man who was first comforted by his mother's loving and tender words and ways, while he was a helpless child, has never lost his grateful, trusting dependence on that mother's ministry of affection and sympathy.

When gruff old Dr. Johnson was 50 years old, he wrote to his aged mother as if he were still her wayward but loving boy: "You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for all the indulgences to me, and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill, and for all that I have omited to do well."

John Quincy Adams did not part with his mother until he was nearly or quite fifty years of age, yet his cry, even then, was: "O God, could she have been spared yet a little longer. Without her the world feels to me like a solitude."

When President Nott, of Union College, was more than ninety years old, and had been a college president for half a century, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's tenderness was fresh and potent; and he could be hushed to needed sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder, and a singing to him of the old-time lullabies, as if his mother was still sitting at his bedside in loving ministry, as she had been well-nigh a century before. The true son never grows old to a true mother.—*S. S. Times.*

A Speech with a Lead Pencil.

Old Wolf, the Cheyenne chief, made a very effective speech with a lead pencil during a visit of Bishop Arundel to Ashland, Mont., a year ago. He took the pencil and drawing a straight line said:

"Cheyennes straight."

Then he drew another straight line and said:

"Black robe straight," meaning the Indian had nothing to say against the Catholic missionaries.

Then a third straight line was drawn and Old Wolf said:

"White House straight." By this he did not mean the Executive Mansion, but the little white school conducted by the Sisters of Charity, which was known far and near among the Indians as the "White House."

Next a straight line was drawn part way across the page, and from one end he made a number of very crooked lines, so that the diagram looked like a cat o' nine tails. This was explained by the chief as:

"Washington straight, but all things coming from Washington very crooked."

Then a line was drawn straight part of the way, then crooked, then straight, and so on across the page.

"Indian agent straight, crooked, straight, crooked, straight, crooked," was the laconic explanation.

Saw the Error.

A great revival was in progress at Mount Pleasant. The spring plowing had been done, and the little breathing spell that came in between breaking-up of the land and the planting of the corn was filled in, on the part of the circuit-rider, with an effort to build up his church. On the second night of the devotional exercises, while the crickets were crying on an old pine log and a fox barked away down in the valley, the preacher and the congregation were astonished at seeing old Buck Slater arise and advance toward the mourners' bench. Time and time again had he been urged to humble himself at the altar. The presiding elder of the district, yea, even a bishop, had doused him with the waters of persuasion and had sprinkled him with the perfume of imploration, but he had stubbornly maintained the position of the unconverted; so, no wonder that astonishment was expressed when, without warning and without having been lately assailed, he humbled himself at the yellow pine slab that had been wet with so many tears. For a time after he had knelt down no one approached him, each exhorter seeming to be modestly reluctant to seize the great prize. After a time, however, the circuit-rider knelt down beside him, and, in a tone of soft solicitation, asked:

"Brother—for I think that I may now address you—have you at last discovered the error of your way?"

Old Buck was mumbling something.

"I do not understand what you say, Brother Buck. Speak a little louder, please."

Old Buck continued to mumble.

"Brother Buck, I am glad that you have turned from the error of your way, but, really, I cannot understand what you are saying."

The old fellow looked up and asked: "Talkin' to me?"

"Yes, brother, I was talking to you. "What were you mumbling?"

"I was jest tellin' the Lord that I reckon I'm the blamedest foot in Hancock County."

"My gracious alive, you must not talk that way. We cannot believe that your repentance is real if you do."

"But, you bet, I know it's real, for I do know at the present writin' that I am the onerist fool in the county. Lemme tell you. I had as good a filly as thar was anywhar. I thought the world of her an' looked forward to the time when I would be a big man on her account, but what did I do? T'other day 'long come a Gypsy of a feller with the finest lookin' iron gray hoss you ever seed an' wanted to strike up a trade with me. I jes' know'd that thar was the chance of my life, for the iron gray was the puttiest thing in the world. Wall, I traded, an' all my folks was glad, but it rained last night, an' this morning what had happened? Why, all the paint had washed often that hoss an' he wa'n't nothin' but the ragged ole gray that I sold in town last week for thirty dollars; so after cussin' till I couldn't cuss no mo' I concluded to come over hear an' git right down an' tell the Lawd that I am the blamedest fool in Hancock County. Oh, yes, I have seed the error of my way—seed it putty plain, I can tell you."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Way of the World.

"Well! well!" he exclaimed, as he halted while crossing Union square the other morning and shook hands with a man sitting on the bench, "but I was thinking of you that very second," writes a reporter of the New York *Sun*.

"Yes?"

"It was just such a morning as this three years ago, when we sat on this very same bench. Do you remember it?"

"I do."

"I was dead broke, discouraged, and wondering if I hadn't better commit suicide. You spoke to me in a kindly way, and we began to talk. Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes."

"I told you I was a struggling young actor, and that circumstances had downed me. I was penniless and without hope. You reached over and took my hand. Remember?"

"Oh, yes."

"And you spoke kind words. You bade me call up all my courage and resolution. You predicted that I would yet climb to the top of the ladder. Remember?"

"Yes."

"And you did not stop there. You put your hand into your purse, handed me a twenty-dollar bill, and told me I could have it until able to repay the loan. Am I correct?"

"You are."

"That noble action of yours encouraged me. I went away and made a last effort, and it was a success. Three years ago I sat here a beggar. To-day I am worth $20,000 and all these diamonds. I owe it all to you. But for you I should now be mouldering in a suicide's grave. Yes, I am worth $20,000, and have got a wad of $800 right here in my pocket. Think of the change in my situation. This is our first meeting since that memorable day, although I have thought of you daily. Put it there, old man!"

"Yes."

"I haven't forgotten you."

"No?"

"And I never shall. God bless you! Good morning—got an engagement at sharp eleven."

He passed on, and the other sat for some minutes in deep thought. All of a sudden he rose up and looked after the vanished man, and exclaimed,—

"Yes, but he didn't even offer to return my twenty dollars, without interest!"

The Dear Little Girl Knew Her.

Lady visitor during the hostess' absence up-stairs for a few minutes—Come here, dear little girl. How sweet you are. What's your name?"

"My name's Emma."

"You don't know me, do you, dear?"

"'Es'm. You's Misses Ole Bore."

"What! 'Mrs. Old Bore?' Who said my name was Mrs. Old Bore?"

"Why, mamma said so. When oo was tomin' in 'ere she said 'ere tomes that ole bore.'"

Mrs. O. B. didn't wait until the other woman got down and the way she slammed that door after her, oh my, oh my!—*Kentucky State Journal.*

AFTER death a rich man takes up no more room than a poor man, except, perhaps, in the law courts where the will is contested.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, April 6, may be found in Luke 6: 27-38.

INTRODUCTORY.

Having been introduced in our last quarter's lesson to Jesus the Man, as sketched by Luke, we now have, from the same hand, Jesus the Teacher. In this the first lesson of the quarter we are led directly into the heart of the new kingdom, a kingdom of mercy and love. The disciples have just been chosen, and Christ now begins to give full and explicit utterance to the life and doctrine he came both to make possible and to make manifest. How startling these words were to those who first heard them, we may easily imagine, since, even in this Christian age and after eighteen centuries, they make us to marvel still.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

But. The adversative idea is in the whole of this sermon "in the plain," an enunciation of principles altogether contrary to the spirit of the world.——I say to you. The latter word is the emphatic one, placed separately in the Greek.——Which hear. In the sense of obey. This is a discourse more directly to Christ's disciples.——Your enemies. The Mosaic law, rightly interpreted, prepared the way for this injunction (Ex. 23: 4, 5, 9).——Do good. Instead of evil. The Romans said a man is a wolf to one not of his own country.

Bless. Literally, speak well toward.——Curse. Literally, pray against.——Despitefully use you. That is, in speech. To insult personally or calumniate behind one's back. It is this word that is used by Peter (Peter 1: 3-16) when he says "that they may be ashamed that falsely accuse your good conversation in Christ."

Smiteth. A malignant but not a murderous blow (tupto).——On the cheek. A small insult, designed to call forth retaliation of some vengeful sort.——Offer also the other. A strong statement of non-resistance. Christ says rather than answer blow for blow, take another blow from the same source.——Cloak. The outer and more ornamental garment.——Coat. The more need ul under-tunic. The language implies a struggle over the garment, which Christ teaches is not worth such cost.

Give to every man. The Christian, while exercising discretion, should be on the giving hand with all.——Taketh away. That is, without asking.——Ask them not again. The negative of the word used above in this same verse. (Apaitei.) We can see how our missionaries in heathen countries might be called upon to make a literal application of this language. Query: Was the situation of those to whom Christ spoke much different? Sheep indeed they were among wolves.

As ye would. Greek, wish.——Do ye. Christian life, teaching, Christian desire.——Likewise, or in like manner. What is the tacit request of your life?

For. Rather and.——What thank. Greek, charis: the word usually translated grace. Here it might be rendered by the word merit. It is this term that is translated by the two variant words "thankworthy" and "acceptable" at (Peter 2: 19, 20).——Sinners, or the sinners, i. e., those not accepting Christ. See Variations.

Do good. He has spoken of benevolence, he speaks now of beneficence, love in deed.——Even the same. And so the generosity of men of the world is often quoted to the intended and at times actual disparagement of Christians.

Lend. A word which in its root significance means either a gift or a loan.——Receive. More accurately receive back (apo).——As much again, or an equivalent. (To isa.)

Merciful. Having compassion.—— As your Father. The christians pattern is set in the heavens.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

But I say. Stronger antithesis was never spoken. There is no word to which it is a rejoinder or with which it stands in contrast. What is contradicted is the manifest spirit of the world. This is the implication throughout the passage. The princes of earth say, "Blessed are the rich," but I say, "Blessed are the poor." They say, "Blessed are the merry," but I say, "Blessed are ye that weep." Men say, "Blessed are the well-esteemed," but I say, "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you." All the way along the contradiction between the teaching of Christ and the world is sharp and pronounced. And so when the world would counsel hate to the unfriendly, Christ speaks up, "But I say unto you love your enemies." Oh, blessed speech of Christ! What would have become of this world had not Christ so spoken? The light and life of all the future was in those three words, But I say.

You which hear. It were useless to speak, as here, to others. Christ's words were a blessing to the world only as spoken in the presence of those who heard. Indeed, that was one pre-eminent object of Christ's life in the flesh. He would get nearer men's senses, would find a hearing among them. From all creation, in nature, in providence, in grace God had been teaching the lesson of disinterested and, we may say, unrequited love. Yet men misunderstood it, passed it by. Here in Christ the Son he speaks his love so loudly, clearly, that all must hearken. "Herein is love—God "sent his Son." Now do we hear that voice speaking to us? If we do, then we will take it into our hearts and, with lip and life speaking in unison, will pass the word on to others till it is sent all down the ages and around the wide world. It is by faith the circuit is established. "Let him that heareth say, Come."

Bless them that curse you. I can't do it, you say. No, of course you can't. Let God do it. That is, let the spirit that is in you, the mind of Christ, a spirit and mind wholly alien to and opposed to the spirit and mind of earth, speak through you. Just because it is wholly unworldly and, in a sense, unnatural, let it have exercise and expression, for thus only is the dull earth blessed by something that comes down to it other than itself and higher than itself. But how can I bless when I am cursed? What weight will language from one who is despised and hated have? You can perhaps bless by saying nothing. Our very silence under cursing speaks volumes. Or it may be a glance of the eye, a hand outheld, a word of greeting. God will turn it into blessing if the heart be right.

Offer also the other. The other cheek it is. We need not go about with neck exposed for the sword, or necessarily unresisting where precious life is in danger. Christ is teaching here the insignificance of slights and slurs. To the man who has great objects in view it is never else than debasing to pause for petty retaliation or in small resentment. Rather brook insult and go on your way leaving vengeance with God. Mind not the smart or the sting. Be so anxious for the soul that what word and hand may do against you is of little consequence.

Forbid not to take thy coat also. Otherwise why let the cloak go? If you start out to be gentle and acqui

Money Saved

—IS—

Money Earned.

For Wraps,

Jackets, Capes,

Long Garments,

Hats, Bonnets,

Corsets, Ribbons, &c.

—THE—

Parisian Millinery

—:AND:—

Cloak House

Is the place you can save from 15 to 25 per cent., this being the only exclusive store in these branches.

I solicit your patronage.

VICTOR E. WOLF,

26 CALHOUN ST.

WANTED.

WANTED—To rent about four rooms, unfurnished, suitable for light housekeeping. Address N., Sentinel office. 3-tf

WANTED—AGENTS FOR DENVER STATE Lottery. Tickets 50c. Address A. C. Ross & Co., Denver, Colo. 14-60t

OPIUM OR MORPHINE Habit Cured, at Home. Trial FREE. No Pain. No Exposure. Address, COMPOUND OXYGEN ASS'N, FORT WAYNE, IND. 29-26t

WANTED—Reliable local and traveling salesmen. Positions permanent. Special inducements now; fast-selling specialties. Don't delay. Salary from start. BROWN BROS., Nurserymen, Chicago, Ill. jan28-eod5m

TO LADIES—Mrs. Duprez's famous remedy for all female complaints. One months treatment securely sealed sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00. Lady agents wanted Liberal terms. Manufactured by the GARDEN CITY SPECIFIC CO., 161 LaSalle street, Chicago. 15sat&wed4w

STANLEY IN AFRICA—AGENTS WANTED to sell his history of the WONDERFUL EXPLORATIONS, DARING DEEDS and GRAND ACHIEVEMENTS on the dark CONTINENT. Finely illustrated. COLORED PLATES. The grandest edition of STANLEY, including all other AFRICAN EXPLORERS published. Illustrated circulars free. Address, O. A. BROWNING & CO., jan14-5d&w4m Toledo, O.

Insurance, Real Estate and Loans.

Fire Insurance.
Tornado Insurance.
Accident Insurance.
Steam Boiler Insurance.
Life Insurance.

If in need of Insurance it will be to your interest to call and see us.

SCHRADER & WILSON, AGENCY,
(Successors to H. C. Schrader.)
feb6-2m 46 Harrison street.

PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me.
J. F. CURTICE, Real Estate and Loan Broker,
Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Reference—Hamilton National bank. 20-2m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Cheap, set "Encyclopaedia Britannica." Inquire of C. W. McKee, 120 Calhoun street. 25-tf

FOR SALE—About seven acres of land with good frame house, fifty fruit trees, drainage complete, just the place for a gardner, within a mile of the city limits. This property must be sold. A snap for someone, take it quick. For particulars call at the Ervin house, 12 Harrison street. 2-tf

LOST.

LOST—Umbrella from fruit stand, corner Calhoun and Wayne streets. $1 reward. No questions asked. Leave at Sentinel office. 3-tf

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERRY Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence 26 Madison street. Special attention to ladies. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.; from 7 p. m. to 8 p. m.

WATER WORKS
—AND—
NATURAL Gas FITTING
—AT—
C. W. BRUNS & CO.,
Plumbers, 166 Calhoun Street, Opp. Cathedral

To the Public!

Having purchased the Picture Store formerly owned by I. G. Clark, at 181 Calhoun street, and having added a new stock of Moulding, we invite all to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

L. JUNK.

SCHONE, WELLMAN & SCHOPPMAN,
Undertakers & Enbalmers
OFFICE: 39 W. BERRY ST.
Open day and night. Orders can be left at the office, or at No. 225 East Washington street, or at No. 44 Pritchard st. dec30-daw2m
TELEPHONE 278.

DRUGS, - CHEMICALS,
—AND—
Pharmaceutical Preparations.
BENEKE & CO.,
No. 210 CALHOUN ST. [3-17-1y

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. E. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1890.

OUR CIRCULATION.

STATE OF INDIANA, ALLEN COUNTY, SS:

Personally appeared before me, clerk of the Allen circuit court, Jos. F. Ervin business manager of THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL, who makes oath that the actual number of copies of THE DAILY SENTINEL delivered to subscribers and sold to newsboys and news agents for the week ending March 29, 1890, was as follows:

Monday, March 24	2,805
Tuesday, March 25	2,772
Wednesday, March 26	2,816
Thursday, March 27	2,782
Friday, March 28	2,769
Saturday, March 29	2,756
Total for the week	16,700
Average for the week	2,783

[SIGNED.] JOS. F. ERVIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of March, 1890. GEORGE W. LOAG, Clerk.

DEMOCRATIC TOWNSHIP TICKET

FOR TRUSTEE,
GEORGE W. BRACKENRIDGE.
FOR ASSESSOR,
FRANK M. CHAPMAN.
FOR JUSTICES OF THE PEACE,
HARRY F. FRANCE,
MICHAEL TANCY,
JAMES WILKINSON,
DANIEL RYAN,
CHARLES A. HAYES.
FOR CONSTABLES,
PHILIP SKELLY,
CHRISTOPHER KELLY,
GEORGE SHEPLEY,
LOUIS C. SCHAUDROFF,
ALBERT L. BAGBY.

TO-NIGHT.

WORLD'S MUSEUM—Madam Naomi and other attractions.
BUILDERS' EXCHANGE—Meet at 105 Calhoun street
SION S. BASS HALL—C. A. Powers, on Service Pensions.
RELIGIOUS—Preaching at the Church of God.
CIRCUIT COURT ROOM—Republican Township Convention.

MONDAY is election day.

THE pay-days of the month will commence next Friday.

LET every democrat vote at the township election next Monday.

SENATOR VOORHEES has introduced a bill in the Senate to appropriate $60,000 to aid in the decoration of the soldiers' and sailors' monument which is being constructed at Indianapolis under the supervision of the State.

The pension committees in both Houses of Congress are laying aside all bills to pension widows and other dependant claimants, being confident that the dependent pension bill, which has passed the Senate, will become a law within a few weeks and make it unnecessary to adopt most of the private pension bills now pending.

THE township elections occur next Monday and every democrat should be at the polls to vote. This election is the first skirmish to the great battle for tariff reform which is to be fought in the state next fall, and aside from the importance of the offices to be filled, this fact should impel every lover of the cause to do his duty. Let the full democratic vote be polled and every candidate on the ticket will be elected.

At the reunion of the Thirtieth Indiana regiment held at Albion the other day ex-Congressman J. B. White, of this city, scored President Harrison in a vigorous way for his attitude toward pension legislation and his sentiments were enthusiastically applauded by the large number of old soldiers present. President Harrison has not only disappointed the country, but he has disappointed the rank and file of the republican party; he has disappointed the old soldiers; he has disappointed everybody, and his prospects for a re-nomination for the high position which he now holds are very poor, indeed.

THE Journal, inspired by a spirit of jealousy and with no other intent than that of injuring THE SENTINEL, attacks us this morning for having said a kind word for the head of the democratic township ticket—Mr. Geo. W. Brackenridge. The item in THE SENTINEL was written because of an expressed sentiment on the part of some republicans not to make a nomination in opposition to Mr. Brackenridge. THE SENTINEL has spoken concerning the democratic township ticket as a whole and pronounced the nominations excellent, and it was far from our intention in the editorial item the other day to "slap the other candidates in the face" as the Journal unkindly intimates. The animus of its frequent attacks on THE SENTINEL are understood. Its purpose is only to injure us and we have not deemed them worthy of a reply. We do so now only because the editorial in this morning's Journal intimates that we court the defeat of some of the candidates on the democratic township ticket.

EASTER DAY.

The long Lenten season will in a few hours more be over.

The darkness which has dimmed the natural brightness of the religious world for the past seven weeks will give way to the sunshine of heaven regained.

Easter day will be here. The church will give expression to its joy over the great anniversary of the Saviour's resurrection in many ways and all will be happy as the early morning bells ring out the glad tidings that Easter has dawned.

The houses of God will be resplendent with bright flowers and sweet music will proclaim the gladness with which the greatest event in the history of the world is celebrated. The religious have followed the divine Master through His trial, conviction and execution on the cross. To-morrow they will rejoice on account of His supreme triumph over death.

Catholics and Protestants will unite in the celebration of the glorious event, and every sanctuary will be bedecked with brightness, while choirs will sing glad anthems and pastors will speak eloquently and appropriately of the day which commemorates the resurrection of the Lord and gave to the Christian religion its corner stone—for such was the coming from the tomb.

History has placed the event, which the Christian world celebrate to-morrow, beyond the question of a doubt. No fact is better authenticated than that Christ, after his crucifixion and burial had arisen from the tomb and appeared at various times to His disciples. That His body, after having been laid in the tomb, had disappeared even His enemies admitted. After His resurrection he was seen by Cephas and then by the twelve apostles, then by more than 500 witnesses, then by James and last of all by Paul. They had heard Him talk, they had placed their hands in His gaping wounds, and their renewed zeal in the Master's cause ever afterward was proof convincing that Christ had risen and that there was a glorious reality in His religion.

Yes, Christ has risen. For more than eighteen hundred years the Christian nations of the world have sung the glad anthem. It will be sung the round globe over; it will be sung as long as man lives; it will be sung through time and eternity by the angels of heaven; it will be sung to morrow when the chimes have announced that Easter morn is here. Christ has risen! It means much to the Christian world, to the church, to God's people everywhere. Let it be enjoyed with glad hearts and in the celebration, the pasch, or peace, egg of multi-colors is not to be despised nor wholly eschewed. The children will expect this parental manifestation of Easter good will. Let them not be disappointed. There's a broad and Christianizing religion in the Easter egg—an influence for good that will be "as bread cast upon the waters."

STATE NEWS.

South Bend has set apart certain sidewalks upon which bicycles must not venture.

The Shelby county tax payers will vote on the question of free pikes Monday next.

Michigan City has the material for making glass and it is being shipped in large quantities to the factories within the gas belt.

Joel Roberts and Frank Cherry, of Fairland, have been arrested as the parties who used dynamite in blowing up John R. Joyce's saloon.

Three miles from Laporte is a rise of ground, from the top of which a perfect view of Michigan City and the lake can be had, nine miles away.

Wm. McDonald, aged seventy, of Brazil, died Friday, of la grippe. This is the fifth death in Clay county during the past week from the same cause.

When the flood receded from the farm of Richard Wagner, in Knox county, a catfish weighing seventy-one pounds, and still alive, was found lodged against a picket fence.

Alvah Risk, of Greensburg, a prisoner in a jail on a charge of forgery, Friday overpowered the jailer and attempted to escape, but after a chase of half a mile, was recaptured.

Roland G. Fleming, a young married man of Huntington county, during the week closed up his business affairs, abandoned his wife and disappeared. His entire surroundings were pleasant and prosperous.

According to the Laporte Herald one person in every eleven in Center township, Laporte county, received aid from the township trustee last winter, and the same condition of affairs is reported in Center township, Porter county.

While Edward Calkins and wife and Frank Hendrix were fishing in the St. Joe river, near Elkhart, and were in a boat, Calkins was drowned by an accidental upset, while Hendrix was successful in saving himself and the lady.

The Indiana University is nearing the close of its sixty-fifth college year, and the catalogue shows 300 students in attendance, of whom 216 are males. The senior class numbers forty one. David Starr Jordon, M. D., Ph. D. LL. D. is president.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

WAH-KEE'S LAUNDRY,
No. 8 W. Wayne St

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	3
Drawers	5
Undershirts	5
Night Shirts	8
Socks, per pair	2
Handkerchiefs	2
Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

THE METHODISTS.

Further Proceedings of the Annual Conference in Session at Muncie.

The following account of the proceedings of the North Indiana conference, now being held at Muncie, is taken from the Gazette of this morning:

The conference met at 8:30 a. m. Devotional services were conducted by J. K. Waltz. At 9 o'clock the bishop resumed the business of the conference, and B. A. Kemp, presiding elder, reported the Muncie district. The report shows an advance in church and parsonage property, in membership and benevolent collections. The names of the effective elders were called, they reported their collections and then characters were passed. The church in Muncie reports $1,443 for the benevolent institutions.

Thomas Stabler, presiding elder, reported the work on the Richmond district, showing a prosperous year throughout the district. The elders of the district reported their collections and their characters were passed.

C. W. Lynch, presiding elder, reported the work on the Warsaw district. More than 1,100 assessions to the church have taken place this year. The church property of the district is in good condition. The elders reported their charges and collections and their characters were passed. The stewards presented their report and it was adopted.

The names of those continued on trial were called and their characters were passed. The traveling deacons of the second class were called. They reported their collections and their characters were passed. The members of the class of the fourth year were called. They reported their collections, their characters were passed and they were elected to elder's orders.

Prof. G. B. M. Rodgers, of Fort Wayne, was left without appointment to take a special course of study in Boston university.

The characters of the supernumerary ministers were passed. The names of the superannuated members were called and their characters were passed. J. S. McCarty was changed to the effective list. W. E. McCarty was made effective.

A proposition from the general conference to increase lay representatives in the general conference was defeated.

Rev. R. M. Barns, D. D., preached the annual missionary sermon at 2 o'clock. At 3 o'clock Mrs. Colonel Springer, of Iowa, addressed the Women's Home Missionary society. At 7 o'clock Rev. Mr. Oldham, of New York, made the annual missionary address.

W. J. Vigus, agent of the American Bible society, represented its interests.

The Spring Medicine.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health giving, blood-purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Do not continue in a dull, tired, unsatisfactory condition, when you may be so much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.

A collection of postage stamps belonging to one of the Rothschilds was recently sold for $60,000.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Many of the Farms of Thrifty Germans Sold for Old Taxes.

HARBOR CITY, N. J., April 4.—One of the most exciting events ever known in this section took place yesterday in the form of a sheriff's sale on lands of the German districts, including Millica, Galloway and Hamilton townships under the foreclosure instituted by the heirs of Stephen Colewell. A mortgage for $30,000 had been given some thirty years ago to Stephen Colewell by the Gloucester farm and town association which purchased the land in question at that time.

Upon the associations failing to pay the taxes levied by the township committees it was sold for taxes, the purchaser thinking that the tax titles given them by the township were valid under acts passed by the legislature at that time authorizing such tales. These acts have been declared by the supreme court not to affect the morgage lien and this mortgage therefore remains firm, and was ordered foreclosed. Great distress will be inflicted upon many farmers who thus lose the lands they have been cultivating for years.

The sale will be continued to-day, when thirty parcels of No. 30, which contains over two hundred farms owned by thrifty Germans, will be sold. The wives and children of these farmers gathered around the hotel yesterday, while the sale was in progress, and the scene was a very affecting one. Over a hundred of these farms have been planted by the recent owners with peach, pear, and other fruit trees, berries, and grapes have also been extensively cultivated. Now all the labor of years has been suddenly declared to be for nothing. George Lang, one of the evicted farmers, became insane yesterday, and burned his buildings and was himself burned to death in the flames.

Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

Eight Catholic priests have died in New York city since New Year's day.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Emperor William's most recent portrait shows him with a bracelet on his right wrist.

Ladies Have Tried It.

A number of my lady customers have tried "Mother's Friend," and would not be without it for many times its cost. They recommend it to all who are to become mothers. R. A. Payne, Druggist, Greenville, Ala. Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. By all druggists.

The czar of Russia drinks five quarts of champagne a day.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

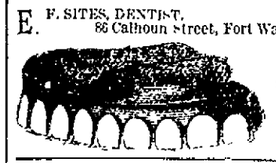
Health is Wealth!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

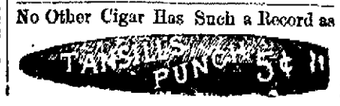
E. F. SITES, DENTIST,
86 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.



Over Ohmans & Co's Shoe store 1 doors north of Wayne street.

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR AND STRENGTH
For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD! General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind. Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

No Other Cigar Has Such a Record as



DR. SANDEN'S
ELECTRIC BELT
WITH SUSPENSORY FOR WEAK MEN

DEBILITATED through INDISCRETIONS or EXPOSURE ARE to CURE by this New ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY COMBINED. Made for this specific purpose. Cure of Generative Weakness, giving Freely, Mild, Soothing, Continuous Currents of Electricity through all WEAK PARTS restoring them to HEALTH and VIGOROUS STRENGTH. Electric Current felt instantly, or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. Belt and suspensory Complete $5. and up. Worst cases Permanently Cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet Free. SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 169 LaSalle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. Sold by Theime & Gross, Druggists, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker & Embalmer
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,
Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

J. M. E. RIEDEL
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112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

DR. T. J. DILLS,
NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET.
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m

That Tired Feeling

That extreme tired feeling which is so distressing and often so unaccountable in the spring months, is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which tones the whole body, purifies the blood, cures scrofula and all humors, cures dyspepsia, creates an appetite, rouses the torpid liver, braces up the nerves, and clears the mind. We solicit a comparison of Hood's Sarsaparilla with any other blood purifier in the market for purity, economy, strength, and medicinal merit.

Tired all the Time

"I had no appetite or strength, and felt tired all the time. I attributed my condition to scrofulous humor. I had tried several kinds of medicine without benefit. But as soon as I had taken half a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, my appetite was restored, and my stomach felt better. I have now taken nearly three bottles, and I never was so well." MRS. JESSIE F. DOLBEARE, Pascoag, R. I.

MRS. C. W. Marriott, Lowell, Mass., was completely cured of sick headache, which she had 16 years, by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Everybody needs and should take a good spring medicine, for two reasons:

1st, The body is now more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season.

2d, The impurities which have accumulated in the blood should be expelled, and the system given tone and strength, before the prostrating effects of warm weather are felt.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best spring medicine. A single trial will convince you of its superiority. Take it before it is too late.

The Best Spring Medicine

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a spring medicine, and I find it just the thing. It tones up my system and makes me feel like a different man. My wife takes it for dyspepsia, and she derives great benefit from it. She says it is the best medicine she ever took." F. C. TURNER, Hook & Ladder No. 1, Boston, Mass.

"Last spring I was troubled with boils, caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me. I can recommend it to all troubled with affections of the blood." J. SCHOCH, Peoria, Ill.

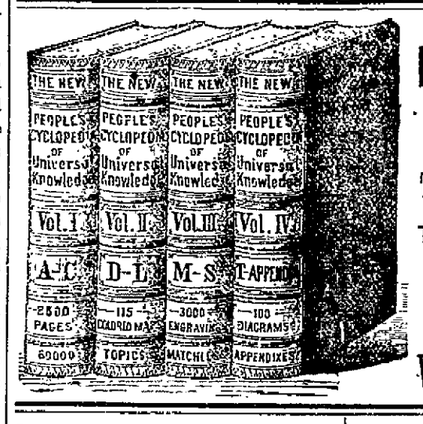
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



THE NEW PEOPLE'S CYCLOPEDIA

The only one complete to date.

The Cheapest and the Best.

Over 100,000 Sets Sold.

FOR TERMS ADDRESS

W. I. SQUIRE, Toledo, O.

Lakeside Easily Sewered.

Parties owning building lots, which they are trying to sell, that are located a mile from any sewer and so far out, that a sewer is not likely to reach them during the present century, are endeavoring to halt the rush of home seekers into Lakeside Park addition, by telling them that sewers in that addition, if put down low enough to drain cellars, would not operate in times of great floods, and would only admit water to cellars they were intended to drain.

There is nothing in this objection for the following reasons:

First: Fort Wayne residences had no sewers for fifty years. Only within about the last five years has even the central part of the residence portion of the city been thus supplied.

Second: Not more than one house in ten in Fort Wayne, is, even now, connected with a sewer.

Third: Nearly all the outlying additions to Fort Wayne are so far removed from sewers, that it will, of necessity, be a long time before they can be so connected.

Fourth: "Lakeside" is underlaid with ten to fifteen feet of coarse gravel. You have only to dig a pit fifteen feet deep in your back yard, wall it up cheaply with rough stone, cover it over, and carry your pipes to it from bath room and kitchen, and your waste water is disposed of, without the least difficulty, even without a sewer.

Fifth: When sewers are wanted civil engineers say, there is scarcely a piece of residence property about Fort Wayne so easily and so cheaply sewered as Lakeside. The plan outlined is a main sewer of brick of thirty inches diameter, starting near the toll gate and running down the side of what is now the Maysville pike, to the point selected for crossing to the river. As the land is twenty to twenty-five above the river bed, the sewer outlet could be high enough to escape the effect of any, but extraordinary freshets. At the outlet will be fixed an automatic sewer gate, which closes as soon as the flood reaches the necessary height. At this point will also be located a sewer pump, run by an inexpensive small engine, which would be started as soon as the flood gates closed, and the sewerage be thus pumped into the river. This system is in operation in hundreds of places in this country and throughout Europe, and as any person can see, is simple and effective. It is not likely the pump would have to be used to exceed forty-eight hours in a whole year, and the consequent expense would be practically nothing. This main sewer, if three thousand feet long, would hardly cost complete, pump, engine and all, more than $5,000, about eight dollars for each lot in the addition—a mere trifle. Thus easily is this sewer bugbear brushed aside.

PAUL E. WOLF.

Steam Carpet Beating.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.

Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.

All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.

PAUL E. WOLF,
No. 33 AND 35 CLINTON STREET.

T. E. COVINGTON,
Cor. Washington and Harrison Sts.
Spring Garden and Flower Seeds.
All Seed Warranted Fresh.
No Old Stock.
I will also keep
EARLY GARDEN PLANTS.
Call before buying and save money.
Feb18-daw2mo

Arrival and Departure of Trains. From Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time.

Leave and Arrive at Fort Wayne, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 20, Mail Express	1 25 p m	1 45 p m
No. 8, d, East Line	7 40 p m	8 00 p m
No. 2, d, Penn'a Limited	9 10 p m	9 15 p m
No. 4, d, Atlantic Ex	5 05 a m	5 20 a m
No. 58, Chicago Accom	10 50 p m	.....
No. 62, Plymouth Accom.	8 55 a m	.....
No. 10, Crestline Accom	.....	7 00 a m
No. 60, Chicago Express	†1 55 a m	.....
GOING WEST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 3, d, Pacific Express	1 35 a m	1 45 a m
No. 5, d, Penn'a Limited	5 30 a m	5 35 a m
No. 1, Fast Line	11 10 a m	11 30 a m
No. 9, d, Western Ex	5 03 p m	5 06 p m
No. 11, Crestline Accom	6 45 p m	.....
No. 61, Plymouth Accom.	.....	4 00 p m
No. 59, Chicago Accom	.....	6 30 a m

d Daily. †Daily except Monday; all other trains daily except Sunday.

NORTH DEPOT.
[MUNCIE ROUTE]
FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis. Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD. Dec. 1, 1889.	No. 5. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-S'dy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne..lv	6:00 a. m.	10:25 a. m.	6:05 p. m.
Indianapolis..ar	10:30 a. m.	3:50 p. m.	10:50 p. m.
Cincinnati...ar	—	5:20 p. m.	—
Louisville...ar	—	7:00 p. m.	—
RETURNING:	Daily.	Ex-S'dy.	Daily.
Louisville...lv	—	7:30 a. m.	—
Cincinnati...lv	—	7:30 a. m.	—
Indianapolis..lv	7:00 a. m.	11:10 a. m.	3:30 p. m.
Fort Wayne..ar	11:35 a. m.	3:45 p. m.	7:10 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via. any other line.

WABASH RAILWAY.
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex, daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	8 30 p. m.
GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule limited daily	5 05 a m
Cannon Ba. except Sunday	1 30
Limited Expr. daily	6 25
Lafayette accom. Arrives 11 a m.	

INDIANA LIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft. Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m	10 30 a m
1 45 p m	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Ft Wayne
7 15 a m	1 20 p m
1 10 p m	6 10 p m
7 00 p m	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Nov. 10, '89

GOING NORTH.

*For Grand Rapids and North	Lv 8 50 a m
" " "	" 5 05 a m
For Grand Rapids	" 2 40 p m
From Richmond	Ar 6 10 p m
GOING SOUTH.	
For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv 5 45 a m
" " "	" 1 00 p m
" " "	" 12 10 a m
From Grand Rapids	Ar 6 30 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids. All other trains daily except Sunday

JAMES MADDEN,
PLUMBER,
Steam and Gas Fitter,
101 Calhoun Street;
Next door to Y. M. C. A.,
FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

HENRY HOP LEE'S
CITY LAUNDRY,
154 1-2 and 180 Calhoun St.
Shirts, 10 cts.; Cuffs, per pair, 4 cts.; Collars, 2 cts.; Undershirts, 7 cts.; Drawers, 7 cts.; Handkerchiefs, 2 cts.; Socks, per pair, 4 cts.; Towels, 2 cts.
Big reduction from above prices for starching and ironing. All work done first-class and on short notice. 15-tf

UNLIKE TEA & COFFEE--GOOD FOR THE NERVES.

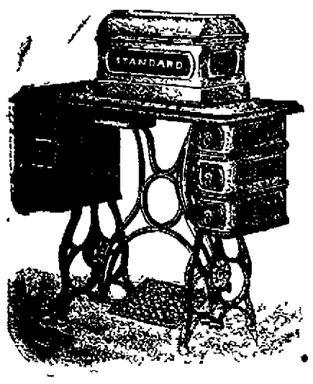
The claims of cocoa as a useful article of diet are steadily winning recognition. Unlike tea and coffee, it is not only a stimulant but a nourisher; and it has the great advantage of leaving no narcotic effects. Hence it is adapted to general use. The strong may take it with pleasure, and the weak with impunity.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"BEST & GOES FARTHEST."

☞VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA (once tried, always used') leaves no injurious effects on the nervous system It is no wonder therefore that in all parts of the world, this *inventor's* Cocoa is **recommended by medical men instead of tea and coffee or other cocoas or chocolates for daily use by children or adults, hale and sick, rich and poor.** 'Largest sale in the world ' Ask for VAN HOUTEN'S and *take no other* 56

The Standard Sewing Machine



Is the Easiest Running machine in the market You can do the same amount of work on it that you can on any other Machine in two-thirds the time. It will save time and money for you

We also handle "American Bicycles," Baby Carriages, Garden Tools, Hose, Lawn Vases, Wire Chairs and Settees and a complete line of General Hardware.

PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER,

38 & 40 E. COLUMBIA

—FOR YOUR—

Hay, Straw, Oats,

Corn, Mill Feed

And Poultry Supplies,

—GO TO—

W. B. MINER'S,

45 EAST COLUMBIA ST.,

3oo 6m) TELEPHONE 253.

C. D. NISWONGER,

Dealer in all Kinds of

Fresh Oysters and Fish

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

NO. 17 1-2 WEST BERRY STREET

☞FRESH FISH Dressed Ready for Cooking. 3 6 3m

McCRAY'S PATENT COOLING ROOMS.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Butcher, Grocery and Hotel Refrigerators,

And Builders of Any Size Cold Storage Rooms.

For Catalogue and Prices write to

KENDALLVILLE REFRIGERATOR CO.,

[Mention this paper.] Kendallville, Indiana.

DON'T DO IT.

From the *"Medical Review."* "Upon the first symptoms of Liver Complaint the misguided sufferer applies blue pill, calomel and other mineral poisons, in the delusive hope of obtaining relief, whereas these powerful purgatives but aggravate the disease and debilitate the constitution. Dr. Tutt has had the courage to ignore this killing practice of the old school. His remedies, drawn from the vegetable kingdom, are almost miraculous in renovating the broken down body. The letters of cured patients in the Doctor's possession are a tribute of gratitude to his genius and skill which but few can exhibit. His Liver Pills are sent all over the world. They can be found in every town and hamlet in the United States."

Tutt's Liver Pills

ACT MILDLY BUT THOROUGHLY.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

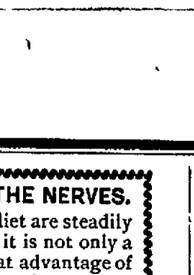
Cleanses the Nasal Passages.

Allays Pain and Inflammation.

Heals the Sores.

Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY The CURE.



A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents dec2-eodly

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St , New York.

LADIES!

READ THIS:

Read What Wonderful Cures Steketee's Neuralgia Drops is Doing.

It is the Cheapest Remedy Know. It is the Ladies' Friend. A Perfect Pain Killer.

GRAND RAPIDS Oct 28, 1889

This is to certify that I have been troubled with Neuralgia in the Face and Womb for over four (4) years At times the pains were excruciating and I thought I must die I had spent dollar after dollar and physicians could give me no relief Upon the advice of a friend I bought a bottle of Steketee s Neuralgia Drops, and after using it according to directions, I can say I feel better than I have felt for many years I shall continue in its use until I am thoroughly well I feel very grateful to Mr Steketee for making such a medicine I will take pleasure in stating my case to any lady who may call on me

MRS LIZZIE CLANTON,
160 Ottawa st.

For sale by all druggists In Fort Wayne by Dreier & Bro , Thieme & Gross and B R Noll & Co , and the proprietor,

G. G. STEKETEE,

Grand Rapids, Mich.

LAST OF THE WEEK!

Personal Points and Pithy Paragraphs Giving the Day's News as Gathered Around the Busy Centers.

F. Hanke, of the Bass works, is on the sick list.

F. Hanke, of the Bass works, is on the sick list.

The pay days of the month will soon be here again.

Engine No. 113 is in the Pittsburg shops for repairs.

No. 9 on the Pittsburg road was three hours late last evening.

Gus Rahe, of the Bass moulding rooms, is on the sick list.

H. D. Rensberger will resign his position at the east yard shops.

The fan for the fires in the Bass boiler shop, is undergoing repairs.

Ed. Hipp, of the east Pittsburg shops, is off duty on account of sickness.

Eighty-one men from the east Pittsburg shops were off duty yesterday.

Louis Schinackers has accepted a position in the Pittsburg blacksmith shop.

J. Nix, car builder at the east Pittsburg yards, has tendered his resignation.

J. B. Brown, of the L, D. and W. railway, from Indianapolis, is in the city.

Ben Wires, of the east Pittsburg shops, has returned to work after an illness.

Several of the moulders in the Bass foundry have been suspended for a time.

Elmer Cordery, of the Bass foundry, who has been sick, has returned to work.

H. Strasser, of the Pittsburg round house, had his arm badly sprained yesterday.

Charles Cramer, of the Pittsburg shops, is a lover of the writings of Alex Dumas.

J. H. Helms, a car builder at the east Pittsburg yards, has resigned his position.

G. W. Campbell has accepted a position as car repairer at the east Pittsburg car shops.

H. Schweir, Wm. Bruns, C. Greaney, of the Bass boiler works, were off duty yesterday.

Rudolph Bensman, of the Bass foundry, has returned to work after a two days' illness.

Henry Altekruse, of the east Pittsburg shops, is off duty on account of injuries received to his hand.

J. Burlage, of the east Pittsburg shops, was severely injured the other day by being kicked by a mule.

The oil men of the Bass foundry have been transferred from Fred Meyers' department to the department of Foreman Jacob Stier.

T. G. Conrady, of the east Pittsburg shops, whose highest hope was to gain the hand, heart, and $5,000 of Madam Naomi was so badly disappointed that he didn't return to duty yesterday morning.

Surgeon J. M. Dinnen has returned from a trip of the western division of the Nickel Plate.

James Powers, of the American wheel works, was initiated into the Fat Men's club last evening.

J. Welch, of the Pittsburg round house, who has been sick, reported for duty this morning.

W. Briggeman, of the east Pittsburg shops, returned to duty yesterday morning after an illness.

W. J. Neizer, a popular tinner at the Pittsburg shops, will, ere long, take unto himself a bride.

D. Cramer, engineer on the Grand Rapids & Indiana, reported for duty after two days illness.

Mr. Fry, foreman of the Crestline machine shop, is in the city visiting the Pittsburg machine shop.

Joseph Carey, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, is off duty on account of injuries received by a fall.

A. L. King has returned from Muskegon, Mich., where he was inspecting 300 cars for the company.

O. R. Redmon, of the east Pittsburg car shops, is off duty on account of injuries received a short time ago.

Frank Ankebrook, of the Bass works, has resigned his position to take one driving a wagon for Louis Brames.

The Bass foundry have shipped two 72x17 feet boilers to New Orleans, for the Fort Wayne Electric company.

The new building being erected near the Pittsburg round house for the car tinkers, is being slated by Chas. Welch.

The west bound trains Nos. 7 and 9, on the Fort Wayne road, were late last night, the latter being two hours behind time.

H. Barley, of the east Pittsburg shops, will go west in a short time to mingle with the cow boys of the prairies.

George Shannon, formerly of the Pittsburg shops, who had his leg broken at Warsaw, will soon be able to visit the shops.

H. C. Kestel, formerly of the Jenney Electric company, will leave for Cleveland Monday to take a position as instrument maker.

Wm. Stine, of the cleaning department of the Bass foundry, will soon lead to the altar a charming young lady from the west end.

A brakeman named Palmer, of the Nickel Plate, had two fingers of his left hand mashed while coupling cars. He lives at 81 High street.

P. Rupp, stationary fireman at the electric works of the Pittsburg shops, who was taken suddenly ill the other night, has returned to duty.

C. A. Howell, of the Pittsburg shops, has a fine collection of old coins, such as dimes, quarters, and half-dollars which he prizes very highly.

John Casey is running the large wheel lathe in the Pittsburg machine shop during the absence of C. Cramer. John is a hustler and can wrestle a pair of wheels out in a very short time.

The report of the earnings of the Wabash railroad at Toledo for the month of March has been submitted, and the increase is astonishing. The report shows an increase of $100,267.14 over the corresponding period of last year for Toledo station alone. This is surely a healthy increase.

On Sunday, April 27, divisions of the Order of Railway Conductors all over the country will meet to select delegates to the annual convention to be held in Rochester, N. Y., in May. Each division will be expected to instruct its delegates as to how they shall vote on the proposition to eliminate from their ritual the clause which makes it a non-striking organization under any circumstances.

The Indianapolis Journal says: "The Car Service association went into operation at Fort Wayne on the first of April, and already complaints of its hardships are heard, some of the manufacturers threatening to go back to the old style of wagoning their goods to the station of some road which will not require them to live up to the rules of the Indiana Car Service association. For some weeks a bitter opposition has been manifested to an introduction of the demurrage system at that point."

A special from St. Louis says: "It is reported here that Jay Gould is seriously ill again and that his stay in Mexico is to be prolonged almost indefinitely. He is troubled with a return of his old nervous spells and the stories given out about the business deals he is arranging are regarded as pure fiction. Members of the Passenger Agents' association who met Mr. Gould in Mexico comment on the incessant nervous trembling of his hands, and the enormous quantity of coffee he consumed as a stimulant."

Wild West Show.

The Wabash line announces two grand half-fare excursions to points in Iowa, Utah, Texas, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Wyoming, Missouri, Nebraska, Arkansas, Colorado, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, New Mexico and Indian Territory, to be run on April 22, and May 20, 1890. Tickets will be sold on the above dates at ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP, and will be good returning thirty days from date of sale. Remember, the Wabash is the shortest line, and can make the quickest time. Free chair cars on all through trains. Apply to R. G. THOMPSON,
Passenger and Ticket Agent,
27-d-eod-tf-wtf Fort Wayne, Ind.

A Lady of Texas Writes:

My case is of long standing; has baffled many physicians; have tried every remedy I could hear of, but Bradfield's Female Regulator is all that relieved me. Write The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

PUTTING ON AIRS.

South Wayne Figuring to Get Fire Protection of Its Own.

South Wayne wants fire protection.

Being a corporation, it can not expect protection by the Fort Wayne department.

The trustees of that burg decided to solicit the opinion of property owners out there as to the purchase of a chemical engine and portable apparatus.

The purchase of some protection of this kind is important as there are valuable interests that could be destroyed by a conflagration.

"Why doesn't he take Hood's Sarsaparilla?" is the general inquiry of friends when a person suffers from any disease of the blood.

A Texas debating society recently had for a subject, "Is it proper to sound the 'r' in dorg?"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Barnum is a candidate for mayor of Bridgeport, and is encountering much opposition.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

In Lent, it is said, New York eats 3,360,000 eggs a day.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

ROGERS' ROYAL NERVINE

Tones and invigorates the stomach when weakened by indigestion, corrects the appetite and aids assimilation of the food, while as a nerve tonic it has no equal.

It may be taken immediately after eating for DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCY or any IRRITATIONS of the STOMACH or NERVES. All druggists sell it. $1 per bottle.

ROGERS' ROYAL REMEDIES CO., BOSTON.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

FORT WAYNE, IND , April 4th, 1890

The undersigned will receive proposals from contractors and builders up to 12 o'clock, noon of Saturday April 12th, 1890 for the erection of a bank building to be built in the city of Fort Wayne Indiana. Plans and specifications will be on file at the office of the architect B S. Tolan, 108 Calhoun street, up stairs, on and after Saturday, April 5th, 1890 No bids will be received for less than the whole work, for which plans and specifications are furnished

The undersigned reserves the right to reject any and all bids

4-6t J. D BOND

ALLEN ZOLLARS,

Attorney - At - Law.

MACDOUGAL BLOCK.

Corner Calhoun and Berry Streets.

D. C. FISHER,

REAL ESTATE,

INSURANCE AND LOANS.

No. 32 EAST BERRY STREET.

L. H. NOGAL,

Stoves : and : Furniture : Exchange.

246 CALHOUN STREET.

Furniture and Tinware promptly mended. Cash Paid for Second Hand Goods of all kinds.

Dr. Kent K. Wheelock,

Practice Limited to Diseases of the

EYE, EAR & THROAT

No Family Practice Done.

Office, 94 Calhoun Street. Office Hours from 9 to 12, 1:30 to 5 and 7 to 8.

SALESMEN WANTED! AT ONCE

To sell our goods by sample to wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line Liberal salary paid Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For terms address

3d4w] CENTENNIAL MFG CO , Chicago, Ill.

JOS. M. CLARK & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,

34 EAST BERRY ST.

Fine Tailoring a Specialty.

MISS LEWIS, "KINDERGARTNER."

Graduate of the New York City training schools, receives pupils from three to eight years of age at any time Parents are invited to visit Kindergarten room, corner of Broadway and Jefferson street, to examine the methods of instruction Three, or more scholars in a neighborhood, sent for and returned home. Lessons in physical culture, given without extra charge. Session from 1.30 to 4.30 p. m

Paris Exposition 1889:

8 GRAND PRIZES---5 GOLD MEDALS.

MENIER CHOCOLATE

ABSOLUTELY PURE!

VANILLA (SANTE) QUALITY.

ASK FOR YELLOW WRAPPER, 40c. A LB.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

BRANCH HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG

FREE TO ALL MEN.

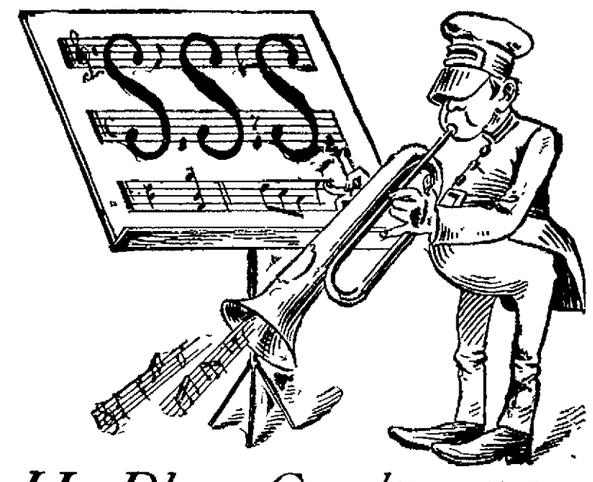
Sealed Treatise explaining absolute and perfect CURE without stomach dragging, for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Lack of Vigor and Development, Premature Decline, Functional Disorders, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, etc.

THE MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.



He Plays Good *Music, and his five loudest notes are:*

FIRST { It is entirely vegetable contains no minerals or poison of any kind, and builds up the system from the first dose

SECOND { It cures Cancer of the Skin No other remedy or treatment was ever known to cure it

THIRD { It cures Hereditary Blood Taint even in the third and fourth generations. No other remedy has ever done it

FOURTH { It has never failed to eradicate Scrofula (or King's Evil) in all its forms from the system

FIFTH { It cures contagious Blood Poison in all its stages by eliminating the horrible virus from the system, thus giving relief from all the consequences of this bane of the human family

MY BLOOD Had been so out of order during the summer of 1888 that I virtually had no health at all I had no appetite, nothing I ate agreed with me. I was feeble, puny, and always feeling bad. I had tried various remedies without receiving any benefit, until at length I commenced on Swift's Specific (S S S) That medicine increased my weight from 155 pounds to 177 pounds in a few months and made me as well and healthy as any man now living S S S is undoubtedly the greatest blood purifier to day on the American continent

JOHN BLLLEW,
No 449 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free SWIFT SPECIFIC CO, Atlanta, Ga.
(*Copyrighted by S S S Co*)

JOHN HENRY

MERITORIOUS GOODS—well-fitting and stylish designs—at MODERATE PRICES. The wonderful growth of our business is due to the above, and other reliable methods that insure our patrons just treatment and us a continuance of their patronage. We are prepared to show you a matchless line of Boots, Shoes and Slippers that are reliable in style and quality. We respectfully invite your inspection. We will not deal in shoddy goods.

E. VORDERMARK & SONS,

32 Calhoun Street.

SIGN OF BIG RED BOOT.

BOSTON T STORE.

Challenge Hams,

English Breakfast Bacon,

Silver Leaf Flour,

Fresh Roasted Coffee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

No. 20 W. BERRY ST.

TELEPHONE 152.

L. O. HULL,

WALLPAPER

In Every Grade, Cheaper Than Ever.

Decorations, Window Curtains.

House and Sign Painting.

PAPER HANGING, DECORATING.

We do first-class work and charge no more than others.

SOLE AGENTS for PLASTICO.

No. 90 Calhoun Street.

L. E. THOMPSON,

NEW FISH MARKET,

154 CALHOUN ST.,

Will keep on hand all kinds of FRESH FISH, at the Lowest Prices.

GIVE HIM A CALL.

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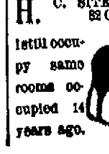
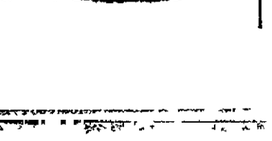


Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician Is *successfully used monthly*—Safe, Effectual. Price $1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK 32 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind.



I still occupy same rooms occupied 14 years ago.

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at

No. 29 West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

Reasonable Prices

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.

PLUMBERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters,

48 East Main St.

FORT WAYNE, ... IND

DO NOT MISS

—THE—

GREAT FIRE SALE

—OF—

BOOTS & SHOES

—At the—

MASSACHUSETTS - SHOE - COMPANY,

36 CALHOUN STREET,

1st Door North of Main street.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A GOLDEN GRIST FOR OUR FAIR READERS.

Getting Into "Society"- Some of the Tricks and Devices Resorted to—Woman's Dress at Breakfast -The Woman of Business, Etc., Etc.

Woman's Dress at Breakfast.

So far as possible let all women dress beautifully; so God dresses the meadows and the mountains. Let them wear pearls and diamonds, if they can afford it. God has hung round the neck of His world strings of diamonds, and braided the black locks of the storm with bright ribbons of rainbow. Especially before and right after breakfast, ere they expect to be seen of the world, let them look neat and attractive for the family's sake. One of the most hideous sights is a slovenly woman at the breakfast-table. Let woman adorn herself. Let her speak on platforms so far as she may have time and ability to do so. But let not mothers imagine that there is any new way of successfully training children, or of escaping the old-time self-denial and continuous painstaking.—*T. De Witt Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Three Kinds of Married Women.

They were discussing a certain clever and well-known married woman, who is prominent alike for her business and social success.

How does she sign her name?" asked a bright-faced listener from another State.

"Let me see?" mused one of the group. "I believe she always writes Mary W. Smith."

"Then she isn't 'advanced' and she still loves her husband," said the first.

"What do you mean?" half a dozen women demanded at once.

"Just this," was the answer. "The married woman of to-day is of three classes—the woman who puts her husband and his interests first, the woman who considers her individuality and interests of equal importance with her husband's, and the woman who considers the name of her husband's family alone amply honorable and dignified, and writes her name as your friend does. The second adds her husband's name to her own family name and writes 'Mary White Smith.' The third writes the family names with a hyphen between them and wishes to be known as 'Mary White-Smith.' The first woman is conservative; the second, progressive; the third, 'advanced.'"—*New York Evening Sun.*

The Woman of Business.

I have heard country girls talk of coming to the city for employment, giving as one reason that they wanted more social life. Well, that is just what they will not get; the woman of business is not a woman of leisure, and she has no time for society. She will find more social life in her own home, even if she be a worker, than she could ever have in a crowd. Salaries are not large enough to permit of much relaxation in the way of entertainments, and after the day's work is over one is too tired to go in search of enjoyment. In the country home, in these days, the daily paper and the magazine come, so that one may keep in touch with the world, even if she be at one side of the bustle and confusion of the city life. The fashion articles tell her how to dress her hair and make her gown, and give the latest notions in small toilet details. No town is so small that it has not its public library, where all the new books come; and the lecture and concert are not infrequent in visits. Railways and telegraphs have brought the corners of the earth together, so that one is never so far away from the centers of things. There are occupations, too, for the girls who stay at home, and particularly those who stay in the country, and these will be talked about by and by. Do not throng to the cities in search of employment, for you will be doomed to bitter disappointment. The country stores employ women as well as the city stores, and many a girl makes a good beginning in them. I myself know country towns where a few years ago nearly all the positions in stores were held by young men which to-day are held by women. Everywhere it has come to be quite the accepted state of things that women shall sell goods.—*Wide Awake.*

Getting Into "Society."

That many of the guests at any so-called "swell" society affair would disclose some curious facts if closely scrutinized, goes almost without saying. The wonder often is not only as to how they got there, but how they manage to keep themselves there. They may be rich and willing to entertain in return, but their antecedents or manners, or both, are in many cases so bad that there must be some other reason than their mere possession of wealth and a disposition to use it liberally.

To puzzle out why they have been bidden to the feast would be to disclose a network of business and social relations quite unexpected before. To be taken up and introduced into society by one of its leaders on the score of a schoolday acquaintance with one's grandmother is the way that many carry the point. Many acquaintances are gained by means of a wedding in the family, for then the etiquette of cards is strained to its utmost limit in order to include many persons whom it has been considered desirable to know, but who have hitherto been rather backwark in responding to advances made in their direction.

To ignore the important part which watering-places play in the acquiring of a visiting list would be to omit a prime factor in this phase of our social life, for acquaintances made in the country are often pushed to an advantage in the city. Many little devices are used to attain that end. A young and pretty mother said the other day:

"Don't you know, I can always make the acquaintance of any one I care to know, without the bother of an introduction? I accomplish it entirely through baby. He is so sweet and cunning! Every body is attracted to him. I send him near the persons I want to know. They speak to baby; a conversation invariably follows: I am drawn into it as a matter of course, and then the acquaintance is made."

Ladies on the verandas are often enticed from their high-bred reserve by exciting their feminine interest in fancy work or by courtesies extended to them by the proffer of a newspaper or a magazine. A person determined to get on in society is never at a loss for the means to do so, particularly if that person be a woman.

Some are invited on occasions when their room would be preferred to their company, but who, for the sake of expediency, are not suffered to go unnoticed. Their unwilling host is afraid to excite them, for fear of their causing the family skeleton to walk out. The worst of it is, skeletons are generally strung on wires, and it is naturally agitating when those wires are mysteriously connected with somebody's electric battery of private spite.

Those who want to get in are very hard to keep out of "society." The obstacles which surround them and the disappointments which dishearten them would fill volumes, and not unfrequently display a tragic as well as a comic side. How they get in it is almost impossible to tell. It is not always necessary to enter in by the door, more than a few climb up some other way, but the end is apparently the same.

And when they get there what do they really find? What is "good society" composed of? What are its characteristics that it should be pursued so assiduously? It certainly is not noted for mental ability, general intelligence or education. In these qualities very many of the "middle ten thousand" are the superiors of even Ward McAllister's upper "Four Hundred."

The daughter of a storekeeper may not have the affected airs and the charms of a capitalist's heiress, but she may possess a mind stored with facts, and an understanding of how to gain knowledge. Her time is frequently spent in the pursuit of happiness, and the acquirement of knowledge, while her "Four Hundred" sister is following fashion or en deshabille is lolling away her time in her untidy boudoir.

Testing His Fitness for an Editor.

When a verdant youth called at the office of the Texas *Plumbago* and applied for a position the other day, the editor, who wasn't very busy just then, put him through an examination to determine his fitness:

"Who discovered America?"

"Klumbus. Pshaw; ask me a harder question."

"Who was the first man?"

"Adam. Why Mister, I know all—"

"What was his other name?"

"His other name? Why, he didn't have none."

"Yes, he did. His other name was Ebenezer—Ebenezer Adam, Esq., late of Paradise Center. How many bones are there in the human body?"

"Well, I forget just now, but I did know wunst."

"What! don't you know that? Every school boy knows there are 7,482,654,941 bones in an ordinary man, when he isn't eating mackerel. A man who snores has one more bone than other people."

"What bone is that?"

"The trombone, of course. It is situated somewhere in the nose. You won't forget that, will you?"

He said he wouldn't.

"How long would it take a mud turtle to cross the desert of Sahara with a small orphan boy to touch him up behind with a red-hot poker?"

"Well, look here, Mr. Editor, if I had a slate and pencil I could figure that out; but dog my skin if I am much on mental 'rithmetic."

"Slate and pencil! Did you ever see a slate and pencil about a sanctum? Nonsense. Well, we'll let that question slip. Have you got a good constitution?"

"Pretty tol'ble."

"How long do you suppose you could live on raw corn and faith and do the work of a domesticated elephant?"

"Lord! I don't believe I could live mor'n a week."

"Well, that's about as long as you would want to live if you got a position on the *Plumbago*. I shall now ask you one more question, and if you prove equal to it you can peel off your coat and sail in."

"Let's have 'er, Squire. You'll find me on deck with both feet and a cane."

"Well, sir; if two diametrical circles with octagonal peripheries should collide with a centrifugal idiosyncracy—or to put it plainer——".

"Put it plain as you can, Boss."

"Well, say, it collides with an asphyxiated desuetude — what effect would the catastrophe exert on the crystaly zed codfish suspended by the tail from the homogeneous rafters of empyrean?"

The verdant young man waited to hear no more, but grabbing his hat, he made a wild dash for the street, and disappeared.—*Texas Siftings.*

Some Funny Mistakes.

Every one knows the story of the Frenchman who, while sitting with his face close to the open window of an English railway car, heard a shout of "Look out!" and, popping out his head accordingly, received a tremendous bump on the forehead from the projecting pole of a scaffolding which the train was just passing; whereupon monsieur exclaimed indignantly: "Inglisman big fool! He say 'Look out!' when he mean 'Look in!'

A similar misconception occurred during the siege of Sebastopol, says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, when an English guardsman was "brought up" for having given a severe thrashing to a French grenadier, the Englishman's only explanation being that "he would 'ave it, and so I just 'ad to give it him." It appeared on inquiry that the guardsman had accosted the other in what he supposed to be French, and that the puzzled Frenchman had exclaimed in bewilderment: "Comment?" (How?) which John Bull mistook for "Come on." "Come on yourself, then," he roared, "if you will 'ave it!" and forthwith the fisticuff began in earnest.

But more startling than all was the mistake made by a Queen of Denmark during her visit to the Danish colony of Iceland, where the good old bishop exerted himself to the utmost to show her everything that was worth seeing. The Queen paid many compliments to her host, and, having learned that he was a family man, graciously inquired how many children he had.

Now, it happened that the Danish word for "children" was almost identical in sound with the Iceland word for "sheep;" so the worthy bishop—whose knowledge of Danish was not so complete as it might have been—understood her majesty to ask how many sheep he owned, and promptly answered "Two hundred."

"Two hundred children!" cried the Queen, astounded. "How can you possibly maintain such a number?"

"Easily enough, please your majesty," replied the hyperborean prelate, with a cheerful smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hills t graze, and when winter comes I k and eat them!"

HE—Would it make you ry sad if I should tell you I was going to marry some one else? She (who doesn't show the desired anxiety about accepting him)—It would, Jack, if the girl were a very near and dear friend of mine.

CURIOSITIES OF FASTING.

Strange Customs That Prevail or Have Prevailed in Lent.

In the early Christian Church wine was as much forbidden as meat to those who were fasting. Very terrible must have been the ancient days of Holy Week that were classed under the euphonious title of Xerophagy, when the only foood allowed was bread and salt, to which, in certain localities only, vegetables were added. The rules concerning Lent varied greatly in different localities for several centuries. A writer in the fifth century mentions that in certain places it lasted only three weeks, in others six, and in some as much as seven. Then there were countries in which the Lenten fast was kept on every day in the week. Sunday was omitted in others, and elsewhere there was no fasting on either that day or Saturday. The Cistercians, who did so much in the middle ages for agriculture in this country, used to fast from the 14th of September until Easter, eating neither meat, fish, nor eggs.

To this day in the Roman Catholic Church the fast days vary greatly in different countries and even dioceses, and, although its Lent now begins or ends on the same days throughout the world, there is considerable difference in the rules for keeping it in certain localities. Then, with regard to the Advent, there is some diversity. In the fifth century it was kept as a general fast of forty days, from Nov. 11 till Christmas. This custom has so died out that, although in England and Ireland Roman Catholics are made to fast on the Wednesdays and Fridays in Advent, there is no such rule on the continent, except in religious houses, and only in some of those. A curious custom prevails in France of allowing a certain water fowl that feeds chiefly on fish to be eaten on days of the year on which other flesh meat is forbidden. We think, however, that people who have once tasted this particular delicacy will not be likely to avail themselves of the privilege the second time. The most interesting exceptional rule connected with abstinence is one that exists in Spain. It seems that at the time of the Crusades all who contributed a fixed annual sum were dispensed from certain days of abstinence by a Papal bull, and that dispensation has never been withdrawn. As the fee required has now become a mere trifle through the detioration in the value of the money (about a couple of shillings), this dispensation has fallen within the reach of most people, and the funds thus accumulated are devoted to charitable purposes.

It is interesting to remember that when the rules about fasting were far stricter among Roman Catholics in England than they are now, such a thing as eating flesh during Lent was unheard of, and the fast days other times being then much more numerous than at present, it was very difficult for those living inland to get any fresh fish caught in the sea, and that the potato, to say nothing of certain other vegetables, had not yet been introduced into this country. Tea and coffee were unknown, as also were tobacco and many other little luxuries which tend to make a day of fasting or abstinence far from intolerable in modern times. Nor should it be forgotten that eggs were not allowed on fast days in the middle ages. Cheese, milk, and butter were long forbidden. The permission to eat meat at the "one meal" on every day in Lent except Wednesdays and Fridays and the last four days of Holy Week is very modern indeed; nor is it universal. Another modern innovation is the toleration of the custom of taking a little tea or coffee with a few mouthfuls, which are not to count at all, at breakfast time, as well as the "half meal," which, with certain restrictions, is allowed under the title of collation later on in the day. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

For Contempt of Court.

The stories of early Western judges are almost as numerous and incredible as the bear stories of that part of our country. The following incident, which is vouched for as fact, is of a judge who had a very lofty idea of his own legal capacity, and was at the same time anxious to sustain the dignity of his court.

A "shooting case" came before him. There was no direct evidence as to the perpetrator of the murder, but the individual arrested was well known, and, indeed, confessed the deed.

When brought into court, the judge cautioned the prisoner not to commit himself; that he must remember his rights as a free citizen, and that, above all things, he must not interrupt the proceedings of the court. After this friendly warning the judge proceeded to state that he, the prisoner, was accused of having, on such a date, shot the deceased.

Upon this the prisoner broke in: "Wal, an' so I did."

The judge was annoyed at the interruption.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" he exclaimed. "Haven't I told you not to commit yourself, nor to interrupt me? I shall commit you for contempt of court if you do so again!" he added, sternly.

He then repeated the accusation, upon which the prisoner again broke in:

"I have told ye afore that I killed—"

The judge's indignation was intense at this second interruption, and he demanded, "Mr. Sheriff, what is your evidence?"

"I have nothing but circumstantial evidence, your honor, and the prisoner's own confession."

"Then," said the judge, "I discharge the prisoner on this accusation, but commit him for contempt of court."—*Youth's Companion.*

Killed in Battle in the Last Twenty-Five Years.

"Did you ever think how few people are killed during wars?" asked Thomas Sloane of Boston as he sat in the Coronado last evening. "Well, here is a memorandum I made recently regarding deaths in battle since 1856. The entire number killed during these thirty-four years—exclusive of those who died from disease—is about 2,253,000. In the Crimean war 750,000 were killed, the Italian war of 1859 resulted in the slaughter of 45,000; in the American civil war, 800,000; in the Danish war (1864), 3,000; In the Austro-Prussian war, 45,000; in the Franco-German war—France 155,000, Germany 60,000; in the Turko-Russian war, 250,000; the South African wars, 30,000; the Afghan war, 25,000; the Mexican and Cochin-Chinese expedition, 65,000, and the Bulgarian-Servian insurrection, 25,000."—*Philadelphia Press.*

MRS. OLIVER, of Athens, Ga., is 87 years old and has never taken a drink of water. If she had lived in Kentucky they would have insisted on her wearing trousers and being a colonel.

He Took No Chances.

A certain conductor, before he was married, took his best girl out to dine. He didn't have much money that day, so he felt nervous. He thought he would give her a beer to start on, so he handed her a bill-of-fare and invited her to guess what she was going to have to drink. The girl read it over carefully and finally said:

"Ed, dear, I guess I'll take champagne."

Ed looked up almost paralyzed, then murmured:

"Wrong, darling, this time; guess again."

Then, without waiting to take any more chances, he sung out:

"Two beers!"—*New York Dispatch.*

A Hint to Journalists.

Journalist—I'll have to get me a new pair of heavy boots pretty soon.

Friend—Those you have got on seem to be in pretty good condition.

They will not last long.

Going to walk down to your office to save car fare?

No, I've got a free pass over the line.

And you haven't got any marriageable daughters that I ever heard of.

No, thank heaven!

Then I cannot imagine why you yearn for a new pair of boots.

Man alive! Can't you discern the signs of the time? Don't you know that the spring poet, owing to the mild winter, matures a month earlier than usual?—*Texas Siftings.*

The Ability to Bear Pain

Is the test of fortitude among the Indian tribes. But we defy any Cherokee, Sioux or Comanche to endure the twinges of rheumatism without wincing. These, indeed are slight at first, but grow in intensity until they become unbearable. No malady is more obstinate in its maturity than that which gives rise to them. The more need, then, of attacking it at the outset. Foremost among remedies for it is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, safe and infinitely more effective than colchicum, veratrum and nux vomica, all remedies which might prove destructive of life in a slightly excessive dose. Mineral depurents, also, when not positively mischievous, are far inferior in remedial power to this salutary botanic medicine. It entirely expels from the blood the acrid impurities which originate the disease, and enriches as well as cleanses it. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia and other ailments also give way to it.

All Editors Know How to Swear.

Judge—Do you fully understand the nature of an oath?

Witness—I think I understand the form of an oath, yes, sir."

"Will you please answer my question as to your understanding the nature of an oath?"

"If you please, I am an affidavit editor."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Carried Off the Honors.

"Did you attend the amateur theatricals last evening?"

"Yes. I came in after the first act."

"They tell me I carried off the honors."

"Very likely you did; at least, someone must have carried them off, for they were conspicuously absent in the last two acts."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Catarrh Can't Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucus surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucus surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

THE pancakes eaten at Vassar College in one year would make a column eight miles high, if piled one upon another. There's high education for you.

If there had been another woman and a lawyer in the garden of Eden, Eve would have probably got a divorce and married the devil.

A FATHER who has put his boy into a law office, speaks of him as his son-in-law.—*Boston Star.*

$2,500 Reward for a Lost Cat.

The equivalent in English money of $2,500 was once offered by an old lady in London for the return of a favorite cat which had strayed or been stolen. People called her a "crank," and perhaps she was. It is unfortunate that one of the gentler sex should ever gain this title, yet many do. It is, however, frequently not their fault. Often functional derangements will apparently change a woman's entire nature. Don't blame such sufferers if they are "cranky," but tell them to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is an infallible remedy for "female weaknesses." It will soon restore them to their normal condition. It is *warranted* to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be returned.

DR. PIERCE'S Pellets, the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial; one a dose.

Contrary to Tradition.

"Young man," he said, solemnly, "do you realize that the truly wise man doesn't think that he knows as much as he really does know?"

"Oh, yes sir," was the reply, "and the man who isn't truly wise thinks he knows it all, and when he jumps in he generally gets there with both feet."—*Life.*

A Superb Achievement.

Thousands of dollars have been expended in preparing the magnificent new catalogue just issued by the Bryant & Stratton Chicago Business College, Shorthand Institute and English Training School, which is everywhere recognized as the Great Business University of America. The great catalogue now presented to the public is a perfect masterpiece, and constitutes the most elegant and costly volume of the kind ever published. It is an exquisite work of art, containing 112 pages printed upon finest enameled paper, 9¼x12 inches, with thirty large and beautiful engravings. It is distributed at college office free of charge, or will be mailed to any address upon receipt of stamps to pay cost of postage, which is ten cents. Every ambitious young man and young woman should secure a copy. Address H. B. Bryant & Son, Washington street, corner Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Willing to Let Him Have the Earth.

Mamma (looking up from her novel)—Jane, what ails Freddy now?

Jane—He's crying for the moon, mamma.

Mamma (absorbed in her reading)—O, well, let the little dear have it.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

A Low-Cut Dress.

Editor of Spicy Society Paper—Yes, the *Slanderer* will appear in a new dress next week.

Blinks—So? Well, I hope it will not be so low-cut as the present one.—*Lawrence American.*

The Homeliest Man in This Town,

As well as the handsomest, and others, are invited to call on any druggist and get *free* a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits, and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Consumption. Large Bottles, 50 cents and $1.

If a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, is a mole on the face worth two in the ground?

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

THE striped stick candy must go. There is enough poison in one hundred and sixty-five pounds of it to kill a boy. Just think of it.

FOR THROAT DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

IT is easier for a saloon-keeper in Iowa to get rich than for a Congressman to refuse a drink.

They disappear like hot cakes before a St. Louis tramp—"Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

WHY are troubles like dogs? Because the smaller they are the more they annoy you.

Spring Medicine

Is a necessity with nearly everybody. The run down, tired condition at this season is due to impurities in the blood which have accumulated during the winter, and which must be expelled if you wish to feel well. Hood's Sarsaparilla thoroughly purifies and vitalizes the blood, creates a good appetite, cures biliousness and headache, gives healthy action to the kidneys and liver, and imparts to the whole body a feeling of health and strength. Try it this spring.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every year as a spring tonic, with most satisfactory results." C. PARMELEE, 249 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

"Hood's Sarsaparilla purified my blood, gave me strength, and overcame the headache and dizziness, so that I am able to work again. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to others whose blood is thin or impure, and who feel worn out or run down." LUTHER NASON, Lowell, Mass.

"We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for years, and recommend it as the best spring medicine or blood purifier. Our boy is nine years old and has enjoyed good health ever since we began giving it to him. We are seldom without it." B. F. GROVER, Rochester, N. H.

The chief reason for the marvelous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article itself. It is Merit that wins, and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes what is claimed for it, is what has made it the medicine first in the confidence of our countrymen, and given to Hood's Sarsaparilla a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier.

"Early last spring I was very much run down, had nervous headache, felt miserable and all that. I was very much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla and recommend it to my friends." MRS. J. M. TAYLOR, 1119 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Creates an Appetite

"I wish to enroll my name as one of those who have derived health from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For many years I have taken it, especially in the early spring, when I am troubled with dizziness, dullness, unpleasant taste in my mouth in the morning. It removes this bad taste, relieves my headache, and makes me feel greatly refreshed. The two bottles I have used this spring have been worth many dollars to me. I advise all my friends to take it." JOHN BINNS, 633 43d Street, Town of Lake, Chicago, Ill.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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DOES CURE

CONSUMPTION

In its First Stages.

Be sure you get the genuine.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70; Photo-gravure, panel size of this picture for 4 cents (coppers or stamps).

J. F. SMITH & CO.,
Makers of "Bile Beans," St. Louis, Mo.

IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 32, 38 and 44-100. Single or double action, Safety Hammerless and Target models. Constructed entirely of best quality wrought steel, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for finish, durability and accuracy. Do not be deceived by cheap malleable cast-iron imitations which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patents and are guaranteed perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogue and prices furnished upon application.

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A MEMORY OF EARLY DAYS.

Bane of childhood's tender years,
Swallowed off with groans and tears,
How it made the flesh recoil,
Loathsome, greasy castor oil!
Search your early memory close,
Till you find another dose:
All the shuddering frame revolts
At the thought of Epsom salts!
Underneath the pill-box lid
Was a greater horror hid,
Climax of all inward ills,
Huge and griping old blue pills!

What a contrast to the mild and gentle action of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, easy to take, cleansing and renovating the system without wrenching it with agony. They are gently aperient or strongly cathartic according to size of dose. Unequaled as a liver pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. As a laxative, only one Pellet necessary for a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Put up in vials, hermetically sealed, therefore always fresh and reliable. Being purely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. Sold by druggists, at 25 cents a vial.

OVER WORKED **Women.**

For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine. It imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. It is carefully compounded by an experienced physician and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee** of satisfaction in every case, or price ($1.00) refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

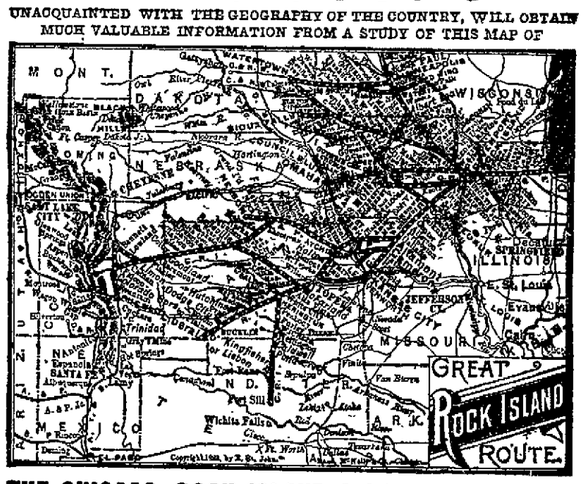
PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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HOW MEN MUST DRESS.

THE MATERIAL AND THE SHAPING OF THE CLOTH OF 1890.

Cuts of Coats Wherewith Gentlemen May Feel Abroast of the Year's Fashions—Wide Wale Worsteds and Soft Finish to Rule the Modes of Good Dressing the Current Season.

THE question as to how a man shall dress himself is easier asked than answered. There are certain canons of taste which override all fashions, and to these he must appeal who would be really and truly a well-dressed man. A Chicago *Times* reporter recently visited a number of the arbiters of taste and material in the World's Fair city, and out of their wisdom the following facts were evolved:

In the first place men's clothes, as a whole, if they are to be really chic, will show the softest possible finish, coats will display low openings and ample sleeves, vests will follow this form, and trousers will sit moderately close to the leg as to the upper works, and will exhibit a moderate spring at the bottom.

In overcoats the Chesterfield or fly-front oversack will be much more worn than any other style. It will be made from worsteds and almost all styles of soft overcoatings, and will be of me-

THE COVERT COAT.

dium length, thirty-six to thirty-seven inches being the limits for a man of average height, 5 feet 8 inches.

The covert overcoat, made of covert overcoating, modified for street wear, will be quite popular with many who have no very profound regard for the eternal fitness of things.

For day and half-dress the double-breasted frock is the most appropriate, as it is the most elegant style of coat made. For day dress it will have lapels of ample width, well peaked, and silk-faced to the button-holes, of which there will be five on each side. It will roll when closed to the third hole, but when unbuttoned will roll free. The lengths for a man of average height will be eighteen and one-half inches to the hip buttons and thirty-six inches to the bottom of skirts. It will be made of worsteds and cheviots.

The three-button cutaway frock will be, as for several seasons, more popular than the four, two, or one buttoner. The lengths will average eighteen and one-half and thirty-three inches, the roll will be moderately long, and the fronts will be cut away so as to show one button of the vest. The four-buttoner will close higher on the chest and button a trifle lower, while the the two-buttoner will open lower and be cut away from rather higher above the waist-seam. For half-dress these cutaways will be made from worsteds or cheviots, with the edges flat-braided narrow if the former and double-stitched narrow if the latter material is used.

The vest worn with them may be of

ONE-BUTTON CUTAWAY.

the same material as the coat, or of any fancy vesting, and the trousers may be of any style of striped, checked or plain trousering.

Early in the season the double-breasted sack will, perhaps, be more worn than the other styles. It has quite a number of good points to recommend it. It can be worn without an overcoat, it is very dressy when silk-faced, and it is very becoming to a good figure.

So much for the general effect to be produced by the new year's clothes.

DOUBLE-BREASTED FROCK COAT.

Now for the special and particular details out of which these results are to be achieved. The first cut shows the covert coat. The material represented is a covert overcoating. The length for a man of average height, five feet eight inches, is thirty-four inches. The back is cut whole, with nearly straight side-seams that are finished with vents, and the form, though its shape is suggested, is fitted loosely. The collar and lapels are light, the roll averages four and a half inches in length, and the edges are double-stitched moderately wide. The pockets have flaps to go in or out, and the sleeves, which are

LOW-ROLL SACK SUIT.

cut half and half, are finished with three rows of stitching around the bottom. The seams are lapped and stitched to match the edges.

In the next cut is exhibited one of those new one-button cutaway suits, which are designed especially for persons of a rather corpulent build. The material is a wide wool worsted and a striped trousering. The roll of the coat is about six inches deep.

The fronts are cut away from the closing button with a gentle curve, and are well rounded from midway of skirt to the bottom. The edges are bound, or flat-braided narrow, and the sleeves are finished with imitation cuffs, closed with two buttons.

The vest extends about one and a half inches below the waist seam of the coat, closes with five buttons, and has a notched collar.

The trousers are more shapely, proportionately, than for a regular form, but should have the same appearance of looseness.

In the double-breasted frock coat shown in the next cut it is claimed that for half-dress there is nothing more suitable, effective, or appropriate than the suit shown in this figure. The material represented for the coat and vest is a fancy diagonal worsted and for the trousers a very handsome, subdued, striped trousering. The collar of the coat is cut rather long to a low gorge and the lapels are well peaked and spaced for five holes, to button four if desired. The silk extends to the end of holes and the edges

A LIGHT-WEIGHT OVERCOAT.

are flat braided. The sleeves are shapely and are finished to imitate cuffs closed with two buttons. The trousers for this and all other half-dress suits average nineteen inches at knee and seventeen and one-half to eighteen at the bottom. They have a slight spring.

The next illustration shows a low-roll sack suit the material of which is a striped cheviot. The collars and lapels are one and one-half inches wide and the fronts are cut with quite a curve from top to lower button. They are finished soft. The trousers with this suit average nineteen and one-half inches at the knee and eighteen at the bottom, and the side-seams are finished with a welt.

In the figure represented following this the overcoat is a soft diagonal cheviot, the coat and vest a medium wale worsted, and the pantaloons a striped trousering.

The overcoat is an accurate representation of a light-weight overcoat for the current season, thrown open.

They Swore.

A FRIEND of mine has two little sons, aged respectively three and five years. They have been most carefully trained, and especially warned and guarded against profanity. But one day the little fellows arose feeling irresistibly impelled to do something naughty, and, the nursery door being open, we overheard the following:

"Let's swear," proposed John, the elder.

"Well, leth," lisped wee Charlie.

"Go ahead," said John, encouragingly.

"You thwear firtht," replied Charlie.

A moment's hesitation and John responded, emphatically:

"I swear!"

"Tho do I," asserted Charlie, solemnly.

And that evening before saying their prayers the little sinners penitently confessed that they "has sweared" in the morning.

Kind-Hearted.

Mrs. Simkins has just heard that her husband has been drawn to serve on a jury.

"John Simkins on the criminal jury!" exclaimed Mrs. Simkins. "Well, all *I* can say is that I congratulate the criminals."

"Why, Mrs. Simkins? Is your husband a very merciful man?"

"Merciful? Why, John Simkins wouldn't hang a pictur', much less a door, unless he was jest made to!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Too Strong to Work.

First tramp (watching men and women coming from the mill)—Pretty sickly looking crowd, ain't they, Bill?

Second tramp—They are, pard. A parson once told me that work was healthy, but I don't believe him. We're as fat as them people, ain't we?—*Boston Herald.*

STORY OF A BUSY LIFE.

HON. JOHN WANAMAKER, POSTMASTER GENERAL.

How He Won His Way in the World, His Public and Home Life, Personal Characteristics and Business Methods—His Wife a Woman of Tact.

NOBODY likes a good story or joke better than John Wanamaker, and none can laugh with more heartiness, writes a Washington correspondent. The story of his early life is brief, and very much like the stories of the lives of other men who rise to fortune through the force of industry and their own ability. The present Postmaster General was born in Chambersburg, Pa., in 1838. When a boy he worked in the little brickyard owned by his father, and left that to enter a book store at $1.25 a week. His next move was to Philadelphia, and he got there aided only by the sturdy legs that trudged over every foot of the way between Chambersburg and the city of white marble steps. In Philadelphia he married, and was made Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association—two events that happened not very far apart.

In 1861 his father-in-law started him in a store which was the beginning of his present immense establishment. That is the story of his life. And it is as different from his present existence as the brickyard of his boyhood is different from the Postoffice Department of the United States.

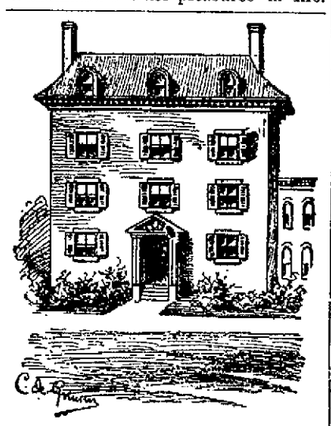
The present family of the Postmaster General consists of that official himself, Mrs. Wanamaker, Thomas B. and L. Rodman Wanamaker, and the two girls, Misses Minnie and Lilly, the former a debutante of this season and the latter a sprightly young lady of 15.

MRS. WANAMAKER CRUSHES THE CUP.

One of the sons, the elder, is in Philadelphia, while L. R. Wanamaker is in France representing the firm of Wanamaker & Co., of Philadelphia. Mrs. Wanamaker and her two daughters are in Washington.

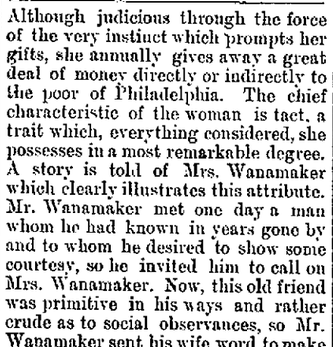
The house occupied by the Wanamakers is not only historical but surrounded by memories of the most brilliant social events that have ever shone in American society. The house was part of the old Frelinghuysen estate. The interior has been remodeled to a very great extent, and cost a good many thousands of dollars. The parlor is charmingly furnished, the prevailing tone being rather dark. Etchings, engravings, and bric-a-brac fill odd nooks and spaces, but the most beautiful pictures are where they should be—in the art gallery.

Her home and charity are Mrs. Wanamaker's chief pleasures in life.



THE WANAMAKER MANSION.

Although judicious through the force of the very instinct which prompts her gifts, she annually gives away a great deal of money directly or indirectly to the poor of Philadelphia. The chief characteristic of the woman is tact, a trait which, everything considered, she possesses in a most remarkable degree. A story is told of Mrs. Wanamaker which clearly illustrates this attribute. Mr. Wanamaker met one day a man whom he had known in years gone by and to whom he desired to show some courtesy, so he invited him to call on Mrs. Wanamaker. Now, this old friend was primitive in his ways and rather crude as to social observances, so Mr. Wanamaker sent his wife word to make the caller as much at home as possible. As it happened, the caller made his appearance just as Mrs. Wanamaker



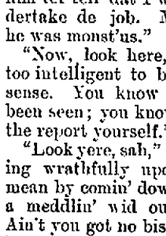
POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER.

was in the midst of an afternoon tea. When he saw what was going on a nervous desire to get out only increased his embarrassment. Mrs. Wanamaker, seeing this, tried to calm him with a cup of tea served in a cup belonging to a new and almost priceless set, handing him the beverage with her own hand. Of course the first thing the visitor did was to break the cup, at which mishap he was rapidly dying of fright when Mrs. Wanamaker turned to him and said:

"These cups are so fragile that they are almost useless," and then turning, so as to be seen by all, said: "See how easily they break, and while speaking crushed the cup in her own hand into a dozen pieces.

But to return to the Postmaster General himself. There is about his office none of the exclusiveness that so often marks the Cabinet officer. Between Mr. Wanamaker's desk and the corridor of the department there is but one door, and that is of lattice-work. No double row of secretaries or aids ask you what you want or why you want it. You go in, wait your turn in the ante-room, and are then privileged to walk up to the desk of the Postmaster General, make your little speech, and then give the next man a chance. There is not a single employe of the United States Government that works harder or more hours a day than the Postmaster General. He rises at 6, breakfasts at 6:30, reads the morning papers, and is at his desk at 8 o'clock, an hour before the department is open for business or the clerks have arrived.

The Devil Broke Loose.



WHILE working on a Southern newspaper I was sent down into a swamp neighborhood to investigate a rumor to the effect that the devil had broken loose. No, it was not a political disturbance. It was declared by the negroes that the devil—the old personal fellow himself—had made his appearance in the community. He first made himself known by leaping over the fence into the county road, snatching up a horse that belonged to a highly respected citizen and pulling the animal in two. The next occasion of the old man's introduction was at a hog-killing. He seized a shoat, knocked down a justice of the peace with it, swallowed a chunk of fire and then went shouting through the woods. Shortly after reaching the neighborhood I learned that all the reports could be traced to a negro preacher, an old fellow who was regarded with extreme veneration. I called on him and found him in the woods engaged in prayer.

"I have been told," said I, "that you could give me some information concerning the devil that is now airing himself in this neighborhood."

"Ah, Lawd, chile, I does hope an' pray dat you won't talk ter me on dat subjeck. It's er awful time we's habin' down yere, an' lessen dar's some mighty tall prayin' somebody gwine ter git hurt powerful."

"Have you seen the devil?" I asked.

"I wush you wouldn't put me in do mine o' anything so awful."

"But have you seen him?"

"Cose I has. Whut you come foolin' wid me dat way fur? How I gwine ter know so much erbout him ef I ain't dun seed him?"

"What does he look like?"

"I ain't got time ter tell you whut he do look like, sah. Da's so much erbout him ter tell dat I wouldn't like ter undertake de job. Monst'us, sah; oh, he was monst'us."

"Now, look here, old man, you are too intelligent to believe in such nonsense. You know that no devil has been seen; you know that you started the report yourself."

"Look yere, sah," he exclaimed, turning wrathfully upon me, "whut you mean by comin' down yere a-foolin' an' a meddlin' wid our 'ligious affairs? Ain't you got no bisness ter tend ter at home? Doan you know dat you got ter keep de devil constantly befo' dese niggers or da ain't gwine do no good? Whar I preached last year I got up an' tole 'em dat I didn't bl'ebe dat dar wuz any devil, an' whut did da do? Da cut down my salary, dat's whut da done. Yas, cut down my salary, an' den didn't gib me but half o' de cut-down. An', 'stead o' takin' off dar hats when da meet me in de road like da uster do, da'd laugh at me an' call me old knock-kneed Ben. So when I come ober yere I 'lowed ter myse'f, I did, dat I wuz gwine ter use diffunt tactics, an' I has. W'y, sah, ef you take de devil outen 'ligion, de nigger preacher would starve ter death, so go on away now, an' quit foolin' wid er bisness dat you ain't got no intrust in."

Two Hundred Women Killed.

A letter from Zanzibar says that over a year ago a caravan of 300 Arabs left the East Coast to go into the interior to trade. They have now returned, and one of the chiefs relates their adventures. Arriving at Kavinondo, on the northeast shores of Victoria Nyanza, the Arabs saw that the natives had a good deal of ivory and that they had no guns. They attacked the tribe, and before the shooting had gone on long the natives were willing to do anything to make peace.

After a long palaver with the chiefs the Arabs agreed to leave the country upon the payment to them of two hundred tusks of ivory and two hundred young women. The natives were glad to get rid of the enemy even on these hard conditions. As soon as they received the ivory and the women the Arabs started for the coast. They had a terrible time in the Masai country. There was a drought, and they almost perished of thirst. Then provisions became scarcer and scarcer, and the whole party was in danger of starvation. Finally the Arab chiefs decided that, in order to save themselves and their ivory, it would be necessary to sacrifice their female slaves, who were very weak from their deprivations and could march no further.

That night all of these two hundred young women were shot to death and their bodies were left in the camp for beasts of prey. The victims happily had not a moment's warning of their impending fate. Each murderer selected his intended victim, and the horrible crime was accomplished so speedily that few of the women made any outcry. With their force thus summarily reduced the Arabs were able to pull through the desert region, obtaining little more food than barely enough to sustain life.

The chief who related these facts in Zanzibar showed no compunctions whatever for the terrible crime in which he had assisted, but mentioned the massacre only to give an idea of the great loss they had sustained by the necessary sacrifice of the two hundred slaves. It is a curious fact that some of the murderers were troubled in mind because their necessities had compelled them to eat rats and other unclean food, which is prohibited to Mohammedans on the march.—*Revue Francaise.*

THE electric companies seem to be almost as proud of their dead men as they are of their live wires.

HISTORY OF THE WATCH.

IT DATES BACK A FEW HUNDRED YEARS.

The First Clocks Were Cumbrous Things, and for a Long Time Were Only Used in Convents and Monasteries—Some Queer Old Watches.

THE use of the watch has become so common, and people are so accustomed to take note of time by the pieces which they carry in their pockets that they are apt to forget how recent an invention it was. The first watch was not twenty years old when America was discovered. The great mass of the human race never saw a watch, and if men have lived (as some scientists claim) for 100,000 years, then how singular the fact that for 99,600 years of that time no one ever had a watch.

Of course the watch grew out of the precedent use of the clock, and it was about 600 years between the first clock and the first watch. That is as closely as one can estimate dates when the precise year of either invention is unknown.

The invention of the clock is generally ascribed to the monk Gerbert, who was afterward raised to the tiara, under the name of Pope Sylvester II. The first clocks were cumbrous things, calculated only to be hung to the wall, and worked with cords and weights. For a long time they were only used in convents and monasteries, where they helped to make miserable the lives of the inmates. Others say that the invention of the clock was due to the Saracens. However, it was invented and for a long time was made in such a large and cumbrous form that no one thought of reducing it to pocket size. Some time in the fourteenth century the escapement was introduced in what is known as De Wyck's clock. This allowed of reduction in size, but it seems to have taken 100 years more for the idea to have gotten into men's minds

that the clock might be made small enough to carry in the pocket, or to hang as an ornament upon the person.

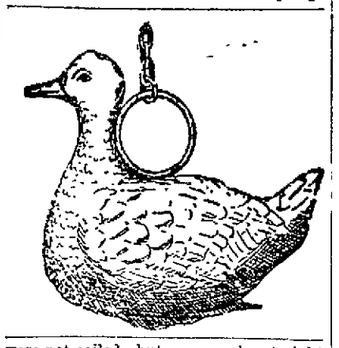
The city of Nuremburg claims to have made the first watch in 1477, and Peter Hell, of that city, made watches of steel as early as 1490. It is certain that the first watches were called Nuremburg eggs—a fact that identifies both the place of making and the shape of the watch. The works were inclosed in circular metal cases, and were hung from the girdle. They generally suggested the idea of the egg.

The first English watches were made upon a different principle. They had weights and were used as a pocket-clock. The earliest mention made of one under its present name is of a watch belonging to Edward VI. as being "one lanum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron guilt, with two plummets of lead." Such early watches had only one hand, and required to be wound up twice a day. The dials were of silver and brass, the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter—about the size of a common dessert plate.

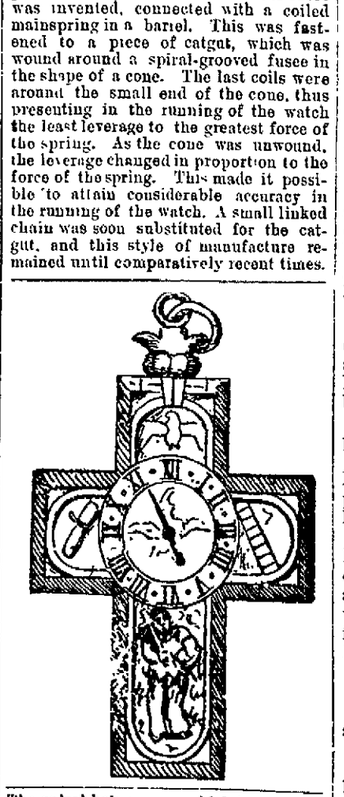
Henry VIII., who died in 1547, had one of these pocket-clocks, as did his contemporary, Charles V. Watches seem to have come into a wider use about that time in France than in England, for they were named with clocks in a statute enacted in Paris in 1544.

All the earlier watches were extremely rude measurers of time, and the necessity of frequent winding is alluded to by Shakspeare in "Twelfth Night," where he makes Malvolio say: "I frown the while, and perchance wind-up my watch, or play with some rich jewel."

The first great improvement of the watch—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. These springs



were not coiled, but were only straight pieces of steel. Soon afterward the fusee was invented, connected with a coiled mainspring in a barrel. This was fastened to a piece of catgut, which was wound around a spiral-grooved fusee in the shape of a cone. The last coils were around the small end of the cone, thus presenting in the running of the watch the least leverage to the greatest force of the spring. As the cone was unwound, the leverage changed in proportion to the force of the spring. This made it possible to attain considerable accuracy in the running of the watch. A small linked chain was soon substituted for the catgut, and this style of manufacture remained until comparatively recent times.



The spiral hair-spring, which is so necessary for equalizing the motion, was invented and attached about the year 1658 by Dr. Hook. Lengthening or shortening the spring lessens or increases the vibrations and made the regulation of the watch an easy matter.

The cases of the early watches were made for personal adornments, and were of all sorts and shapes. One that belonged to Lady Fitzgerald tells in a curious way the classic tale of Jupiter and Ganymede. The works are contained in the body of the eagle, which opens across the center and displays the dial plate richly engraved with scrolls and flowers.

The silver gilt watch in the form of a death's head was given to Mary Queen of Scots by her husband, the Dauphin of France. It was lately in the possession of Sir John Lauder, and came to his family through Catherine Seton, to whom the unfortunate Mary gave it before her execution.

There is a similar watch in a Boston museum that belonged to some one of the pilgrim fathers. It is of silver in the form of a death's head, but differs from the one engraved here by opening at the under jaw. It has at the top a small ring by means of which it was attacked to the girdle.

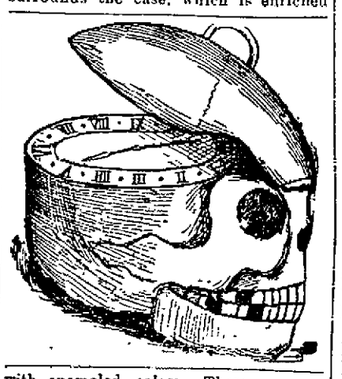
When the famous Diana of Poitiers became allied to Henry II. she was a widow

and the complacent court went into mourning on a most grievous scale. Rings were made in the form of skeletons, coffins of gold contained chased and enameled figures of death, and watches were made in the form of skulls. These were worn as ornaments, and are a fair sample of the extremes to which fashion will sometimes go.

Early in the seventeenth century all these strange forms passed out. The watch-makers succeeded in making the watches more compact and they assumed substantially their present form, except that in order to protect the key-hole they were surrounded by a large silver case. This gave them the shape of the flat turnip and the popular voice irreverently called them "turnip watches." The outer case was usually the repository of sundry verses and devices—tokens of love or friendship—which, although generally printed on satin, or more frequently worked with the needle, were always designated watch papers. Sometimes they were poetical conceits like the following:

Time is—the present moment well employ;
Time was—is past—thou canst not it enjoy;
Time future—is not and may never be;
Time present—is the only time for thee.

The French were the first to introduce judicious improvements in weight and size. A watch that once belonged to Charles I., having been presented to him by Louis XIII., was of an oval shape, two inches by one and a half on the face, and an inch thick. The back is chased in high relief with a figure of St. George conquering the dragon. The motto of the Garter, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," surrounds the case, which is enriched



with enameled colors. There was one exception to the grotesque forms which went out of fashion in the seventeenth century, and that was in the case of watches made in the form of a cross and intended to be hung by a ring to the girdle.

They are sometimes called abbess watches, but for no good reason. One curious fact in the history of watches is that in one of the halls at Oxford there is the figure of a female who is said to have been the first wearer of a watch. No one seems to know what her name was or when she lived.

He Mashed a Hat.

Along about the middle of the coach was a young lady, not a beautiful girl, but just ordinary, although she had a very jaunty hat and a sealskin sacque. A young man got on at Castile, who stood at the door and looked the passengers over for a minute or two, and he then walked deliberately down the aisle and plumped himself down beside the girl. As he did so there was a crash and a crush, and he sprang up to discover that he had sat down upon a bandbox and mashed it flat.

"I'm so sorry—so sorry!" he stammered as he turned all sorts of colors.

"Mister man!" she replied as she inspected the ruin, "have you got $12 in cash about you?"

"W-what! I really beg your pardon, indeed, I didn't——"

"Fork over!" she interrupted, holding out her hand.

"Twelve dollars!"

"Exactly. You have mashed a $12 bonnet, and I want the money."

"But, miss—but——"

"My brother Bill is forward in the smoking car, and if you don't pay I'll call him! There's nothing cheap about Bill. He'll knock $50 worth of jaw off your chin before he gets through with you."

"I'll pay, miss,"

"That's business. Fifteen dollars, eh? Twelve from fifteen leaves three, and here's the change and the hat. Next time you go to kerplunk down beside anybody look out for breakers."

"I beg to apologize, miss," he replied.

"Oh, you needn't; you got off cheap. If you hadn't smashed the hat I'd have pulled $25 worth of hair out of your head anyhow."

Everybody felt sorry for the man. He got into a seat at the end of the car, closed himself up like a jackknife, and every time the door opened what we could see of him turned pale for fear it was her brother Bill.—*New York Sun.*

What Kept Them Up.

Farmer—How much be them pants, anyway?

Clerk—Three seventy-five.

"Yes, same old price. 'Taters worth half what they uster be; corn 'way down to nothin'; oats down, butter down, eggs down—I'd like to know, by gol! what keeps pants 'way up, bub."

"Suspenders, perhaps."

The old man went out, muttering something about he guessed 'twas safety pins, p'raps, in some cases.

THE family circle—a wedding ring.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

NECK OR NOTHIN' HALL, KIKELANY CORNERS.

R. EDITUR: They want nuthin in under the sun purvented Sally an Willam Henery frum hav in a scrummig, only Mis Perkins frum over on to Spider Crick a driven up jest then.

"I heerd you wus back," ses she, "an I jest hitched up old Begum an kim rite over, fur in the fust place I wanted you to promise to kim over and spend one hull day nex week, an in the nex place I wanted to onburden my hart to sum sympathizin feline, an I didn't no of enny buddy thet wus more so than you."

"I'm proud o' yure conference," ses I, a wipin my specks an tellin Willam Henery to go put up Begum, es I led the way into the frunt room. "It's about Mary Hanner," ses she, after she'd got out her nittin' work, "she's thet onhappy, an' her man drinks an' abuses her, an' to think we made her marry him," an' Mis Perkins sithed. "Well, it's too bad," ses I, "but what kaint be cured must be endured, an' she tuck him fur better nor worse, an' ef she finds him sum worse then she expected why she ort to stick the titer to him."

"I want you to talk to her about it," ses she, a wipin her eyes on her apron es she seen Mis Purdy a cummin up the lane.

I promised I wood.

"I've made up my mind," ses she, "to let my other gals marry who thay plese, an Ellie is a goin to take the Doctor, an Emmie an the minister is awful frenly, but don't mention it," ses she. An I sed I wooden't, an jist then Mis Purdy kim in.

"Whare's Willam Henery?" ses she, arfter she'd shuck hans an kissed me.

He jest stepped out with Ben a while ago.

"Well, is it so?" ses she.

"What so?" ses Mis Perkins an me to onct.

"Why, thet you folks air a goin to sell out an go to Utah, whare he kin marry Mis Boggs an be a Morming elder," ses she.

"Land o love!" I gasped, "of all things! Why, we haint never even thunk o sech a thing."

"Well, it is quare how sech things sturt," ses she.

"Tis so," ses Mis Perkins "What kind o luck you hed with your turkeys this year?"

"O, I didn't raise nun. Purdy sed last year when thay et all the cabbig thet thay shudent never not another one cum on to the place, so I didn't set enny this year."

"Thay be a dratful instructive critter," ses I.

"Yes, an do you fead your calves this summer, Mis Perkins?" ses Mis Purdy.

"No, we let 'em have half the milk."

"Thet is the bes way, I think," ses I.

"Yes," ses Mis Purdy, "but hed you heerd thet Mis VanDyke hed a new bow?"

"No," ses we in a breth.

"Well, she hes; he's a ole tooth-pullin man. I don't s'pose the school marm' want him.

"I don't no. I'm shore; she likes to devil the widder," ses I.

"Yes," ses Mis Purdy, "Jonathin Blodgerses air a gittin better o' the hoopin cough now."

"I glad to hear it," ses I; an jest then Willam Henery cum a sneekin in, an fust Mis Purdy node he hollered "boo!" jest es lowd es he cood rite into her ear.

"O! you ole scalawag," ses she, a hittin him a lick over the back with her parasol un brakin it rite smack off'n the han'le.

"Goody good!" ses he, an run off an her arfter him, an he never quit till he hed opsot 3 swill pales an hurt his corns, then he baiged off.

I wus glad they didn't hev no scrummig. Yourn thankfully,

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

Did Not Consummate the Sale.

A grizzled old farmer with a shotgun put two swindlers to flight a few miles north of Mascoutah. His name is Henry Emmerich. He signed the old swindling lightning-rod contract under the impression that he was getting his lightning rods for $15. When he discovered the true character of his contract he took down his double-barreled shot-gun and waited for the party of the first part. He had not long to wait before the swindlers came prepared to put the rods on the building.

"Stop!" said Emmerich, as one of the agents started to enter. "You can't come in," and he backed the assertion with his shot-gun.

"But," protested the lightning-rod man, "I have a contract to put up rods on your building, and I am here for that purpose."

"How much will it cost?" asked Emmerich.

"Something over $15." was the reply.

"How much more?" said Emmerich.

"Well, sir, it will cost you $630."

"I don't think it will," said Emmerich, decidedly, and he cocked both hammers of the shot-gun. "Now," he continued, "I will give you just five minutes to get off my place, and if you don't get I'll fill you so full of buckshot that you won't know what hurt you."

They fled.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A Change of Room.

"You will have to give me another room, I guess," said a Congressman to the hotel clerk.

"What's the matter? aren't you comfortable where you are?"

"Well, not exactly. That German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarionet so that I thought I never would get to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding on my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Of you blease,' said the German, 'dot you vould schnore of the same key. You vas go from B flat to G, und it schpoils der moosic.'"—*Washington Post.*

THE outburst of a hitherto patient boarder: "Mrs. Starvem, I can stand having hash every day in the week, but when on Sunday you put raisins in it and call it mince pie, I draw the line.

HOW ARE the mighty fallen! An heroic-size figure of a British lion is to be used to ornament the grave of a patent medicine man in a Yankee graveyard.

ICE crumbles under saw and chisel, but it is said to be more capable than wood of being smoothed and shaped by the plane.

THE

New York Store!

OUR

SECOND FLOOR

DISPLAY.

—THE—

GREAT

OPENING

TWO MORE DAYS!

Friday & Saturday.

The Beautiful Wraps have advertised themselves.

THE CARPET DISPLAY.

We have been telling you about the handsome carpets—but

The Opening Display

Showed you such artistic patterns, you had never thought of seeing.

COME

And See the Beauties!

AXMINSTERS,
MOQUETTES,
VELVETS,
BRUSSELS,
3-PLYS AND
INGRAINS,

Lovely Curtains and Portieres, Handsome Rugs.

Get Your Kids For Easter.

ROOT & COMPANY.

P. D. SWICK,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

50 HARRISON ST.

New Goods Just Opened.
Fine Tailoring a Specialty.

PRICES REASONABLE.

WALL PAPER!

I have opened a store at

68 E. MAIN ST.

And have put in a brand new stock of Wall Paper of the latest designs. We have no shelf-worn or old goods to select from—all latest styles. Prices to suit. PRICES CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST! Anything in Paper Hanging, Painting or Graining, call and see me.

F. H TREEP,
68 E. Main Street.

WALL

PAPER

—AT—

Wholesale and Retail.

We buy in large quantities and therefore get the lowest prices. We can sell for nearly the same price other dealers have to pay for their goods. Come in and see us. Prices lower than ever before.

RENNER,

GRATSLEY

& CO.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1890.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. M. Backus is seriously ill.

To morrow will be Easter Sunday.

Mr. M. W. Simons is at the Wayne.

Mr. Frank Gibson has returned from a business trip.

Mrs. Sam Hanna is quite ill at her home in Auburn.

Supt. George P. Pelts was at New Haven yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Charles Munson is recovering from his sickness at Chicago.

William Anglun has been reinstated as conductor on the Nickel Plate.

Mr. George Coerson left to-day for an extended trip through the west.

The second floor of Mordhurst's drug store has been improved during the past week.

Wm. Lane, representing the National Tobacco works of Louisville, Ky., is in the city.

The republican mass convention will be held in the circuit court room this evening.

Mr. Wm. Beach, of Grand Rapids, is visiting his parents at 114 Broadway for a few days.

Mr. Charles O. Essig, of the Pittsburg freight office, is about to purchase a valuable horse.

The T. M. D. club held a pleasant meeting last evening at the home of Miss Fannie Conover.

Mrs. Harriet Carr, of Ligonier, Ind., is visiting her nephew, George Shisler, of 126 East Creighton avenue.

The Builders' Exchange will be in session this evening in their new quarters next to Wilding's coal office.

Russell Viberg, son of the sheriff, entertained a number of young friends last evening, at his home, in the jail.

Mrs. Rev. Hollopeter and family, of Monroeville, are guests in the family of Rev. S. D. Miller, on South Harrison street.

The Euclid club have furnished cozy parlors in the Schmitz block. The club is composed of about a dozen married gentlemen.

Mr. N. Leonard, of the north side, accompanied by his daughter, Mattie, and Miss Zella Weidner, will go to Muncie to-morrow.

The bids for the masonry of the St. Patrick's Catholic church basement will be let within a few days. The excavation will shortly be made.

Messrs. Homer Gorseline and Frank Zimmerman have accepted positions in the Globe clothing house, recently opened by Heller & Frankel.

Mrs. E. J. Cour, accompanied by Miss Cora McCarthy, of Minneapolis, are guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Donnelly, of South Calhoun street.

Miss Clara Koontz, of Camden, Ind., who has been engaged as an instructor at the Conservatory of Music, has arrived in the city to enter upon the discharge of her duties.

The World's Museum was packed last night, and Manager Geary gave five performances. The newly wedded couple, Madam Naomi and husband, was the center of attraction.

Mr. James Woulfe will have his new hotel building, at the corner of Calhoun and Baker streets, commenced as soon as Architect F. B. Kendrick completes the plans and the contract is let.

A letter received by W. T. Abbott from United States Consul H. W. Deidreich at Leipsic, states that Prof. Diedrich has passed the crisis of his illness and the symptons of paralysis have left him.

A petition from South Calhoun street property holders will be submitted at the next meeting of the council. It asks that cedar blocks be substituted for the brick pavement for which a resolution has already been passed.

The Philalathean literary society of the M. E. college rendered a delightful program last evening. The exercises throughout were excellent; the piano solos by Miss Boylan, the violin solos by Mr. Hanson and several recitations attracted especial attention.

Fred Wesson, who fell from a wind mill while attempting to extinguish a fire a few days ago, will recover. Himself and family were bereft of a home by the fire and are now having refuge in the house of their neighbor, Mr. Riedel, near the Institute for Feeble Minded.

The teachers of Madison township will hold the closing institute of the year at Hoagland on the 12th inst. Notable features of the work will be the discussion of the subject of compulsory education. Mr. Denny, of this city, will speak in the afternoon on the campaigns of the civil war.

John Madden, merchant policeman, has been sick and off duty for several nights past. His beat has been temporarily attended to by his son. Last night the young man saw a man attempting to effect an entrance into Francis Sallier's grocery and fired a revolver at the burglar who fled apparently unharmed.

Last evening after the services at the Jewish temple a family gathering was held at the home of Samuel Chaska, on East Wayne street, commemorative of the passover. At the gathering last evening Rabbi Guttmacher was present and gave a reading from the "Hagadah," an ancient work which recites the history of the 400 years' bondage and emancipation.

Mr. Will Hoynes has gone east.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Austhop—a daughter.

The First Regiment band is coming to the front.

There will be preaching at the Church of God to-night.

The improvements in the Foster block are almost completed.

T. C. McConnell, of Fargo, North Dakota, is in the city.

St. Bernard branch 103, C. K. of A., will hold a meeting to-morrow.

The little son of Yardmaster J. P. Schlandroff and wife is very sick.

Superintendent C. D. Gorham and wife have gone to New York City.

The street between Creighton avenue and Killyea street is almost impassable.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walker, of South Harrison street, are visiting at Crestline, Ohio.

A. M. Schmidt, the yardmaster of the Wabash, is the happy father of a sweet girl baby.

Mr. Davidson, of Detroit, representing the Hocking Valley road, was in the city to-day.

Mr. M. L. Jones, the dealer in photographer's supplies, has returned from a two weeks' business trip.

Mr. W. S. Toole, a traveling salesman of Toledo, was the guest of Mr. Will P. Breen yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Emanuel Bostick, of East Wayne street, who was thought to be at the point of death a few days ago, is now reported as much better.

Rev. J. M. Seymon, of Norwalk, Ohio, will occupy the pulpit of the Congregational church one week from to-morrow. Rev. Seymour is a former pastor of this church.

Mr. H. W. Bond has returned from a business trip to Chicago and a visit to Kansas City. At the latter place he was the guest of W. R. Nelson, owner of the Kansas City Star.

The pension agents have had increased business lately. The applicants for pension are looming up to a greater number than they have since the present board of pension examiners served in office.

Mr. Charles Rivers, of Cadillac, Mich., has arrived in the city to locate. He will engage in the painting business. Mr. Rivers was at one time a member of the firm of Kover, Rivers & Starkey, of this city.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Hanley Fitzpatrick will take place to-morrow at 1 p. m., from the Cathedral. The pallbearers will be as follows: P. O'Ryan, P. McCarty, J. Wolfe, P. Lannigan, J. Fitzpatrick and P. Burns.

Last Thursday evening at his residence Pastor Northrop united in marriage J. D. Kantrowitz and Miss Sadie Emenhiser, both of Monroeville, where they intend to live. Mr. Kantrowitz is a prosperous photographer of that place.

This evening at Sion S. Bass Post hall C. A. Power will address the people upon the subject of service pensions. Not only old soldiers, but the public generally is cordially invited to be present. Mr. Power is secretary of the National Service Pension association, and the bill is that for which Governor Hovey is so energetically laboring.

The directors of the Fort Wayne Land and Improvement company will hold a meeting this evening. Among the matters to be discussed will be the advisability of the company at once constructing, at its own expense, the proposed main brick sewer along the Maumee road. It is not unlikely the company may so decide. Another subject of discussion will be the proposed advance at an early day of 10 per cent. in the price of all lots which remain unsold. It is believed by many members of the company that it would be better to hold on to all lots that are left until later in the season, giving time for the completion of the elegant improvements on the land decided upon by the company. The many handsome residences that will be erected during the next ninety days will also materially add to the value of the property.

SCRATCHED 28 YEARS.

Body Covered with scales. Itching terrible. Suffering endless. No relief. Doctors and medicines fail. Speedily cured by Cuticura at a cost of $5.

Cured by Cuticura.

If I had known of the Cuticura Remedies twenty-eight years ago it would have saved me $200.00 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time and my suffering was endless and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some ringworm psoriasis etc. I took ... and ... Sarsaparillas over one year and a half, but no cure. I went to two or three doctors, but no cure. I cannot praise the Cuticura Remedies too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them were three boxes of Cuticura, and three bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, and two cakes of Cuticura Soap. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for $200.00, you would have had the money. I looked like the picture in your book of psoriasis (picture number two, "How to Cure Skin Diseases"), but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times.

DENNIS DOWNING, Waterbury, Vt.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, and permanently cure every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, scrofulous and hereditary diseases and humors of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM.

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing plaster.

F. G. and Frank's Choice are the best 5-cent cigars sold. All first class dealers sell them.

For nobby Bonnets and imported patterns go to Mrs. Flagler's millinery store, 14 West Berry street.

Holders of season tickets to E. F. Biddle's lecture course may reserve seats for the Royal Hand Bell Ringers—the first entertainment in the course—Monday at 9 a. m., at the Masonic Temple. Season tickets will be on sale. Single tickets will be sold and seats reserved Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Ice cream orders promptly delivered at Seidel's. Telephone 239.

Miss Randall's classes will be held Saturday afternoon, April 12th, as usual. The Monday evening class will be extended a soriee April 12th, 8:30 to 11:30 p. m. All members and friends invited.

EASTER SUNDAY.

All flavors of ice cream and sherbets at Seidel's.

Positively the best 5 cent cigars are Frank's Choice and F. G., sold by all first-class dealers.

A dollar saved is a dollar earned. You can save one by buying a Bonnet at Mrs. Flagler's millinery store, 14 West Berry street.

Holders of season tickets to E. F. Biddle's lecture course may reserve seats for the Royal Hand Bell Ringers—the first entertainment in the course—Monday at 9 a. m., at the Masonic Temple. Season tickets will be on sale. Single tickets will be sold and seats reserved Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Pine Apples Reduced 5c.

Choice Large Pine Apples, 20c each.
Extra Large Russett Oranges, 50c doz.
Choice Messina Oranges, 25c doz.
Best Lemons, 25c doz.
Choice Bananas, 15c doz.

FRUIT HOUSE.

F. G. and Frank's Choice are the best 5-cent cigars sold. All first class dealers sell them.

Ice cream and sherbets daily at Seidel's.

I. L. Barkley, real estate, loan and insurance agent, has removed to room 18, Schmitz block, where he will be pleased to see all parties wanting to buy or sell real estate or wanting to borrow money. I have money at 6, 6½ and 7 per cent. on five year loans. I have a few extra cheap houses and lots for sale and a splendid farm to trade for city property. Commission low. Give me a call and be convinced. Notes bought and sold. Remember the place, 18 Schmitz block. wlt-d5-5

The Royal Hand Bell Ringers, of London, with their carillon of 131 bells of from 3 1-2 oz. to 11 1-4 pounds, will give one of their popular entertainments at the Masonic Temple, Tuesday, April 8. The first entertainment in E. F. Biddle's lecture course.

Positively the best 5-cent cigars are Frank's Choice and F. G., sold by all first-class dealers.

Everybody see Capt. Paul Boyton's wonderfully intelligent performing seals at the World's Museum next week. 3-3t

The Switchmen's Mutual Aid association give their third annual ball at Princess rink, Thursday evening, April 24. The First Regiment band will furnish the music, which guarantees the affair an excellent time, and, no doubt, will be the last ball of the season.

tues&sat1w

Roses—Callas Carnalios, for Easter, fresh home grown, at City greenhouse, 16 East Washington street. 1 2t

Rock Beer.

Leave your order for Bottled Rock Beer at the Ale House, 100 Calhoun street, where Mr. Christen handles 100 different kinds of bottled drinks and prices as low as any in the union. 3 2t

Holders of season tickets to E. F. Biddle's lecture course may reserve seats for the Royal Hand Bell Ringers—the first entertainment in the course—Monday at 9 a. m., at the Masonic Temple. Season tickets will be on sale. Single tickets will be sold and seats reserved Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Roses—Callas Carnalios, for Easter, fresh home grown, at City greenhouse, 16 East Washington street. 1 2t

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Has removed his office from West Berry street, to

74 CALHOUN STREET,

Over Mordhurst's drug store

SAD EYED WOMEN.

Why so many Ladies Are Miserable Clearly Explained-Some Stirring Remarks by One Who Knows.

"I feel sad every time I see a woman. The above remark was made to the writer by one of the oldest and most prominent physicians in New York.

"Is it possible that you are a woman hater, doctor?"

"Not at all, but I have seen so much suffering so many women who are miserable, that I cannot help feeling sorry for them all. How many ladies do you know that are perfectly well and healthy? How many enjoy life as they should? Is this not enough to make one feel sorrowful?"

"There must be a cause for all this doctor."

"There is. Women are weak and their troubles largely arise from weaknesses. When a women is weak she requires strength. Her body, her mind and all her functions must be put in a healthy condition, or she cannot secure strength. Nothing does this so easily and surely as pure spirits taken in moderation, either before meals or between meals. I know scores of ladies that are kept in perfect health, strength and brilliancy, by the judicious use of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. Many of these ladies are wives of ministers and professors, and most of them are temperance women. They realize that Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey furnishes the best and only positive help, and they are intelligent enough to profit by such knowledge. I know whereof I speak and I speak as a temperance man. The best temperance people of today are the ones who use pure spirits in moderation and find that strength, vigor, color and brightness are the results, rather than weakness, sallowness and a loss of interest in everything in life."

I was much impressed with the remarks of the doctor and believing their importance, reproduce them entire.

RICH HOTEL

FOR FIFTEEN DAYS.

NO CURE, NO PAY.

Knowing that the unfortunate have been imposed upon by unprincipled pretenders who charge heavily in advance,

DR. WILBUR

Has adopted this plan. That he will charge nothing for advice, consultation or treatment until the patient pronounces himself well.

The Only Charge Being Made for Medicines Used During Treatment.

Dr. Wilbur, Specialist,

Treats successfully chronic and long standing diseases, as those of the head, throat and lungs, liver, kidney and heart complaints, inveterate diseases of the stomach, that have defied all other methods, those fearful diseases of the nervous system arising from whatever causes: scrofula, dropsy, paralysis, fits, fever sores, contracted cords, enlarged and stiff joints, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatic, bone deformities, salt rheum, erysipelas, scald head, ill-conditioned ulcers, syphilis, nasal polypus, asthma, hay fever, rose cold, winter coughs, chronic diarrhœa and diabetis. All may be cured by this wonderful system if not too far advanced. Bone diseases cured when all methods have failed.

Ladies who are suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex, can consult the doctor with every assurance of speedy relief and permanent cure without subjecting them to the embarrassing procedure of an examination, which, in nine cases out of ten is unnecessary. The doctor particularly invites all cases that have been given up by other physicians.

☞The doctor will remove one tape worm free of charge; also, straighten the first case of cross eyes that presents itself at the hotel, FREE.

Consultation and Examination Free.

OFFICE HOURS—From 10 a. m. to 9 p. m. No patients received Sundays.

Tumors and Cancers removed without pain or use of the knife.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. Wm. Ryan, 35 Hoagland avenue, cross eyed for 21 years straightened in one minute without pain.

Fred Hoffman, employed at the Morton house, Grand Rapids, was cross eyed for 17 years. It took Dr. Wilbur only one minute to straighten them and without pain.

Mrs. Thomas Root, 668 Park avenue, Jackson, had a large tumor on her breast for 3 years. Dr. Wilbur removed it by a plaster, and she is now a well woman.

Elizabeth Detwiler, 101 Division street, Jackson, had a large mole near her eye. Dr. Wilbur removed it with a plaster, which is far better than the knife, and it causes no pain.

Mrs. Harmon Ritchie, Trail Run, Ohio, had a little baby that had a cancerous tumor on its upper lip that in one year grew as large as a peach. Dr. Wilbur removed tumor, lip and all, and made a new lip from its cheek, and the baby is entirely cured.

Mr. Abe Horning, of Soldier Home, Grand Rapids, had two tumors on his head, each of which were as large as tomatoes. Dr. Wilbur removed them without pain.

Mrs. T. F. Rabe, 238 South Forth street, Steubenville, Ohio, had female complaint for 3 years. Dr. Wilbur treated her without subjecting her to an examination, and she now feels like a new woman.

Mrs. E. S. Bissell, 714 Village street, Kalamazoo, Mich., had a tumor in her side for 16 years. It measured ten inches in diameter and had 23 roots, some of which were as large as a ladies wrist. Dr. Wilbur removed it and she is a well woman.

Mrs. Wm. A. Dean, 802 Academy street, Kalamazoo, Mich., could not see or read letters for two years. Dr. Wilbur cured her without any operation and she can now see to read.

Mrs. John Vliedon, 523 West Vine street, Kalamazoo, Mich., had a tumor on her head as large as a base ball. Dr. Wilbur removed it in one minute without pain.

The doctor invites correspondence from people at a distance, but never answers any letters unless they contain two stamps.

ANNA LEMON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office Rooms over Klinkenburg & Dietzer's Drug Store.

Can be consulted day or night. Women and Children a specialty. mar24 1m

SHERIFF—Editor Sentinel—Please announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of county sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.

FRANK K. COSGROVE, JR.

Do you feel any interest in a light weight overcoat and if so you are the party we are after. We want to show you the handsomest line of overgarments this city has ever seen, and at prices that ARE RIGHT.

Just opened some special line nobby suits for young men in frock and sack shapes. They are beyond question the prettiest goods of the season. The make is elegant, the fit perfection.

FRIEND'S ENTERPRISE,

Clothiers, 62 & 64 Calhoun street, Corner of Berry.

THE NEW WORLD'S MUSEUM AND THEATRE

(Formerly Academy of Music.)

JAMES GEARY ..... MANAGER.

ONE WEEK! COMMENCING MARCH 31.

THE BRIDE TO BE, who will marry the Michigan Fat Lady who is anxious to wed some respectable young man, grass widower or bachelor. She offers $5,000 in cash and a $10,000 farm to the one of her liking that will marry her, the marriage ceremony will take place in the museum and all will be invited to partake of the festivities. Due notice will be given. Watch the papers.

THE INDIAN FAMILY.

Eagle Eye, Papoose, and the pretty little Indian baby, Laughing Eyes.

By request, retained one week longer.

ROSE, THE WILD GIRL.

The most interesting attraction ever exhibited. A genuine curiosity.

Many other objects of interest and a splendid vaudeville entertainment in the theater.

HOGAN & HOGAN, Specialty Company.

The pleasing sketch artists, THE MAHERS, in something new.

America's Prima Donna,

MISS MAY TENTWORTH.

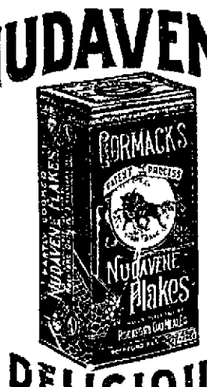
The sweetest singer on the vaudeville stage.

The Great TREBOR, the lightning change artist; HOGAN BROS., in their own origination, and a very funny farce comedy.

Special matinee for children Saturday morning, April 5. Every child receives a present.

Next week, Capt. Paul Boytons wonderfully intelligent performing seals. April 14, Me & Him

NUDAVENE



DELICIOUS

BREAKFAST DISH.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

J. M. WATSON,

Practical Carpet Layer.

(Formerly with Sterling & Co., Toledo, O.)

28 Stophlet Street, - - Fort Wayne, Ind.

Carpets made and laid to order promptly. Changes and refittings made. First-class work guaranteed. Postal cards at house will be promptly attended to. apr15-1m

WANTED—Boarders at 46 West Wayne street. 4-3t

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

A Big Drive In

Chenille Portieres

We have just closed out a manufacturer's stock of

PORTIERES,

Same goods that were sold at $7.50 and $8.00 a Pair.

OUR - PRICE

Will be, as long as they last,

$5.90 A PAIR.

FIRST COME—

FIRST CHOICE!

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Pixley & Long Block
Berry street.

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

NATURAL GAS FITTING.

H. J. ASH is prepared to do your Natural Gas Fitting very promptly and give you first-class work for the least possible sum of money. Give him a call at No. 9 E. Columbia St. Stoves of every description for all kinds of fuel. Also Kitchen Furnishing Goods.

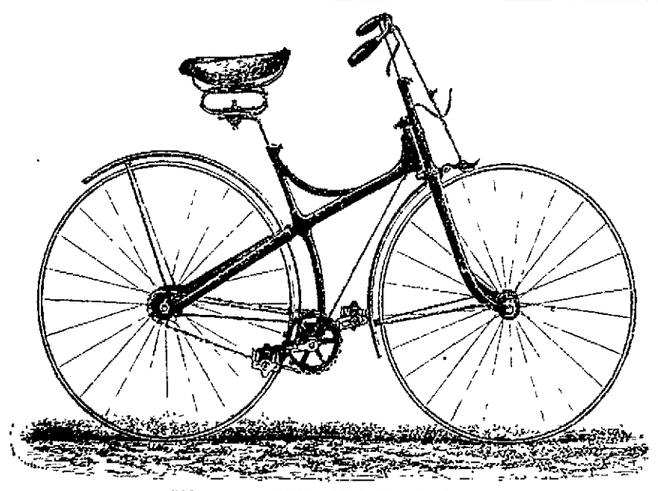
NATURAL GAS FITTING.

ROBERT SPICE.

Is prepared to do your fitting for heating and lighting promptly.

Pumps, Wind Mills, Drive Wells and Repairs.

48 W. Main St.---Telephone 261.



FOR THE BOYS AND THE GIRLS.

OUR "PET" SAFETY BICYCLE, for boys and girls from six to ten years of age. Small size, $11; medium size, $15; large size, $21, the last two having rubber tires.

THE "JUNIOR" SAFETY BICYCLE, for youths from ten to sixteen years of age. Price with rubber tires, standard finish, $29.50.

These Bicycles are of the celebrated make of the Western Toy company and are unquestionably the best youths bicycle now on the market.

As usual, we make the price 25 per cent. less than these machines can be purchased for elsewhere.

In a few days we will have in the same make of machines in young ladies' safeties.

Bicycle riding will be a great rage this year. Purchase early as no manufacturer will be able to keep up with his orders and later in the season it will be very difficult to get orders filled.

FOSTER FURNITURE COMPANY.

IF YOU ARE WANTING A SUIT OF CLOTHES OR AN OVERCOAT!

First-class make, guaranteed in every particular, cheap or fine, made of any kind of goods, we have it and can make it. We have only New Goods to Show.

NO FANCY PRICES.

Full Dress or Wedding Suits Made Up on Short Notice.

THIEME BROS., No. 12 WEST BERRY STREET.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1890. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE!

The Delight of the

DRESSMAKER!

MADAME WARREN'S

DRESS FORM CORSETS.

One regular MADAME WARREN'S CORSET is made in the most correct and substantial manner; is extra long and long-waisted. The success of MADAME WARREN'S DRESS FORM CORSETS has been unprecedented.
We have just received a full assortment of this celebrated Corset.

GEORGE -I- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

H. C. MEYER,
—THE FASHIONABLE—
Merchant Tailor!
is now receiving his large and well selected stock of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.
Which are the noblest ever brought to this city. He intends making Suits in the Latest Styles and at Very Low Prices this Spring and Summer and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,
44 Harrison street.
mch25-1m

BABY CARRIAGES!
Wholesale and Retail at James M. Kane's.
Stock Complete: 300 Carriages to select from, prices from $1.75 up to $35.00 each. Our $5.00, $6.00, $8.00, $9.00 and $10.00 carriages are the best ever offered in this market. All new goods. No old stock to work off as I have exclusive control of this market of all the leading manufacturers of carriages. I can offer you goods not to be found elsewhere in this city, at from 25 to 30 per cent. less than any house in this market. Latest improvements on all carriages at
JAMES M. KANE'S.

FOR TO-MORROW,

SATURDAY,

We have a tremendous Bi7 Bargain for you. Having bought a sample line of Capes and Jackets Cheap we are going to sell them Cheap.

1 Lot of Capes for

$2.20.

1 Lot of Capes for

$3.30.

In Black, Blue and Combination Colors

A Good Cork Screw Cloth Jacket for

$4.00.

Worth $5.50 and cut in the latest style.

A Better one in a white Cord and wide wale Cloth for

$4.50.

Worth $6.50.

A Jersey Jacket for

$2.75.

Would be cheap at $3.50.

A line of Misses' and Boys' Gossameres, for 39 cents.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

READY TO FIGHT!

John L. Sullivan is Ready to Put Pugilist Corbett to Sleep in Four Rounds for $10,000.

BOSTON, April 5.—John L. Sullivan was seen last night with regard to the published report that J. M. Corbett, the San Francisco heavy-weight, was anxious to try his skill against the champion.

"I am more than ready to meet Corbett," said Sullivan, "but only on one condition. If we are to box four rounds, I'll contract to put him to sleep in that time. If I succeed I am to get $10,000; if I don't he gets the money. No half and half business about it. These gate receipts savor too much of faking. You can say that John L. Sullivan will fight Corbett four rounds for $10,000, and if he does not whip him in that time he won't accept a cent."

Secretary Slattery, of the Gladstone club, of Providence, who was present at the interview, said the club would give a purse of $1,000 for the contest if it could be arranged for April 23. Billy Mahoney and John L. are desirous of getting in a match between Jack McAuliffe and Patsy Kerrigan, and will back the latter for $2,500.

WISCONSIN TURNERS.

Will Pass Resolutions Indorsing the Bennett Law.

SHEBOYGAN, Wis., April 5.—The annual convention of the delegates of turners for the district of Wisconsin, gathered here yesterday, is likely to play an important part in the turning of public sentiment in favor of the now famous Bennett law. About 100 delegates were present, representing all of the turn societies in the state which are members of the National turnerbund. The proceedings last evening were purely preliminary. The work will begin this forenoon.

It is certain that a resolution will be introduced and quite as certain that it will be passed by a large majority, indorsing the principles of the Bennett law and protesting against the interference of the churches of any denomination with the public schools of the state or the right of the state to the control of all schools, so far as compulsory education in the language of the country is concerned.

There will be some opposition to the consideration of the educational question by those who believe that politics should be kept out of the organization, but the friends of the law are determined and active, and as the qualification for membership is a belief in freedom of thought and speech and a development of mind as well as of body, there can be little doubt of the result of the discussion. The session will probably last two days.

INDIANA DEATHS.

Two Ministers of the Gospel Pass Away—Rev. John F. McClain.

CONNERSVILLE, April 15.—Rev. John F. McClain, M. D., of this place, died Thursday of blood poisoning. Two years ago, by reason of a disease of the knee, one of his limbs was amputated and he never fully recovered.

SEYMOUR, April 5.—Rev. Walter Benton, a resident of Jackson county since 1819, and a Methodist minister for sixty years, is dead. He was aged ninety-one. He was the grand-father of Rev. C. W. Tinsley, of Franklin, who will conduct the funeral services. Mr. Benton was the oldest preacher in the state.

GREENCASTLE, April 5.—John S. Jennings, esq., died Thursday night at his home in this city, aged eighty-eight years, of exhaustion incident to old age.

PENSION FRAUDS.

An Ex-Congressman Arrested at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 5.—Ex-Congressman Lee Wilson, of Shelby county, was arrested last night, charged with extensive pension frauds. He has been indicted by the federal grand jury, evidence showing that he secured a total of twenty-one annulment marriages in the Shelby county court, and in each case he had received from $50 to $100. The women who were thus freed from matrimonial bonds were the widows of soldiers who had remarried and their names restored to the pension rolls. Wilson gave bond for his appearance.

CLAIM JUMPERS.

And They Propose to "Hold the Fort"—Trouble Feared.

CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., April 5.—Four claims in one locality on the ceded Sioux lands west were Thursday jumped by claim jumpers. The jumping was done during the temporary absence of the original settlers, who, upon returning and discovering the intruders, used every means in their power to prevail upon the jumpers to vacate, but without avail. The four settlers came to Chamberlain yesterday, purchased Winchester rifles and ammunition, and returned to the reservation, swearing they would have their claims back, if blood shed was necessary to accomplish it.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—For Indiana: Fair till Sunday night; warmer, southerly wind.

LOCAL LINES.

There was no police court to day.

Dr. G. W. McCaskey has entirely recovered from his illness.

Frank Dwelly has accepted a position with Golden & Monahan.

Worden & Morris will go to Winchester, Ind., to try a case, Monday.

Two cases of drunk were sent to jail by the mayor yesterday afternoon.

Henry Weise, of the Salimonie company's offices, went to Montpelier today.

Attorney S. L. Morris settled a case for the Nickle Plate at Sydney, Ind., yesterday.

Miss Randall will return home Wednesday, April 9, from Kansas City and Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Grove left this morning for Bucyrus, Ohio, to attend a funeral of a relative.

The Fort Wayne Bicycle club will have a banquet at the Wayne hotel next Wednesday evening.

The government case against Baggagemaster Sam Brokaw will come up at Indianapolis next Tuesday.

Mrs. Fred Noise went to Indianapolis this morning. She will visit her friend, Miss Miller, until the first of May.

Rev. Latchaw, president of the Findlay theological college, will preach at the Church of God to night and tomorrow.

E. W. Mitchell was arrested last night at Indianapolis for obtaining money from labor societies. He will be brought to this city.

L. B. Plessinger, Chester Thorp, Bluffton, E. M. Breese, Kalamazoo, W. Ketchum, W. Clutter, Huntertown, are guests at the Aldine.

Mrs. Neff, of 18 Hamilton street, is entertaining her sister-in-law, Mrs. William Woodward, nee Miss Hattie Neff, of Fennville, Mich.

Miss Fanny Perley, a very gifted missionary from Spanish Forks, Utah, will speak at the First Presbyterian church to-morrow evening.

Calvin Bowman enters suit against the Ohio Farmers' Insurance company on contract; demand, $500. Swayne & Doughman for the plaintiff.

The diminutive canine curiosity, "Jay," owned by O. L. Perry, is flirting with the rabbits, hen and chicks in Mr. Barcus' easter window to day.

Mrs. Banister will meet the scholars of Trinity Sunday school on this evening, in the parish house for the first rehearsal of their Easter festival music.

Mrs. Perry N. DeHaven and Miss Gertrude Green have returned from a visit with Miss Caroline Andrews, of Rose Place, Huntertown, this county.

Mr. Ed. Biddle has shown commendable enterprise in securing the Royal Hand Bell Ringers, which comes here next week as the first attraction in his course.

The announcement of Frank K. Cosgrove, as a candidate for county sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention, appears elsewhere in this paper.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Lipes —a daughter. Mr. Lipes is foreman at the Keller medicine works and he is remembering his friends with cigars today in a liberal manner.

Several changes of time will be made in the schedule of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad trains tomorrow. Several important trains will again adopt the old time.

Simon P. Hadley, who was discharged from the insane asylum this week, has returned home accompanied by his brother-in-law, George Walke. He lives in Springfield township.

Robert McSmith, Cleveland, Col. W. S. Shaw, Cincinnati, and O. Warner, of Chicago, agents of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincey railroad, were the guests of Passenger Agent John F. Ross to-day.

Miss Florence Clark, corresponding secretary of the Sunday School union, desires all persons to whom blanks have been sent, to return them, when filled out, to her at once, so that they may be forwarded to the state officers.

Mary Schmuck, through her attorneys, W. and E. Leonard, enters suit against her husband, Peter Schmuck, for a divorce. The complaint recites some severe charges, which summed up are habitual drunkenness and extreme cruelty.

The Tri-State Building, Loan and Savings Association sold 1236 shares last month. The law allows the issuing of only 10,000 shares at $100 each and the full quota being almost reached the forming of a Tri-State No. 2 is now in progress and the complete organization will soon be effected.

This morning Mr. James H. Conway, who was found on the streets about a week ago in a demented condition, was released from the county jail, where he had been confined for safety. He has recovered his reason. Mr. Conway is a respected citizen of Milwaukee and his case is a sad one. He will probably leave to night for his home. He says he knew nothing of his wanderings from the time he left Milwaukee until his awakening in the county jail the morning after his imprisonment.

WOODRUFF'S BOMBSHELL

Explodes in the Polygamists' Camp The Day of Revelation Has Ended.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, April 5.—The sixtieth annual conference of the church of the Latter Day saints began yesterday. Five thousand people were in attendance, representing branches of the Mormon church from all over the country.

President Woodruff, the head of the church, said in his opening speech that the day of revelation had ended. God had revealed enough mysteries for the people to see salvation, and there was no need for looking for more divine utterances.

The statement was a bomb shell in the camp of the Mormons, who have hitherto contended that all actions of the church was detailed by revelations from the prophet, which is Woodruff.

Others speakers followed in the same strain and urged strict compliance with the laws of the church. A leading Mormon said yesterday that it was expected that Woodruff would, before the end of the conference, assert that he had a revelation from God that polygamy should be abandoned.

IMPALED ON A PITCHFORK.

John E. Whicker Meets With an Accident That Will Prove Fatal.

A terrible accident occurred to a young man named John E. Whicker last evening, about fourteen miles west of the city and just across the county line of Whitley county.

Mr. Whicker was in a barn feeding the stock. After throwing hay down from the mow he also threw the pitchfork down, which struck the barn floor with the two prongs, of which the fork consisted, sticking straight up. Mr. Whicker by some means lost his balance and fell on the fork, both prongs of which penetrated the abdomen and passed clear through his body.

Medical aid was summoned from this city and Dr. J. W. Younge left for there at 10 o'clock.

Upon his arrival he found the unfortunate young man suffering intense agony, and relieved him as quickly as possible, in so far as it could be done. The doctor has but little hope of the recovery of the patient, but will visit him again this evening. What adds to the sadness of the occasion is the fact that the young man was to have been married one week from to-morrow, to an accomplished young lady of Coesse, who is nearly crazed on account of the sad misfortune that has befallen her betrothed. Mr. Whicker is a most estimable young man, and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Impressive Services Last Night—Tomorrow's Services.

Not an empty seat was to be seen in the Cathedral last night, at the closing services of Good Friday.

Rev. M. S. Byrne, closed his very successful Lenton course by a sermon on the dying words of Christ—"All is finished," and for fifty-five minutes the vast congregation gave a most attentive ear to the pathetic discourse of the young divine.

Father Delaney conducted the closing ceremonies.

This morning the new fire, the Easter candle and Font, were blessed and the prophecies read, and mass sung by Rev. J. F. Delaney. The bell were again rung and the wonted silence of Holy week was once more broken.

The Easter services to-morrow will be of unusual splendor. At 10:30 the Rt. Rev. Bishop will pontificate and all the Cathedral clergy will assist. The sermon will be by Rev. Delaney, and the exercises will close with solemn Vespers at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

WINNING FAME.

W. B. Beamer Gets a Nice Promotion Under General Manager Wade.

Word was received in this city to-day that Mr. W. B. Beamer had been promoted from trainmaster to general superintendent of the Southern California railroad system, with headquarters at San Bernardino, Cal.

The news of Mr. Beamer's strides to railroad fame fall pleasantly upon the ears of his many intimate friends of this city, where he once resided when agent of the Muncie, and where his railroad experience practically began. He then took a position as trainmaster of the Wabash, where Mr. Wade discovered his worth, and when Mr. Wade was made general manager of the Southern California road he soon caused the appointment of Mr. Beamer as trainmaster, and this is the result.

Mr. Beamer is a son-in-law of Mr. A. G. Barnett, of the bus line firm of Powers & Barnett.

Remember the Three River Rod and Reel Club Ball is Monday evening, at Turner Hall.

The annual meeting of the congregation of the Second Presbyterian church for the election of trustees and such other business as may come before it, will be held in the Sabbath school room April 7th, at 7:30 p. m. 2526

CHICAGO CARPENTERS!

Will Declare a Strike To-night to Begin Monday Morning—The Plumber's Strike.

CHICAGO, April 5.—That a strike of the carpenters will be declared to-night at 12 o'clock, to begin Monday morning, seems now an assured fact.

The master carpenters have shown no disposition to conciliate or accede to the demands of the carpenters' council. Instead of preparing a peace offering, they have been quietly making concessions to the individual workmen, and accepting reciprocal obligations from them. So it is that 5,000 journey-carpenters are looking forward to an enforced idleness, perhaps for weeks.

Yesterday developed little that was new in the plumbers' strike. The most significant feature of the day being the influx of plumbers from other cities. Strikers and employers hold out with equal pertinacity and are alike confident of victory. The plumbing business throughout the city is practically suspended.

GOMPERS ADDRESS.

The Noted Labor Agitator Addresses a Large Audience at the Masonic Temple.

Mr. Samuel Gompers, of New York city, president of the American Federation of Trades, who had been billed to deliver a free lecture on the labor question at the Temple last night, was given a royal reception by the organized labor of the city. The different organizations, headed by the First Regiment band, marched in a body to the Rich hotel and escorted the noted agitator to the Temple, which building was comfortably well filled with people anxious to hear him.

In his opening remarks the speaker spoke of how it was necessary that everything that is, or has ever been, of value to humanity has been moulded by the hands of the laborer, who, having placed material in a shape to be of the most value, oftentimes was not able to retain any of it for his own benefit or luxury.

He touched on the question of child-labor and said that in nine cases out of ten where the child was employed it was done, not for the benefit of the child or sympathy for the parents, but for the reason that its labor could be purchased cheaper than that of the father, the mother, the brother or the sister who had grown to manhood or womanhood, and often the employment of the child was the cause of the discharge of the father.

He next took up the shorter hour question and tried to demonstrate why days of shorter hours of labor would be of benefit not only to the men who were compelled to do such labor, but to those who were their employers and those who in the business of life depended to a great extent on the earnings of the workingman. He demonstrated that where wages were highest and a day's work shortest there you found the best friendship and comfort between man and man. He spoke of the hours of pleasure that could be spent at home with wife, children, mother or sister, not in the glare of the lamp and electric light, but under the shining rays of the sun, when nature was at its best. He stated that even now in the city of Fort Wayne the men who were the latest to arrive and earliest to depart were the best paid, the happiest situated and enjoyed the beauties of this life to the greatest extent. In his mind one of the greatest maxims ever written were those beautiful lines, "Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest, eight hours for what we will."

When closing his remarks he made the statement that the carpenters would be the first to make the demand for shorter hours and when successful, of which he felt no doubt, the cause of the coal miners would be taken up, and all organized labor were pledged to assist each in their demands for the elevation of mankind.

Mr. Gompers was the recipient of many thanks and congratulations from the workingmen of the city at the close of his remarks.

SEVERELY SCALDED.

A Child Falls in a Pan of Boiling Hot Water.

Yesterday, at the home of its parents, 39 Pine street, the little two-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Miller, was around in the kitchen where the mother was washing. A pan of boiling hot water stood on the floor, and into this the child accidentally fell, and was scalded in a serious manner about the hips and body up to the shoulders.

Dr. E. J. McGoar was summoned and dressed the little one's injuries, which it was feared for a time might prove fatal. The child is resting easier to-day.

All kinds of cakes at Seidel's.

Dr. E. F. Sites, the dentist, is now located at No. 66 Calhoun street, four doors north of Wayne street.

The best dinner for 25c at Seidel's.

Everybody will attend the popular Three River Rod and Reel Club Ball Monday evening.

CHRIST HAS RISEN.

The Coming of Sunday Morn Will Usher In Easter Day—The Churches and Their Services.

Pastor Sims welcomes you to the Christian Chapel at 10:30 and 7:30.

No services at the Congregational church to morrow, Sunday School at 12 m.

Services at the U. B. church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Revival meeting every evening next week.

An attractive musical program has been arranged for the Easter festival service of Trinity Episcopal Sunday School, at 4 o'clock, to which all are invited.

Simpson M. E. church, corner South Harrison and Dawson streets. Services morning and evening conducted by the Rev. G. B. M. Rogers. All cordially invited to attend.

St. Paul M. E. church will hold Easter services to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school Easter song service at 2:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to all.

Men's meeting at the R. R. Y. M. C. A. will be held at 3 o'clock, standard time, Sunday afternoon, for one hour. All men cordially invited and any stranger in town especially welcomed. A profitable hour is assured.

Remember the boys and girls meeting at the Baptist Tabernacle 3:30 to-morrow. Illustrated booklets for all. Those from eight to eighteen years only are invited. Doors close at 3:45. A thousand youths are expected.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 a. m. Missionary meeting at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Society of Christian endeavor, at 6:30. All are invited to attend these meetings.

Rev. J. H. Latchaw, of Findlay college, will be in the city over Sunday, the guest of Pastor Shanks, and will preach this evening, to-morrow morning and evening in the Bethel, corner of DeWald street and Hoagland avenue. All are cordially invited to hear him.

The song service at the City Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoon is constantly increasing in number and interest. All the young men in the city are invited to come out to-morrow at 4 o'clock, city time. Some additional music and an interesting leader expected to-morrow. Meeting to continue one hour.

Rev. J. M. Boggs, of the Third Presbyterian church will preach to-morrow in the Second Presbyterian church, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The sacrament of the Lord's supper will be observed at the morning service. Sunday school at 11:45; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:15. There will be no services at the Third church, but their Sabbath school will be as usual, at 2 p. m.

Services at the Grace Reformed church to-morrow morning and evening appropriate for Easter Sabbath. At the morning service a large number of applicants will be received by baptism, and confirmation with full membership, with the church. In the evening the different societies of the church will unite with a service appropriate for the day. Strangers and friends of the church are invited to these services.

The Easter services at the Trinity Episcopal church to-morrow will be:

7 a. m.—First celebration of Holy Eucharist.

10:25 a. m.—Morning prayer and second celebration of Holy Eucharist.

4 p. m.—Choral festival, services of the Sunday School.

The musical program will be as follows:

Pontifical March	Lemmens
Anthem: This is the Day	Banks
Anthem: Christ Our Passover	Lloyd
Gloria, to E flat	Greatorex
Gloria	Shaw
Gloria, in A	Greatorex
Te Deum	Hopkins
Jubilate	Havens
Anthem: Why Seek Ye the Living Among the Dead	Greene
Kyrie	Conrad
Gloria Tibi	Dupont
Anthem: Lift Your Glad Voices	Williams
Offertory: Pastoral	Kullak
Offertory: Gloria	Greatorex
Sanctus	Dykes
Hymns: Bread of the World	Old Chant
Gloria in Excelsis	Old Chant
Recessional: Jerusalem the Golden	Ballisle
Postlude	Batiste

Strangers are welcome to all services.

JUDGE HENCH

Is Not a Candidate for Superior Court Judge.

FORT WAYNE, April 5, 1890.

EDITOR OF THE SENTINEL:

I have been informed to-day by democrats from all parts of the county that it is the current report in many of the townships of this county that I am a candidate for judge of the superior court. I desire to say that I am not a candidate for said office, although I have been urged to-day, and for some time past, by many of my friends, to be a candidate.

SAMUEL M. HENCH.

A FORT WAYNE LADY

Has Two Tumors Removed.

Miss Lena Dillon, No. 135 Broadway, has had two tumors for five years. Dr. Wilbur removed them and she is a well girl. The doctor also removed a tumor for Mr. Wm. Volland, No. 273 West Washington street. True merit must be recognized, even in a traveling physician, and testimonials like these speak volumes for the doctor's ability.

KILLED INSTANTLY.

Patrick Finney, a Fort Wayne Brakeman, Meets a Sudden Fate at Columbia City.

Patrick Finney, a popular freight brakeman on the Fort Wayne road, was instantly killed at Columbia City this morning.

The circumstances of the accident are as follows: Finney was returning to this city on his regular run—freight train No. 98, eastward bound, due here at 8:20 o'clock a. m. When near Columbia City, as he was descending the side of a car, his body struck a water hydrant and he was hurled to instant death underneath the moving train.

His body was cut in twain and he was otherwise horribly mangled. The remains were gathered up and boxed for shipment on mail train number 20, which arrived here at 1:25 o'clock this afternoon. Undertaker Peltier was detailed to take charge of the corpse and convey it to the family residence.

The deceased was nearly twenty-three years old.

Mr. Finney was an unmarried man and lived with his parents at 18 Melita street. His father, Michael Finney, is a helper in the Wabash blacksmith shop. James Finney, the well known Pittsburg conductor, is an uncle of the deceased, and Austin Finney, a printer on the Journal, is a brother.

The death of Patrick Finney will be learned with deepest sorrow. He was loved for his fellowship, liked for his acquaintance and admired and respected for his sobriety and earnest manhood.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

Attorney W. P. Denny Raises a New Question in Indiana Courts.

The circuit court, by jury, recently returned a verdict of $1 and costs against the defendant in the case of the state of Indiana vs. Josiah O. Keller.

The defendant was found guilty of assault and battery on John E. Housh, then in his employ.

Mr. W. P. Denny, attorney for Mr. Keller, appealed the case to the supreme court and a decision just handed down from there loses him the suit.

Mr. Denny raised a point never before tried in an Indiana court, hence the decision of the supreme court was awaited by the attorneys with no little interest.

Mr. Denny's point was that the state ought to be required to show up the whole case, and that the defense should have the privilege of cross-examining any of the state's witnesses before the defendant is called upon to make defense.

In the case at issue Prosecutor Robinson did not call on one of the state's witnesses whom the defense looked upon as being able to render testimony of benefit to them. Attorney Denny appealed to the court to demand the examination of the witness and was overruled. It was then on this point that he appealed to the supreme court.

A motion will probably be made for a new trial.

IN NEW HANDS.

The Bloomingdale Mills, Under the Management of Pilliod & Brown, Coming to the Front.

The Bloomingdale mills, which were purchased by Messrs. Charles J. Pilliod and Charles W. Brown, of Swanton, O., a few days ago, have undergone a series of extensive repairs and are now ready for business again.

The gentlemen are old time millers, having been in the business for years, and understanding thoroughly all the branches of the industry. They have placed in the mill the celebrated Geo. T. Smith purifier, which is the best in the world, and have added to the mill properly much new machinery, all of which is of the latest and most improved pattern. With these improvements it is safe to say that the Bloomingdale mill is now one of the best in this part of the country.

The new firm will manufacture, by the roller process, the celebrated brands of flour, known as "Diadem" and "Peerless" and will be able to compete in excellence and prices with any of the mills of the country. They will do all kinds of custom work and carry on a general milling business.

Messrs. Pilliod & Brown came to our city strangers, but our readers here in Fort Wayne and throughout the country, will find them gentlemen with whom it is a pleasure to do business, and obliging in every respect.

THE SENTINEL bespeaks for the new firm success, and under their management the Bloomingdale Mills will no doubt take a position among our city's busy industries it has never held before.

Do not fail to attend the grand ball given by the Three River Rod and Reel Club Monday evening. Good music in attendance.

Holders of season tickets to C. F. Biddle's lecture course may receive seats for the Royal Hand Bell Ringers—the first entertainment in the course—Monday at 3 p. m., at the Masonic Temple. Season tickets will be on sale. Single tickets will be sold and seats reserved Tuesday at 10 a. m.

REGINA COELI AN EASTER ANTHEM.

BY CHARLES G. BLAND.

Rejoice, O Queen of heaven, rejoice!
Alleluia!
The angels hear, let the sweet notes now
Lead the triumphant hymns of praise
For He, most glorious, son of days,
Alleluia!

For He whom to carry in pure love,
Alleluia!
In virgin womb the Father chose,
Our God the Savior, is risen now
With wondrous joy to bless above,
Alleluia!

He is risen! He is risen!
Alleluia!
He left the tomb's sad, woeful prison;
Angels shout before the throne,
Exalted high, despoils its gloom,
Alleluia!

He is risen, loud we sing;
Alleluia!
But with sad thought upward wing
Pure love's tears of consolation,
"Quia resurrexit," blest of the sad!
Alleluia!

AN EASTER BONNET:

OR,

Why Mrs. Philemon Kesterson Was Worried.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

"YOU haven't tried a muffin, dear," said Mr. Kesterson.

"No," dismally.

"You touched your chop."

"No," more dismally.

"Nor tasted your coffee."

"No," most dismally.

It was a very pretty room, that in which the Kestersons sat at breakfast. A big Persian rug partly covered the polished floor; there were sash curtains of China silk on the windows; the table was a miracle of snowiness, sparkle, and tempting viands; a bowl of violets stood on the low, tiled mantel, and over on a broad lounge in the baywindow kicked a little dimpled, rosy baby, Philemon Kesterson, Jr.

"My love, what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"You are ill, Augusta, or you are worried. Which is it?"

Mrs. Kesterson rolled between her slim white fingers one of the ribbons of her old-rose morning gown.

"I'm w-worried," she replied, with quite a pathetic trouble in her voice.

"Well?" queried her lord.

"I haven't any money!" broke out Mrs. Kesterson.

Philemon stared.

"Why, my dear Augusta, it is only five days since you drew $50."

"I—I know, darling; but I saw such lovely faille selling at an absurdly low price. I thought it would be swindling you not to buy it. You'd have to pay so much more, if I should happen to need some in the future. Don't you see, love?"

Mr. Kesterson put his hands in his pockets and leaned back in his chair. He had not been married long enough to make him either callous or irritable regarding requests for money.

"Well, no, my dear; I can't exactly say I do. What is it you need?"

"A new hat to wear Easter Sunday."

Mr. Kesterson laughed. "Now, why in the world do women always want a new bonnet for Easter? I don't buy a new hat because Lent is over. Well, well, how much will the bonnet cost?"

"I don't want a bonnet," corrected Mrs. Kesterson. "I want a hat. A bonnet makes one look so old."

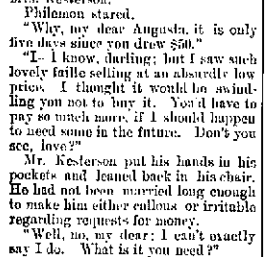
Philemon smiled benignantly on the dimpled wild-rose face across the table, and thought it would be a peculiar head-dress which could impart to its curves and color an appearance of age.

"Well, a hat, then. How much?"

"I don't know, but I did see just the very one I want. It was in Palmer's window—the loveliest hat, all sage-green velvet and surah, and the cunningest little curly tips."

Mr. Kesterson smiled more broadly. He rose. He kissed his wife.

"Money is very scarce, my dear, but



"YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED YOUR CHOP, DEAR," HE SAID.

I'll see—I'll see!" And he shrugged himself into his light spring overcoat and betook himself down town.

If not exactly an old man's darling, Mrs. Kesterson was the adored wife of a man considerably older than herself. But than she was barely 20.

It was quite a chilly morning, and the draught circled through the car on which Mr. Kesterson rode to his place of business at a positively rheumatic rate; but Philemon was oblivious of such small discomforts. The consciousness of a kind deed contemplated seemed to keep his feet as well as his heart warm.

"Wonder if she thought me indifferent to her request. She'll know better this evening. Won't she be delighted, though?" And he rubbed his bearded chin in an ecstasy of anticipation. Arrived at State street he turned in the direction of Palmer's millinery store. Within half a block of his destination he was startled by a slap on the shoulder.

"Hallo, Kesterson! Where are you bound for?"

A reddish glow, the very parody of a blush, passed over Philemon's honest face. Then he recollected that Charley Kent was probably as indulgent a husband as himself, because a much more recent one.

"To tell you the truth, Kent, I'm going to buy my wife a bonnet—no, a hat."

Charley first laughed and looked quizzical, then grew suddenly serious as the possibility of his Dora being at that moment sighing for suitable head covering occurred to him.

"Women always do want new bonnets for Easter, don't they?"

From the standpoint of a longer matrimonial experience, Philemon, with decision, answered, "Yes."

"Funny, isn't it?"

"Very."

"Guess I'll go with you. How do you know you'll get what your wife will like?"

"That's as easy as rolling off a log. She told me."

"Oh! Not a surprise, then?"

"No."

When the two gentlemen entered Palmer's, Mr. Kesterson explained to the saleslady who waited upon them the particular features of the particular chapeau his wife desired. At least, he endeavored to describe them.

"The color had two names," he said, "and, though I can't exactly remember them, I know I would if I were to hear them again."

"Crushed strawberry?" she suggested.

"No."

"Harrison blue?"

"No."

"Terra cotta?"

Mr. Kesterson wiped his forehead. He feared his friend was laughing at him, and he was becoming desperate.

"Yes," he announced. "I think that's it—terra cotta."

"Oh, then, this must be it," and she brought from the showcase a trim little bonnet.

"Has it tips?" She said the one she preferred had tips."

"Dear me, yes," replied the saleslady, as she smilingly revolved the bonnet before his ignorant eyes.

"All right, then. Give me a couple of cards."

On one he wrote the address and on the other, "With my dear love, Philemon."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

Kesterson gasped, but he went heroically down in his pocket and counted out the sum.

"Think I'll take that one for Dora," said Kent, indicating an aesthetic hat in the window. And when he had paid for it and given the address he and Kesterson walked out and over to Kinsley's, where on the strength of their good deeds they treated themselves to a very choice luncheon. Meanwhile the intelligent and discriminating saleslady boxed and forwarded Mrs. Philemon Kesterson's terra-cotta bonnet to that lady, but inclosed Mrs. Philemon Kesterson's card with Mrs. Charley Kent's green velvet hat.

* * * * * *

"Not at home?"

"No, ma'am, but she will be soon. Won't you step in and wait?"

Mrs. Kesterson hesitated. She was fatigued. The parlor beyond with its ruby portieres, its sparkling little fire, its general air of comfort and cosiness, was most inviting. So she went in.

"Mrs. Kent said she would be back by four," said the servant, and then she drew the portieres and went away. Mrs. Kesterson, seated by the piano, pretty as a picture, in her moire street suit, looked critically around the room, as women have a trick of doing when alone. Her glance fell on a peculiar-shaped parcel on the sofa. "A new bonnet!" She got up and walked toward it. "From Palmer's. How I should love to see it! I believe I shall take a peep. Dora and I are so intimate she won't mind." So, accordingly, two shall gloved hands snapped the cord, removed the paper, took off the cover, and unswathed from its tissue-paper wrappings a green velvet hat all trimmed with surah and curly tips.

"Oh!" she cried, "my hat!" For in imagination it had already been hers. She stooped to pick up the card which had fallen on the rug. In blank astonishment she read the line thereon. In wild suspicion she re-read it. In an agony of doubt, bewilderment, misery, she perused it again. Her husband had sent Dora the very hat she had declared to me!" she commented, bitterly! "Oh, no! Just sent me this ugly old thing."

When Philemon, radiant at the prospect of his reception, entered his home that night he was confronted by a red-eyed, unresponsive, and resentful little lady.

"W what is it, dearest? Didn't you get the—the hat?"

"No I did'nt get the hat," retorted his wife with a stinging emphasis on the pronoun, which was quite lost on her innocent spouse. "I got a hideous little bonnet."

"Wasn't it the one you described?" queried Philemon, aghast.

A look of crushing scorn was the only answer he received. That very evening, as mute and miserable they sat in the parlor, who should be ushered in but Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kent. And Mrs. Kent wore her new hat. She to come! And wear it! The insolence of it made Mrs. Kesterson grow white as death. But what was that Charley Kent was saying in that rollicking voice of his?

"Look here, Kesterson, the card you wrote your wife to-day when we bankrupted ourselves on Easter bonnets, they sent home in Dora's box."

"MY HAT!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

BUYING THE BONNET.

"Eh?" cried Philemon.

Mrs. Kesterson gasped. The blood came back from her heart with a rush. She went up to Dora and began talking to her rapidly, cordially, affectionately. She could hear the gentlemen jesting over the mistake, their purchases, and her husband saying how he had bought the wrong hat after all. The evening passed delightfully. Philemon looked at his wife in surprise. She was so full of vivacity, of mirth. When the guests were gone she went up to her husband, and leaning over the back of the chair wherein he sat bent and kissed him several times.

"You dear old Phil! I was cross to-night—wasn't I? And I didn't thank you for that beautiful bonnet!"

"But——" stammered Kesterson.

"It is exactly the shade of the faille, and I'll have my dress of that made up right away. It is a charming bonnet! You darling boy!"

Beamingly Mr. Kesterson received his delayed caresses. But he made up his mind at that moment that one never could understand a woman, and that it was no use trying to do so.

The Simnel Cake.

A very curious old Easter custom in Shropshire and Herefordshire, England, is to make a rich and expensive cake called a simnel cake. The cakes are raised and the crust is made of fine flour and water with enough saffron to give it a deep yellow color. The interior is filled with materials of a very rich plum cake, with plenty of candied lemon peel and other good things. They are made up very stiff, tied up in a cloth and boiled for several hours, after which they are brushed over with an egg and then baked. When ready for sale the crust is as hard as if made of wood, a circumstance which has given rise to various stories of the manner in which they have at times been treated by persons to whom they were sent as presents, and who had never seen one before, one ordering his simnel to be boiled to soften it, and a lady taking hers for a footstool. They are made of different sizes.

EVEN the humblest toiler in the land can resolve to live for a higher purpose.

SOME EASTER FLOWERS.

A Few of the Many Blossoms Appropriate to the Season.

EASTER-DAY, the glory of the Christian year, is essentially a feast of flowers. Highest among them is the lily of purity, emblem of the Annunciation to the Maid blessed among women, emblem also of the glorious resurrection. Its beauty lies sleeping in the dormant bulb; it is the very prototype of the mortal which shall put on immortality.

Every florist's window now shows a mass of "Easter lilies," a popular name applied indiscriminately at this season to several differing varieties. The original "Easter lily" is Lilium candidum, a native of the Levant, and one of the oldest known species. It displays a panicle of snowy flowers, usually from four to eight in number, buds and blossoms together. This is the lily usually represented in devotional pictures. Two other varieties often referred to by the same popular name as the preceding are the trumpet and Bermuda lilies. The first is noticeable not only for the length of its blooms but also for its firm texture and lasting qualities. However, the Bermuda lily, which is very similar to L. candidum, is now grown more extensively than all the other sorts put together, in spite of being rather lacking in substance. The bulbs are inexpensive, being imported from the West Indies, and the flowers are very readily forced. They may be flowered by Christmas, while other varieties are much later. For forcing, the bulbs are potted in the autumn or early winter, being kept in a cool place until the pots are filled with roots; they are then brought into a warm house and treated to a generous diet. They flower from eight to ten weeks after the change in temperature. A house full of Bermuda lilies is a glorious sight in the bitter winter weather; everywhere straight, shining foliage and proudly held stems with a crown of buds and blossoms. As soon as the bud unfolds the florist removes the anthers from the stamens, lest the immaculate purity of the calyx should be soiled by the fairy gold-dust of its pollen.

Another Easter lily is the familiar calla. It is not a lily at all, being an arum. Our familiar jack-in-the-pulpit is one of its poor relations. The large white bract which apparently forms the flower is in reality the spath which protects the true inflorescence, the yellow spike in the center. This spike is a close mass of tiny flowers. The stately habit and fine foliage of the calla make it so decorative that it never really goes out of fashion, like many of its peers, for, alas! fickle fashion, like many of its peers, invades even the realms of nature, and the flower of one season is relegated to oblivion during the next.

While the lily typifies the glories of the resurrection, passion-flowers are a symbol of the pain and sorrow of the three great days. A decent fancy makes every part of the flower emblematic of the Passion; the stigmas represent the three nails, the anthers the five wounds, and the curious rays of the corona the crown of thorns; the ten petals represent the ten faithful apostles, the digitate leaves the hands of the persecutors, and the curling tendrils their scourges. It is a beautiful fancy, more suggestive of Gerarde or Tradescant than of our modern botanists, though they do not all belong to the Gradgrind school.

An Ancient Custom.

It is difficult to ascertain the precise origin of the graceful custom so universal in France and Germany and more or less prevalent throughout the world of offering eggs at the festival of Easter. The Persians give each other eggs at the new year, the Russians and the Finns at the festival of Easter. Among the Romans the year opened at Easter, as it did among the Franks under the Capets. Mutual presents were bestowed; and as the egg is the emblem of the beginning of all things, nothing better could be found as an offering. The symbolic meaning is striking: eggs are the germs of fecundity and abundance, and we wish our friends all the blessings contained within the slender shell when we offer this gift, whose fragility represents that of happiness here below. The Romans commenced their repast with an egg, hence the proverbial phrase, "Ab ovo usque ad mala," and we still say, to express going back to the commencement—beginning—ab ovo.

EASTER.

BY JOHN T. TABB.

Like a meteor, large and bright,
Fell a golden seed of light
On the field of Calvary night,
When the Babe was born in

Then it was epitheted in the gloom,
Till above His body's tomb
Flashed its everlasting bloom,
Flower of Easter morn.

AN EASTER EVENT.

BY S. A. HARRISON.

In the Lay-town, under the Lay,
Hiding the eggs for Easter Day.

Mamma wonders, "The hens don't lay;
We'll not have eggs for Easter Day."

Didn't know—by the nests were Tom and Jay,
Hiding the eggs for Easter Day.

"Mine red!" said Alice. "Mine green," said May.
But not an egg was found that day.

For the roguies had stowed them all away,
Up in the hay-town, under the hay.

"How warm and sunny," said little May,
"Let's go out in the hay to play."

So they frolicked and tossed the hay;
"Look!" cried Alice. "A nest!" cried May.

"Been a-hunt for mates a day;
Now we'll have eggs for Easter Day."

Two hay-n, that eve, strolled in from play—
Though 'twas Easter eve, they'd nothing to say

EASTER EGGS.

How to Color and Decorate Them—An Ancient Custom.

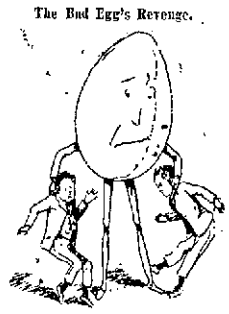
THE custom of giving eggs as presents about Easter time is ancient and widespread, but its true origin is lost in obscurity. In England it has been revived of late years, and the shops at Easter are full of prettily dyed ornamental eggs of all descriptions and of various prices, many of the more expensive ones containing valuable gifts. A basket or dish of freshly boiled and colored real eggs placed on the breakfast table on Easter morning is, however, preferable to imitation eggs, while the preparation of them will give pleasure and occupation to the younger members of the family.

There are many ways of coloring the eggs; logwood chips, if used in small quantities, will cause the egg to assume a port wine color, while if more chips are added the eggs will be black. It is impossible to say the exact quantity of chips required, depending on the quantity of water used, but it can easily be ascertained when the liquid is sufficiently dark by taking up a little in a spoon before putting in the egg. For brown eggs, boil them in coffee; for yellow eggs, in onion peelings. Cochineal will make eggs any shade, from a deep crimson to a lovely pink, according to the quantity used. Another way of coloring eggs is to wrap the eggs in pieces of silk of different shades, place them carefully in a saucepan containing plenty of warm water in which has been dissolved a lump of common washing soda and boil for an hour; then remove the silk covering and allow the eggs to cool gradually. When sufficiently cool to hold in the hand, rub each one over with a little butter or pure lard, which gives them a nice bright look. Be careful not to crack the shells when boiling the eggs, or the color will boil through into the egg, thus spoiling it and making it unfit to eat. Eggs may be made to assume a sort of marble appearance by boiling them in a piece of tartan silk or in several pieces of colored silk sewn together and tightly wrapped around the eggs. Bought dyes, such as Judson's, may be used as well for coloring the eggs, but are not so effective and bright, nor so amusing to use. A pretty effect may be obtained by daubing the eggs here and there with grease before boiling them, or dipping them into the boiling dye. Wherever the grease is the dye does not take, and therefore they come out spotted or striped or with other devices, as the case may be, or the name of the intended recipient of the egg may be written on it in the same manner, when it will appear afterwards quite distinct. In dyeing eggs care should be taken to use only one spoon, and that an old one; an old saucepan should also be used, and will answer the purpose perfectly if previously thoroughly cleaned. Some of the prettiest eggs are coated with gold and silver; this is not difficult to do. Boil the eggs for an hour in plain water only, then when quite cold rub them all over with painters' size. Procure some gold or silver dust, such as bookbinders use, put it in a saucer or plate, roll the eggs gently one at a time till the egg is entirely covered. Or the egg may be at first colored, and a name, a date, or any other device be put on in the same manner with the size and dust. Gold and silver leaf can be used, if preferred, instead of the dust, but are more troublesome to manage.

A Bad Egg.

It came to pass on Easter Day
A bad egg went outdoors to play;
There happened along
A man with a thong,
And he drove Mr. Bad Egg away.

The Bad Egg's Revenge.



An Easter Card.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

MANY CURIOUS, INTERESTING, AND USEFUL FACTS.

Origin and History of April Fool's Day—The Startling Immensity of Space—To Avoid the Lightning's Stroke—A Budget of Notes of Popular Interest.

BY PROF. J. F. ENSOR.

April Fool.

"April first! starts marked to no man's rules,
A day of heing and of making fools."

The origin of this day of practical jokes seems a trifle obscure. By some the custom has been traced to the scene in the life of Jesus when he was sent from Pilate to Herod, then back from Herod to Pilate, which occurred at this time. Away back nearly a hundred years in the *Clavis Calendarii* mention is made of the first of April as "All Fools' Day," and Scotland's poetry and song is replete with anecdotes and jokes perpetrated on this day, and among the Hindoos a day of foolories, the *Huli Fest*, is also observed. Among the Hindoos all kinds of jokes and like silly species of witticisms are saved for this day.

By many it is believed that the term "all" is a corruption of "auld" or "old," thus making it "Old Fools' Day," in support of which a very ancient Roman calendar speaks respecting the first of April, "the feast of old fools is remained to this day," but the oldest almanacs extant all have it "All Fools' Day." Again, with the Roman Saturnalia and the Druidical rites, superstitions which the early Christians found in existence when they began their labors in England, was the Festum Fatuorum, or Fool's Holiday, which was our first of April. In a few of the German classics frequent mention is made of the Aprilen narr, so that even the Germans of the oldest time knew how to practice their running April arts upon their neighbors quite as well as we of the present day.

Enough is known to prove the custom of very ancient origin, but perhaps the precise origin is unknown. All positive statements made regarding the custom being based mostly on conjecture. Suffice to say it is very, very old, and outside of the slight tinge of superstition and mustiness surrounding it, all of this day and age feel free to confess their dislike and declare it a nuisance. In short, the custom itself, however originating, is "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

The Immensity of Space.

Few people have the faintest conception of the immensity of space. We stand and look around, but how far the eye can penetrate no tongue can tell. We look at a distant star, we see it night after night, and would continue to do so if it should be destroyed; it takes so long for its light to reach the earth that a person looking a hundred years would fail to miss it. If the sun were a ball of fire, as the ancients supposed it to be, and a person had an arm sufficiently long to reach it, he might hold it there and burn it on the sun for centuries and would never feel it, it would take so long for the sensitive nerves to convey the pain to the brain that distance, nearly a hundred million of miles. Think of it! The diameter of the sun, small as it appears to us, is seven hundred and seventy thousand geographical miles, the earth but eight thousand, or one hundred and twelve times smaller than the sun. The volume of the sun is one million four hundred and seven thousand one hundred and twenty-four times greater than the earth, and six hundred times greater than that of all the planets known to astronomers taken together; its aggregate mass is three hundred and fifty-nine thousand five hundred and fifty-one times greater than the earth, and seven hundred and thirty-eight times greater than all the rest of the planets put together. A single spot seen upon its surface has been estimated by astronomers and the leading mathematicians to extend over an area of seventy-seven thousand miles in diameter, and a cluster of spots have been estimated by the same authorities to include an area of three million seven hundred and eighty thousand miles. When we bring ordinary mathematics to bear in measuring these spaces, weighing these weights, it is almost equivalent to an attempt to measure the water of a lake with a chemist's graduate, or the depths and weight of an ocean with a draughtsman's compass and protractor.

Comets.

The ocean, as well as the land, has its different botanical regions; and changes of vegetation are observable with the depth analogous to the variations of terrestrial planets with the height. Marine vegetation seems to have its vertical extent determined by the range of light in the water, which varies with the power of the sun and the transparency of the water.

This marvelous age, this century of gigantic intellectual achievement, has been especially rich in brilliant comets visible to the naked eye. The large comet of 1811 was exceedingly fine; the head measured one hundred and twelve millions of miles in diameter, and the tail was no less than one hundred and twelve millions of miles in length. The comet of 1843 was visible in full day, and of all comets known it approached nearest to the sun. Donati's comet, in 1858, is the most famous of modern times.

Notes of Daily Interest.

VOLCANOES rarely, if ever, are more than five miles deep.

THE eye of the beetle has upward of twenty-five thousand facets.

SPRINGS of fresh water rise in most all the seas known.

THERE are rivers in the ocean as well as on the land.

RANCID oils convert vegetable blues into red—a delicate test.

WATER-SPOUTS seldom last longer than thirty or forty minutes.

How to Raise Boys.

Mrs. Hobbs (parent of an infant terror and several half-grown terrors)—Well, Mr. Hobbs, since you are so dissatisfied with the way I am raising our darling Willie, maybe you will condescend to inform me how you would raise boys.

Hobbs—Certainly; every boy ought to be kept in a bogshead and fed through the bunghole until he is 12 years of age.

"And when he reaches the age of 12?"

"Stop up the bunghole."

MEN are like drums—the one with the big head makes the most noise.

The Impassable Ten-Word Limit.

"It is curious," said the ancient citizen yesterday, "what strange things we hear in the cars, and in what queer channels people's minds run. In a ride of ten miles this morning, occupying thirty-five minutes, four young women, just across the aisle from me, occupied the entire time in discussing the wording of a telegram which they designed to send. One of the four had left her wallet behind, and desired to telegraph for it to be sent after her.

"'Now, we must get it in ten words,' said one. 'Let's see. Go to top bureau drawer in my room, get pocketbook, take to train—'

"'That's too long,' interrupted another. 'You don't need to say in my room, for of course your drawer is in your room.'

"'Go to top bureau drawer, get pocketbook—'

"'Purse, say purse.'

"'Go to top bureau drawer, get purse, take to train—'

"'You want to say something about being in a hurry, so they will deliver it at once, right off.'

"'Get purse from top bureau drawer, take train, please deliver. How would that do?'

"'Why not say haste, or immediate, or hurry?'

"And so they went on and on and on to the end of the chapter, until the people about them could think of nothing else save top bureau drawers and pocketbooks, and they did not cease until the train run into the station at Boston. What queer people there are in this world—especially women."—*Boston Advertiser.*

The Same Name.

Some years ago a very rich resident of Boston—a several-millionaire, in fact—was considerably bothered because there lived in town a man whose name was exactly the same as his—Barton Tucker, we may call it at a venture. After he had stood it a good while, Mr. Barton Tucker, the millionaire, sought out his namesake, and found that he was a teamster, and a poor man at that.

"Is your name Barton Tucker?" asked the millionaire of the truckman, who had just completed taking the feedbags off his horses' noses, and was preparing to move on.

"That's my name, sir," said the truckman.

"Well, it's my name, too. I came to see you and make a proposition to you. You see, your letters come to me, and I dare say some of mine have come to you, which isn't pleasant for a man of my responsibilities. Now I want to ask you a plain question."

"Fire away!"

"How much money would it take to induce you to go before the Legislature and get your name changed to something else?"

The truckman gave a long whistle, and then he said—with a big oath, it the truth must be told—as he mounted his seat:

"It would take a darned sight more money than you've got, Mr. Barton Tucker! Git up!"

Then his conveyance lumbered away down the street, leaving the millionaire to reflect that a poor man's name may be as dear to him as a rich man's.

To Dispel Colds,

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

A Disappointment.

A New York landlord, who was in a tight place financially, sent his son, a rather fresh young man, to the tenant to collect the rent. On the young man returning in a hilarious mood, the father exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven, you are back, and with the money, I hope."

"He couldn't pay all of it right then, so I consented to take half of it."

"That's all right. Give it to me."

"He didn't have it."—*Texas Siftings.*

Copy of Original.

VAN WERT, Ohio, July 11, 1889.
Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

GENTS—This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son; druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

ALBERT KING.

We certify to the above testimonial.
HINES & SON, Druggists.

A BALL was recently bowled against a young English cricketer's forehead, killing him instantly.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

WHEN were there only two vowels? In the days of Noah, before U and I were born.

ST. JACOBS OIL
SURE CURE
CURES PERMANENTLY
RHEUMATISM.
The Cripple. The Cure.

Lowell, Mass., July 9, 1889.
The boy Orrin Robinson, a poor cripple on crutches, who was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of rheumatism in 1881, is well: the cure has remained permanent. He is now at work every day at manual labor. GEO. C. OSGOOD, M.D.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

La Grippe has Left
the System
badly debilitated
in millions
of cases.
Take
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
and restore
Tone
and Strength.
It never fails.
Prepared by
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

Ely's Cream Balm
GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE FOR
COLD IN HEAD.
—CURES—
CATARRH.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

WILCOX'S COMPOUND
TANSY PILLS!
Safe, Certain and Effectual. At Druggists, or mail, $1. Sample by mail, 10c. Dr. Wilcox's Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE SOUNDS A NOTE OF WARNING TO THE SLOTHFUL.

Work During Your Life—Now Is the Accepted Time for Good Works—Discourse from the Text "A Living Dog Is Better Than a Dead Lion."

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Sunday morning, March 30, was "A Dead Lion," and his text, Eccles. ix, 4: "A living dog is better than a dead lion." Following is a verbatim report of the Sermon:

The Bible is the strangest, the loveliest, the mightiest, the weirdest, the best of books. Written by Moses the lawyer, Joshua the soldier, Samuel the judge, Ezra the builder, Job the poet, David the shepherd, Daniel the prime minister, Amos the herdsman, Matthew the custom house officer, Luke the doctor, Paul the scholar, John the exile; and yet a complete harmony from the middle verse of the Bible, which is the eighth verse of the one hundred and seventeenth Psalm, both ways to the upper and lower Ills, and from the shortest passage, which is the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of John, to the longest verse, which is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther, and yet not an imperfection in all the 773,693 words which it is supposed it contains. It not only reaches over the past, but over the future; has in it a ferryboat, as in the second Samuel; and a telegraph wire, as in Job; and a railroad train as in Nahum; and introduces us to a foundryman by the name of Tubal Cain, and a ship builder by the name of Noah, and an architect by the name of Aholiab, and tells us how many stables Solomon had to take care of his horses, and how much he paid for those horses. But few things in this versatile and comprehensive book interest me so much as its apothegms, those short, terse, sententious, epigrammatic sayings, of which my text is one—"A living dog is better than a dead lion."

Here the lion stands for nobility, and the dog for meanness. You must know the dog mentioned in the text is not one of our American or European or Scottish dogs that, in our mind, is a synonym for the beautiful, the graceful, the affectionate, the sagacious and the true. The St. Bernard dog is a hero, and if you doubt it, ask the snows of the Alps, out of which he picked the exhausted traveler. The shepherd dog is a poem, and if you doubt it, ask the Highlands of Scotland. The Arctic dog is the rescuer of explorers, and if you doubt it ask Dr. Kane's expedition. The watch dog is a living protection, and if you doubt it ask ten thousand housesteads over whose safety he watched last night. But the dog of the author of my text lived in Jerusalem, and the dog he speaks of in the text was a dog in Jerusalem.

Last December I passed days and nights within a stone's throw of where Solomon wrote this text, and from what I saw of the canines of Jerusalem by day, and heard of them by night, I can understand the slight appreciation my text puts upon the dog of Palestine. It is lean and snarly and disgusting, and afflicted with parasites, and takes revenge on the human race by filling the night with clamor. All up and down the Bible, the most of which was written in Palestine or Syria, or contiguous lands, the dog is used in contemptuous comparison. Hazael said: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" In self-abnegation the Syro-Phœnician woman said: "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the Master's table." Paul says, in Philippians: "Beware of dogs;" and St. John, speaking of Heaven, says: "Without are dogs."

On the other hand, the lion is healthy, strong, and loud voiced, and at its roar the forests echo and the mountains tremble. It is marvelous for strength, and when its hide is removed the muscular compactness is something wonderful, and the knife of the dissector bounds back from the tendons. By the clearing off of the forests of Palestine and the use of firearms, of which the lion is particularly afraid, they have disappeared from places where once they ranged, but they were very bold in olden times. They attacked an army of Xerxes while marching through Macedonia. They were so numerous that one thousand lions were slain in forty years in the amphitheaters of Rome. The Barbary lion, the Cape lion, the Senegal lion, the Assyrian lion, make up a most absorbing and exciting chapter in natural history. As most of the Bible was written in regions lion haunted, this creature appears in almost all parts of the Bible as a simile.

David understood its habits of night prowling and day slumbering, as is seen from his description: "The young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens." And again he cries out, "My soul is among lions." Nowhere was them and said, "Judah is a couched like a lion." Samson knew them, for he took honey from the carcass of a slain lion. Solomon knew them and says, "The King's wrath is as the roar of a lion," and again, "The slothful man says, There is a lion in the way." Isaiah knew them, and says, in the millennium, "The lion shall eat straw like an ox." Ezekiel knew them, and says, "The third was as the face of a lion." Paul knew them, and says, "I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion." Peter knew them, and says, "The devil as a roaring lion walketh about." St. John knew them, and says of Christ, "Behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah."

Now, what does my text mean when it puts a living dog and a dead lion side by side, and says the former is better than the latter? It means that small faculties actively used are of more value than great faculties unemployed. How often you see it! Some man with limited capacity vastly useful. He takes that which God has given him and says: "My mental endowment is not large and the world would not miss me high for my intelligence, and my vocabulary is limited, and my education was defective, but here goes what I have for God and salvation, and the making of the world good and happy. He puts in a word here and a word there, encourages a faint hearted man, gives a Scripture passage in consolation to some bereft woman, picks up a child fallen in the street and helps him brush off the dust and puts a five cent piece in his hand, telling him not to cry, so that the boy is singing before he gets around the corner waiting on everybody that has a letter to carry or a message to deliver; comes into a rail train, or stage coach, or depot, or shop, with a smiling face that sets everybody to thinking, "If that man can, with what appears small equipment in life, be happy, why cannot I, possessing far more than he has, be equally happy?" One day of that kind of doing things may not amount to much, but forty years of that—no one but God himself can appreciate its immensity.

There are tens of thousands of such people. Their circle of acquaintance is small. The man is known over at the store. He is clerk or weigher or drayman, and he is known among those who eat near him clear back in the church under the galleries, and at the ferry gates where he comes at knocking the snow from his shoes, and threshing his arms around his body to revive circulation, on some January morning. But if he should die to-morrow there would not be a hundred people who would know about it. He will never have his name in the newspapers but once, and that will be the announcement of his death, if some one will pay for the insertion, so much a line for the two lines. But he will come up gloriously on the other side, and the God who has watched him all through will give him a higher seat and a better mansion and a grander eternity that many a man who had on earth, before his name, the word honorable, and after his name LL. D. and F. R. S. Christ said in Luke, the sixth chapter, that in Heaven some who had it hard here would laugh there.

And I think a laugh of delight and congratulation will run around the Heavenly circles when the humble one of whom I spoke shall go up and take the precedency of many Christians who in this world felt themselves to be of ninety-nine per cent. more importance. The whisper will go round the galleries of the upper temple: "Can it be possible that that was the weigher over in the store?" "Can it be possible that that was the car driver on our street?" "Can it be possible that was the sexton of our church?" "Can it be possible that is the man that heaved coal into our cellar?" "I never could have thought it. What a reversal of things! We were clear ahead of him on earth, but he is clear ahead of us in Heaven. Why, we had ten times more brains than he had, we had a thousand times more money than he had, we had social position a mile higher than he had, we had innumerable opportunities more than he had, but it seems now that he accomplished more with his one talent than we did with our ten;" while Solomon, standing among the throngs, hears and the whisper, and sees the wonderment, and will, with benignant and all-suggestive smile, say, "Yes, it is as I told the world many centuries ago—better is small faculty actively used than great talent unemployed. 'Better is a living dog than a dead lion.'"

The simple fact is that the world has been, and the world is now, full of dead lions. They are people of great capacity and large opportunity, doing nothing for the improvement of society, nothing for the overthrow of evil, nothing for the salvation of souls. Some of them are monetary lions. They have accumulated so many hundreds of thousands of dollars that you can feel their tread when they walk through any street or come into any circle. They can by one financial move more upset the money market. Instead of the ten per cent. of their income which the Bible lays down as the proper proportion of the contribution to the cause of God, they do not give five per cent., or three per cent., or two per cent., or one per cent., or a half per cent., or a quarter per cent. That they are lions, no one doubts. When they roar, Wall street, State street, Lombard street, and the Bourse tremble.

In a few years they will lie down and die. They will have a great funeral, and a long row of fine carriages, and mightiest requiems will roll from the organ, and polished shaft, and marble urn, and sculptured inflients where their dust lies, but for all use to the world that man might as well have never lived. As an experiment as to how much he can carry with him, put a ten cent piece in the palm of his dead hand, and five years after open the tomb, and you will find that he has dropped even the ten cent piece. A lion! Yes, but a dead lion! He left all his treasures on earth, and has no treasures in Heaven. What shall the stone cutter put upon the obelisk over him? I suggest, let it be the man's name, then the date of his birth, then the date of his death, then the appropriate Scripture passage, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

But I thank God that we are having just now an outburst of splendid beneficence that is to increase until the earth is girdled with it. It is spreading with the speed of an epidemic, but with just the opposite effect of an epidemic. Do you not notice how wealthy men are opening free libraries and building churches in their native village? Have you not seen how men of large means, instead of leaving great philanthropies in their wills for disappointed heirs to quarrel about and the orphan courts to swamp, are becoming their own executors and administrators? After putting aside enough for their families (for "He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel"), they are saying: "What can I do, not after I am dead, but while living and in full possession of my faculties, to properly direct the building of the churches, or the hospitals, or the colleges, or the libraries that I design for the public welfare, and while yet I have full capacity to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the good accomplished?" There are bad fashions and good fashions, and, whether good or bad, fashions are mighty.

One of the good fashions now starting will sweep the earth—the fashion for wealthy men to distribute, while yet alive, their surplus accumulation. It is being helped by the fact that so many large estates have, immediately after the testator's death, gone into litigation. Attorneys with large fees are employed on both sides, and the case goes on month after month, and year after year, and after one court decides it another in another court and is decided in the opposite direction, and then new evidence is found, and the trials are all repeated. The children, who at the father's funeral seemed to have an uncontrollable grief, after the will is read go into elaborate process to prove that the father was crazy, and therefore incompetent to make a will; and there are men on the jury who think that the fact that the testator gave so much of his money to the Bible society, and the missionary society, or the opening of a free library is proof positive that he was insane, and that he knew not what he was signing when he subscribed to the words: "In the name of God, Amen. I being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament."

The torn wills, the fraudulent wills, the broken wills have recently been made such a spectacle to angels and to men that all over the land successful men are calling in architects and saying to them: "How much would it cost for me to build a picture gallery for our town?" or, "What plans can you draw me out for a concert hall?" or, "I am specially interested in 'the incurables,' and how large a building would accommodate three hundred of such patients?" or, "The church of God has been a great help to me all my life, and I want you to draw me a plan for a church, commodious, beautiful, well ventilated, and with plenty of windows to let in the light; I want you to get right at work in making out plans of such a building, for, though I am well now, life is uncertain, and before I leave the world I want to see something done that will be an appropriate acknowledgement of the goodness of God to me and mine; now when can I hear from you?"

In our own city we have many examples of this. What a grandeur of beneficence has one fellow citizen, Mr. Pratt, demonstrated, building educational institutions which will put their hands on the nineteenth century, and the twentieth century, and all the centuries! All honor to such a man! Do not say so when he is dead, say it now. It would be a good thing if some of the eulogies we chisel on tombstones were written on paper in time for the philanthropists to read them while yet they are alive. Less post-mortem praise, and more ante-mortem!

A poor Scotch lad came to America at twelve years of age, and went to Pittsburgh. He looked around for work, and became an engineer in a coal bank, then rose to become a telegraph messenger boy, then rose to a position in a railroad office, then rose to be superintendent of a railroad, then rose until he became an iron and steel manufacturer, then rose until he opened free libraries in his native land and last month a free library in Allegheny City, and now offers two million dollars for a free library in Pittsburgh. This example will be catching until the earth is revolutionized.

How majestic such men in comparison with some I wot of, who amass wealth and clutch it with both hands until death begins to feel for their heart strings, and then they dictate to an attorney a last will and testament, in which they spite some daughter because she married against her father's wish, and fling a few crusts to God and suffering humanity, as much as to say: "I have kept this surplus property through all these severe winters, and through all these long years, from a needy and suffering world, and would keep it longer if I could, but as I must give it up, take it, and much good may it do you!" Now we begin to understand the text, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

Who would attempt to write the obituary of the dead lions of commerce, the dead lions of law, the dead lions of medicine, the dead lions of social influence? Vast capacity had they, and mighty range, and other men in their presence were as powerless as the antelope or heifer or giraffe when from the jungle a Numidian lion springs upon its prey. But they get through with life. They lay down in their magnificent lair. They have made their last sharp bargain. They have spoken their last bad word. They have committed their last mean act. When a tawny inhabitant of the desert rolls over helpless, the hyenas and whelps fill the air with shrieks and howls, and lash themselves into lamentation, and it is a genuine grief for the poor things. But when this dead lion of monstrous uselessness expires, there is nothing but dramatized woe, for "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

My text also means that an opportunity of the living present is better than a great opportunity passed. We spend much of our time in saying, "If I only had." We can all look back and see some occasion where we might have done a great deed, or might have effected an important rescue, or we might have dealt a stroke that would have accomplished a vast result. Through stupidity or lack of appreciation of the crisis, or through procrastination, we let the chance go by. How much time we have wasted in thinking of what we might have said or might have done! We spend hours and days and years in waking around that dead lion. We cannot resuscitate it. It will never open its eyes again. There will never be another spring in its paw. Dead as any feline terror of South Africa, through whose heart thirty years ago Gordon Cumming sent the slug. Don't let us give any more time to the deploring of the dead past. There are other great opportunities remaining. They may not be as great, but they are worth our attention. Small quantities all around, opportunities for the saying of kind words and doing of kind deeds. Helpfulness to be helped. Disheartened ones to be encouraged. Lost ones to be found. Though the present may be insignificant as compared with the past, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

The most useless and painful feeling is the one of regret. Repent of lost opportunities we must, and get pardon we may, but regrets weaken, dishearten and cripple for future work. If a sea captain who once had charge of a White Star steamer across the Atlantic ocean, now foggy night runs on a rock off Newfoundland, and passengers and ship perish, shall he refuse to take command of a small boat up the North River, and say: "I will never go on the water again unless I can run one of the White Star line?" Shall the engineer of a lightning express, who at the station misread the telegram of the train dispatcher and went into collision, and for that has been put down to the work of engineering a freight train, say: "I never will again mount an engine unless I can run a vestibule express?" Take what you have of opportunity left. Do your best with what remains. Your shortest winter day is worth more to you than one be the longest day of a previous summer. Your opportunity now, as compared with previous opportunities, may be small as a rat terrier compared with the lion which at Matabosa, fatally wounded by the gun of David Livingstone, in its death agony leaped upon the missionary explorer and with its jaws crushed the bone of his arm to splinters, and then rolled over and expired, but, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

My text also means that the condition of the most wretched man alive is better than that of the most favored sinners departed. The chance of these last is gone. Where they are they cannot make any earthly assets available. After Charlemagne was dead he was set in an ornamented sepulcher on a golden throne, and a crown was put on his cold brow, and a scepter in his stiff hand, but that gave him no dominion in the next world. One of the most intensely interesting things I saw last winter in Egypt was Pharaoh of olden times, the very Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites. The inscription on his sarcophagus and the writing on his mummy bandages proved beyond controversy that he was the Pharaoh of Bible times.

All the Egyptologists and the explorations agree that it is the old scoundrel himself. Visible are the very teeth with which he gnashed against the Israelitish brick-makers. There are the sockets of the merciless eyes with which he looked upon the overburdened people of God. There is the hair that floated in the breeze off the Red Sea. There are the very lips with which he commanded them to make bricks without straw. Thousands of years afterward, when the wrappings of the mummy were unrolled, old Pharaoh lifted up his arm as if in imploration, but his skinny bones cannot again clutch his shattered scepter. He is a dead lion. And is not any man now living, in the fact that he has opportunity of repentance and salvation, better off than any of those departed ones who, by authority or possessions or influence, were positively loonine, and yet wicked?

What a thing to congratulate you on is your life! Why, it is worth more than all the gems of the universe kindled into one precious stone. I am alive! What does that mean? Why, it means that I still have all opportunity of being saved myself and helping others to be saved. To be alive! Why, it means that I have yet another chance to correct my past mistakes and make sure work for Heaven. Alive, are we? Come, let us celebrate it by new resolutions, new self-examination, new consecration, and a new career. The smallest and most insignificant to-day is worth to us more than five hundred yesterdays. Taking advantage of the present, let us get pardon for all the past and security for all the future. "Here are our sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

What encouragement in the text for all Christian workers! Despair of no one's salvation. While there is life there is hope. When in England a young lady asked for a class in a Sunday school, the Superintendent said, "Better go out on the street and get your own class." She brought in a ragged and filthy boy. The Superintendent gave him good apparel. In a few Sundays he absented himself. Inquiry discovered that in a street fight he had his decent apparel torn off. He was brought in and a second time respectably clad. After a few Sundays he again disappeared and it was found that he was again ragged and wretched. "Then," said the teacher, "we can do nothing with him." But the Superintendent fitted him up again and started him again.

After a while the gospel took hold of him and his heart changed. He started for the ministry and became a foreign missionary and on heathen grounds lived, and translated the Scriptures, and preached, until among the most illustrious names of the church on earth and in Heaven is the name of glorious Robert Morrison. Go forth and save the lost, and remember however depraved, however ragged, and however filthy and undone a child is, or a man is, or a woman is, they are worth an effort. I would rather have their opportunity than any that will ever be given to those who lived in magnificent sin and splendid unrighteousness and then wrapped their gorgeous tapestry around them and without a prayer expired. "Better is a living dog than a dead lion."

In the great day it will be found that the last shall be first. There are in the gang ships and in the hands of iniquity to-day those who will yet be models of holiness and preach Christ to the people. In yonder group of young men who came here with no useful purpose, there is one who will yet live for Christ and perhaps die for Him. In a pulpit stood a stranger preaching, and he said: "The last time I was in this church was fifteen years ago, and the circumstances were peculiar. Three young men had come expecting to disturb the service, and they had stones in their pockets which they expected to hurl at the preacher. One of the young men referred to refused to take part in the assault, and the others, in disgust at his cowardice, left the building. One of the three was hanged for forgery. Another is in prison, condemned to death for murder. I was the third, but the grace of God saved me."

My hearers, give no up one up. The case may seem desperate, but the grace of God likes to undertake a dead lift. I proclaim it this day to all the people—Free Grace! Living and dying, be that my theme—Free Grace! Sound it across the continent, sound it across the seas—Free Grace! Spell out those words in flowers, lift them in arches, build them in thrones, roll them in oratorios—Free Grace! That will yet Ebenize the earth and people Heaven with nations redeemed. Free Grace!

Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin
At death's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

Gordon's Wonderful Power.

What was the secret of his wonderful power? Much of it lay in his fearlessness, much in his swiftness of thought and action, and much in what the Yankees would call his capability in all things, small as well as great. He could ride and shoot and tinker, and conduct campaigns and negotiate treaties, all with unhesitating self-reliance. As a matter of course such a man takes command.

Gordon never lacked opportunities to show these qualities. While steaming quietly up the Nile a monkey with which he was playing fell overboard. In a twinkling Gordon was in the water after him. By good luck the crocodiles got neither Governor General nor monkey. When a nugget was being hauled up the rapids some way south of Lado, the cable got away from the men on the bank and the vessel was swept on the rocks. No one would volunteer to go out and pick up the cable, and Gordon jumped into a skiff and went alone. To be sure, the skiff upset and the Governor General sat some hours dripping on a rock, but his men had a lesson.

On another occasion the garrison of one of the stations was thrown into much anxiety by seeing Gen. Gordon alone, rowing across the river to the east bank, which in that region was occupied by intensely hostile negroes. He landed, made his boat fast, and tried, by a display of beads and wire, to induce the savages to come and talk with him. They simply sat on the hillside and scowled. Finally Gordon shot a hippopotamus and paddled back, leaving the beads on the shore and a fine feast of hippopotamus meat in the rushes. Another man would have been killed.

Famous Lovers of Cats.

Pussy has been the pet and favorite of some of the greatest personages. Mahomet chose rather to cut off the sleeve of his robe than to disturb a cat lying asleep upon it, and his followers, who have no more obliurgatory term than dog for the Christians, admit it into their mosques. Dante and Petrarch each had a fondness for them, the great Richelieu had a pet cat, and Cardinal Wolsey placed his near him on a chair while exercising his judicial capacity; the learned Sir Isaac Newton had a pet cat and kitten, and the worthy philosopher for their convenience had two holes cut in the door, the larger one for the cat, the other for the kitten. Montaigne, too, was not too witty nor too cynical but the frolics of his cat would amuse him. To come down to later days, Ellen Terry loves to dispart herself with her cats and to amuse herself with their mad capers. La Belle Stewart, satirized by Pope in the line, "Die and endow a college or a cat," was a famous beauty of the reign of Charles II., who left annuities to several of her friends on condition of maintaining and caring for her cats—a delicate way of providing for some impecunious old ladies.—*Philadelphia American.*

Taken at Her Word.

"I was settling down to work," said a book-agent-pestered man yesterday, "when a pretty woman entered my office. No one would suspect that she was a book agent. She placed a volume in front of me and began to talk. I told her I would not buy the book if I really wanted it. Never mind, said she, gayly. It won't cost you anything to look at it.'

"As she desired, I did look at it. I read the introduction and then chapter I. It was about 10 o'clock when I opened the book. At 11 o'clock the pretty book agent had become meaningless. I never raised my eyes. Another hour and she was pacing up and down the floor. At 1 o'clock, when she had nearly worn herself out, I laid the book down, and, putting on my hat and coat, said to the exasperated woman: 'That's a clever book. I regret that I cannot read more of it, but I must away to dinner.'

"She was mad, but she didn't say a word. Grabbing the book she shoved it into her satchel and made for the street."—*Boston Globe.*

The "Unselfishness" of Love.

Harry—You know, dearest, that my love for you is wholly unselfish.

Dearest—Yes, Harry. I hear you. But I was reading in the papers that Kingdon Gould had the most costly trousseau ever made for an American baby.

Harry—And pray, dearest, what has that to do with the question?

Dearest—Oh, nothing particular; only I was wondering whether that costly trousseau was purchased to please the baby or merely to gratify its parents vanity.—*Boston Transcript.*

As a funeral in Utica, N. Y., the handles of the coffin pulled out, letting it fall to the ground with a crash.

When a servant is blown up by kerosene isn't she sort of an exile.

SERMONS FOR SUNDAY.

A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

The American Pulpit—Precept and Practice—What Moody's Revivals Have Done for New York Rind Word's for the Mother.

What Moody's Revivals Have Done for New York.

"Certain good people," said Mr. Moody, recently, while in New York, "are apt to sneer when a man like me comes into this big city to teach God's word. They say, 'Why, he's only a revivalist,' and 'You know that the effects of a revival only last a day or two.' Well, now, the simple fact is that I know that the effects of a revival are sufficiently lasting. Why, let me tell you that it is fourteen years since Brother Sankey and I held revivals in this town. Right here I will say that people press around me every day after services, take me by the hand and speak gratefully of that revival. These people were benefited. They have led good lives for fourteen years. And that's my answer to the scoffers."

The American Pulpit.

In answer to the question, "How does the American pulpit of the present compare with that of earlier times?" Joseph Cook, who is a shrewd observer, remarks: "The earlier American pulpit had fewer rivals for public attention than the later. Newspapers and platforms in the colonial era were by no means such instructors of the people as they are to-day. The pulpit of our time must stand on its rendered reasons. Mightiers as a class have great social prestige, but not as great now as in the days of our fathers. It is more necessary now than ever before that the pulpit should expect to be measured, as it certainly will be, according to the standards of its actual character and achievement in spiritual fields of activity. After all, the pulpit has no rival as a teacher of religious thought. Neither the press nor the platform answers, as the pulpit does, the supreme question, 'What shall I do to be saved?' The power of the pulpit to-day, as it has been in every age of the world, is in meeting man's deepest spiritual wants. The modern American pulpit has a practical spirit not surpassed by that of the pulpit of an earlier period."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Precept and Practice.

The Rev. Mr. Kelley, curate of a chapel in the town of Ayr, Scotland, once preached an excellent sermon from the beautiful parable of the man who fell among thieves.

He was particularly severe upon the conduct of the priest who saw the injured man, and ministered not unto him, but passed on the opposite side, and in an animated and pathetic flow of eloquence, he exclaimed:

"What! not even the servant of the Almighty! He whose tongue was engaged in the work of charity—whose bosom was appointed the seat of brotherly love; whose heart the emblem of pity; whose soul the frozen serpent of disease—did he refuse to stretch forth his hand and take the mantle from his shoulders to cover the nakedness of woe? If he refused, if the shepherd himself went astray, was it to be wondered that the flock followed?"

Such were the precepts of the preacher, and he "practiced what he preached." The very next day, when the river was swollen by rain, a boy in a small boat was swept overboard by the force of the current. A great concourse of people were assembled, but none attempted to save the boy, when Mr. Kelly, who was dressed in full canonicals, threw himself from his chamber window into the current, and at the hazard of his life brought the boy safely to shore.

The Mother.

There is no human love like a mother's love. There is no human tenderness like a mother's tenderness. And there is no such time for a mother first displaying her love and tenderness toward her child as in the child's earliest years of life. That time neglected, and no future can make good the loss to either mother or child. That time well improved, and all the years that follow it can profit by its improvement. Even God himself measures his fatherly love by a motherly standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so I will comfort you," he says; and what more than this could he say? And many a strong man who was first comforted by his mother's loving and tender words and ways, while he was a helpless child, has never lost his grateful, trusting dependence on that mother's ministry of affection and sympathy.

When grasf old Dr. Johnson was 50 years old, he wrote to his aged mother as if he were still her wayward but loving boy: "You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for all the indulgences to me, and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill, and for all that I have omited to do well."

John Quincy Adams did not part with his mother until he was nearly or quite fifty years of age, yet his cry, even then, was: "O God, could she have been spared yet a little longer. Without her the world feels to me like a solitude."

When President Nott, of Union College, was more than ninety years old, and had been a college president for half a century, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's tenderness was fresh and potent; and he could be hushed to needed sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder, and a singing to him of the old-time lullabies, as if his mother was still sitting at his bedside in loving ministry, as she had been well-nigh a century before. The true son never grows old to a true mother.—*S. S. Times.*

A Speech with a Lead Pencil.

Old Wolf, the Cheyenne chief, made a very effective speech with a lead pencil during a visit of Bishop Arundel to Ashland, Mont., a year ago. He took the pencil and drawing a straight line said:

"Cheyennes straight."

Then he drew another straight line and said:

"Black robe straight," meaning the Indian had nothing to say against the Catholic missionaries.

Then a third straight line was drawn and Old Wolf said:

"White House straight." By this he did not mean the Executive Mansion, but the little white school conducted by the Sisters of Charity, which was known far and near among the Indians as the "White House."

Next a straight line was drawn part way across the page, and from one end be made a number of very crooked lines, so that the diagram looked like a cat o' nine tails. This was explained by the chief as:

"Washington straight, but all things coming from Washington very crooked."

Then a line was drawn straight part of the way, then crooked, then straight, and so on across the page.

"Indian agent straight, crooked, straight, crooked, straight, crooked," was the laconic explanation.

Saw the Error.

A great revival was in progress at Mount Pleasant. The spring plowing had been done, and the little breathing spell that came in between breaking-up of the land and the planting of the corn was filled in, on the part of the circuit-rider, with an effort to build up his church. On the second night of the devotional exercises, while the crickets were crying on an old pine log and a fox barked away down in the valley, the preacher and the congregation were astonished at seeing old Buck Slater arise and advance toward the mourners' bench. Time and time again had he been urged to humble himself at the altar. The presiding elder of the district, yea, even a bishop, had doused him with the waters of persuasion and had sprinkled him with the perfume of imploration, but he had stubbornly maintained the position of the unconverted; so, no wonder that astonishment was expressed when, without warning and without having been lately assailed, he humbled himself at the yellow pine slab that had been wet with so many tears. For a time after he had knelt down no one approached him, each exhorter seeming to be modestly reluctant to seize the great prize. After a time, however, the circuit-rider knelt down beside him, and, in a tone of solicitation, asked:

"Brother—for I think that I may now address you have you at last discovered the error of your way?"

Old Buck was mumbling something.

"I do not understand what you say, Brother Buck. Speak a little louder, please."

Old Buck continued to mumble.

"Brother Buck, I am glad that you have turned from the error of your way, but, really, I cannot understand what you are saying."

The old fellow looked up and asked: "Talkin' to me?"

"Yes, brother, I was talking to you.

"What were you mumblin'?"

"I was just tellin' the Lord that I reckon I'm the blamedest fool in Hancock County."

"My gracious alive, you must not talk that way. We cannot believe that your repentance is real if you do."

"But, you bet, I know it's real, for I do know at the present writin' that I am the onerlest fool in the county. Lemme tell you. I had as good a filly as that was anywhar. I thought the world of her an' looked forward to the time when I would be a big man on her account, but what did I do? Talkee day 'long come a Gypsy of a feller with the finest lookin' iron gray hoss you ever seed an' wanted to strike up a trade with me. I jes' know'd that that was the chance of my life, for the iron gray was the puttiest thing in the world. Well, I bradled, an' all my folks was glad, but it rained last night, an' this morning what had happened? Why, all the paint had washed offen that hoss an' he wa'n't nothin' but the ragged ole gray that I sold in town last week for thirty dollars; so after cussin' till I couldn't cuss no mo' I concluded to come over hear an' git right down an' tell the Lawd that I am the blamedest fool in Hancock County. Oh, yes, I have seed the error of my way—seed it puttly plain, I can tell you."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Way of the World.

"Well! well!" he exclaimed, as he halted while crossing Union square the other morning and shook hands with a man sitting on the bench, "but I was thinking of you that very second," writes a reporter of the New York *Sun*.

"Yes?"

"It was just such a morning as this three years ago, when we sat on this very same bench. Do you remember it?"

"I do."

"I was dead broke, discouraged, and wondering if I hadn't better commit suicide. You spoke to me in a kindly way, and we began to talk. Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes."

"I told you I was a struggling young actor, and that circumstances had downed me. I was penniless and without hope. You reached over and took my hand. Remember?"

"Oh, yes."

"And you spoke kind words. You bade me call up all my courage and resolution. You predicted that I would yet climb to the top of the ladder. Remember?"

"Yes."

"And you did not stop there. You put your hand into your purse, handed me a twenty-dollar bill, and told me I could have it until able to repay the loan. Am I correct?"

"You are."

"That noble action of yours encouraged me. I went away and made a last effort, and it was a success. Three years ago I sat here a beggar. To-day I am worth $20,000 and all these diamonds. I owe it all to you. But for you I should now be mouldering in a suicide's grave. Yes, I am worth $20,000, and have got a wad of $800 right here in my pocket. Think of the change in my situation. This is our first meeting since that memorable day, although I have thought of you daily. Put it there, old man!"

"Yes."

"I haven't forgotten you."

"No?"

"And I never shall. God bless you! Good morning—got an engagement at sharp eleven."

He passed on, and the other sat for some minutes in deep thought. All of a sudden he rose up and looked after the vanished man, and exclaimed,—

"Yes, but he didn't even offer to return my twenty dollars, without interest!"

The Dear Little Girl Knew Her.

Lady visitor during the hostess' absence up-stairs for a few minutes—Come here, dear little girl. How sweet you are. What's your name?"

"My name's Emma."

"You don't know me, do you, dear?"

"Esm. You's Misses Ole Bore."

"What! 'Mrs. Old Bore?' Who said my hamma was Mrs. Old Bore?"

"Wy, mamma said so. When eo was lonin' in 'ere she said 'ere comes that ole bore.'"

Mrs. O. B. didn't wait until the other woman got down and the way she slammed that door after her, oh my, oh my!—*Kentucky Stat. Journal.*

After death a rich man takes up no more room than a poor man, except, perhaps, in the law courts where the will is contested.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, April 6, may be found in Luke 6: 27-38.

INTRODUCTORY.

Having been introduced in our last quarter's lesson to Jesus the Man, as sketched by Luke, we now have from the same hand, Jesus the Teacher. In this the first lesson of this quarter we are led directly into the heart of the new kin-dom, a kingdom of mercy and love. The disciples have just been chosen, and Christ now begins to give full and explicit utterance to the life and doctrine he came to teach to make possible and to make manifest. How startling these words were to those who first heard them, we may easily imagine, since, even in this Christian age and after eighteen centuries, they make us to marvel still.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

But. The adversative idea as in the whole of this sermon "in the plain," an enunciation of principles altogether contrary to the spirit of the world.——I say to you. The latter word is the emphatic one, placed separately in the Greek.——Which hear. In the sense of obey. This is a discourse more directly to Christ's disciples.——Your enemies. The Mosaic law, rightly interpreted, prepared the way for this injunction (Ex. 23: 4, 5, 9).——Do good. Instead of evil. The Romans said a man is a wolf to one not of his own country.

Bless. Literally, speak well toward.——Curse. Literally, pray against.——Despitefully use you. That is, in speech. To insult personally or calumniate behind one's back. It is this word that is used by Peter (Peter I. 3-16) when he says "that they may be ashamed that falsely accuse your good conversation in Christ."

Smiteth. A malignant but not a murderous blow (upto).——On the cheek. A small insult, designed to call forth retaliation of some vengeful sort.——Offer also the other. A strong statement of non-resistance. Christ says rather than answer blow for blow, take another blow from the same source.——Cloak. The outer and more ornamental garment.——Coat. The more need of under-tunic. The language implies a struggle over the garment, which Christ teaches is not worth such cost.

Give to every man. The Christian, while exercising discretion, should be on the giving hand with all.——Taketh away. That is, without asking.——Ask them not again. The negative of the word used above in this same verse. (Apatite). We can see how our missionaries in heathen countries might be called upon to make universal appellation of this imperative. But in the situation of those to whom Christ spoke much different. Sheep indeed they were among wolves.

As ye would. Greek, wish.——Do ye. Christian life, teaching. Christian desire.——Likewise, or in like manner. What is the tacit request of your life?

For. Rather and.——What thank. Greek, charis: the word usually translated grace. Here it might be rendered by the word merit. It is this term that is translated by the two variant words "thankworthy" and "acceptable" at (Peter 2: 19, 20).——Sinners, or the sinners, i. e., those not accepting Christ. See Variations.

Do good. No bare spoken of benevolence, he speaks more of beneficence, love in deed.——Even the same. And so the generosity of men of the world is often quoted to the intended end at times actual disparagement of Christians.

Lend. A word which in its root significance means either a gift or a loan.——Receive. More accurately receive back (apo).——As much again, or an equivalent. (To Isa.)

Merciful. Having compassion.—As your Father. The Christians pattern is set in the heavens.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

But I say. Stronger antithesis was never spoken. There is no word to widen it is a rejoinder or with which it stands in contrast. What is contradicted is the manifest spirit of the world. This is the implication brought out in the parables. The princes of earth say, "Blessed are the rich," but I say, "Blessed are the poor." They say, "Blessed are the merry," but I say, "Blessed are ye that weep." Men say, "Blessed are the well-esteemed," but I say, "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you." All the way along the contradiction between the teachings of Christ and the world is sharp and pronounced. And so when the world would counsel hate to be unfriendly, Christ speaks up, "But I say unto you love your enemies." Oh, blessed speech of Christ! What would have become of this world had not Christ so spoken? The light and life of all the future was in those three words. But I say.

You which hear. It were useless to speak, as here, to others. Christ's words were a blessing to the world only as spoken in the presence of those who heard. Indeed, that was one pre-eminent object of Christ's life in the flesh. He would get nearer man's senses, would find a hearing among them. From all creation, in nature, in providence, in grace God had been teaching the lesson of disinterested and, we may say, unrequited love. Yet most misunderstood it, passed it by. Here in Christ the Second he speaks his love so loudly, clearly, that all must hearken. "Herein is love—God sent his Son." Now do we hear that voice speaking to us? If we do, then we will take it into our hearts, and, like the fine sprinkling in unison, will pass the word on to others till it is sent all down the ages and around the wide world. It is by faith the circuit is established. "Let him that heareth say, Come."

Bless them that curse you. I can't do it, you say. Yes, of course you can't. Let God do it. That is, let the spirit that is in you, the mind of Christ, a spirit and mind wholly alien to and opposed to the spirit and mind of earth, speak through you. Just because it is heavenly, divine, in a sense, unnatural, let it have exercise and expression, for thus only is the dull earth blessed by something that comes down to it other than itself and higher than itself. But how can I bless when I am cursed? What weight will that curse be to one who is despised and hated have? You can perhaps bless by saying nothing. Our very silence under cursing speaks volumes. Or it may be a glance of the eye, a hand outheld, a word of kindness. The soft will turn it into blessing if the heart be right.

Offer also the other. The other cheek it is. We need not go about with neck exposed for the sword, or necessarily unresisting where precious life is in danger. Christ is teaching here the insignificance of slights and insult. He has before him great objects in view it is never else than debasing to pause for petty retaliation or in small resentment. Rather brook insult and go on your way leaving vengeance with God. Mind not the smart or the stain. Be so anxious for the soul that what you find and hand may do against you is of little consequence.

Forbid not to take thy coat also. Otherwise why let the cloak go? If you start out to be gentle and acquiescent, be genuinely and thoroughly so. Do not let the will hold out through the

Money Saved

—IS—

Money Earned.

For Wraps,

Jackets, Capes,

Long Garments,

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—THE—

Parisian Millinery

—:AND:—

Cloak House

Is the place you can save from 15 to 25 per cent., this being the only exclusive store in these branches.

I solicit your patronage.

VICTOR E. WOLF,

26 CALHOUN ST.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. E. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1890.

OUR CIRCULATION.

STATE OF INDIANA, ALLEN COUNTY, ss:

Personally appeared before me, clerk of the Allen circuit court, Jno. F. Irwin, business manager of THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL, who makes oath that the actual bona fide copies of THE DAILY SENTINEL delivered to subscribers, and sold to newsboys and news agents for the week ending March 29, 1890, were as follows:

Monday, March 24	2,805
Tuesday, March 25	2,775
Wednesday, March 26	2,816
Thursday, March 27	2,787
Friday, March 28	2,769
Saturday, March 29	2,756
Total for the week	16,708
Average for the week	2,783

[SEAL] JNO. F. IRWIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of March, 1890. GEORGE W. LOAR, Clerk.

DEMOCRATIC TOWNSHIP TICKET

FOR TRUSTEE,
GEORGE W. BRACKENRIDGE.

FOR ASSESSOR,
FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

FOR JUSTICES OF THE PEACE,
HARRY F. FRANCE.
MICHAEL TANCY.
JAMES WILKINSON.
DANIEL RYAN.
CHARLES A. HAYES.

FOR CONSTABLES,
PHILIP SKELLY.
CHRISTOPHER KELLY.
GEORGE SHEPLEY.
LOUIS C. SCHAUDROFF.
ALBERT L. BAGBY.

TO-NIGHT.

WORLD'S 90 SHOW—Madame Naomi and other attractions.

BUILDERS' EXCHANGE—Meet at 199 Calhoun Street.

SIGN S. BASS HALL—C. A. Powers, on Service Pensions.

RELIGIOUS—Preaching at the Church of God.

CIRCUIT COURT ROOM—Republican Town Ship Convention.

MONDAY is election day.

THE pay-days of the month will commence next Friday.

LET every democrat vote at the township election next Monday.

SENATOR VOORHEES has introduced a bill in the Senate to appropriate $60,000 to aid in the decoration of the soldiers' and sailors' monument which is being constructed at Indianapolis under the supervision of the State.

The pension committees in both Houses of Congress are laying aside all bills to pension widows and other dependant claimants, being confident that the dependent pension bill, which has passed the Senate, will become a law within a few weeks and make it unnecessary to adopt most of the private pension bills now pending.

THE township elections occur next Monday and every democrat should be at the polls to vote. This election is the first skirmish to the great battle for tariff reform which is to be fought in the state next fall, and aside from the importance of the offices to be filled, this fact should impel every lover of the cause to do his duty. Let the full democratic vote be polled and every candidate on the ticket will be elected.

At the reunion of the Thirtieth Indiana regiment held at Albion the other day ex-Congressman J. B. White, of this city, scored President Harrison in a vigorous way for his attitude toward pension legislation and his sentiments were enthusiastically applauded by the large number of old soldiers present. President Harrison has not only disappointed the country, but he has disappointed the rank and file of the republican party; he has disappointed the old soldiers; he has disappointed everybody, and his prospects for a re-nomination for the high position which he now holds are very poor, indeed.

THE Journal, inspired by a spirit of jealousy and with no other intent than that of injuring THE SENTINEL, attacks us this morning for having said a kind word for the head of the democratic township ticket—Mr. Geo. W. Brackenridge. The item in THE SENTINEL was written because of an expressed sentiment on the part of some republicans not to make a nomination in opposition to Mr. Brackenridge. THE SENTINEL has spoken concerning the democratic township ticket as a whole and pronounced the nominations excellent, and it was far from our intention in the editorial item the other day to "slap the other candidates in the face" as the Journal unkindly intimates. The animus of its frequent attacks on THE SENTINEL are understood. Its purpose is only to injure us and we have not deemed them worthy of a reply. We do so now only because the editorial in this morning's Journal intimates that we court the defeat of some of the candidates on the democratic township ticket.

EASTER DAY.

The long Lenten season will in a few hours more be over.

The darkness which has dimmed the natural brightness of the religious world for the past seven weeks will give way to the sunshine of heaven regained.

Easter day will be here. The church will give expression to its joy over the great anniversary of the Saviour's resurrection in many ways and all will be happy as the early morning bells ring out the glad tidings that Easter has dawned.

The houses of God will be resplendent with bright flowers and sweet music will proclaim the gladness with which the greatest event in the history of the world is celebrated. The religious have followed the divine Master through His trial, conviction and execution on the cross. To-morrow they will rejoice on account of His supreme triumph over death.

Catholics and Protestants will unite in the celebration of the glorious event, and every sanctuary will be bedecked with brightness, while choirs will sing glad anthems and pastors will speak eloquently and appropriately of the day which commemorates the resurrection of the Lord and gave to the Christian religion its corner stone—for such was the coming from the tomb.

History has placed the event, which the Christian world celebrate to-morrow, beyond the question of a doubt. No fact is better authenticated than that Christ, after his crucifixion and burial had arisen from the tomb and appeared at various times to His disciples. That His body, after having been laid in the tomb, had disappeared even His enemies admitted. After His resurrection he was seen by Cephas and then by the twelve apostles, then by more than 500 witnesses, then by James and last of all by Paul. They had heard Him talk, they had placed their hands in His gaping wounds, and their renewed zeal in the Master's cause ever afterward was proof convincing that Christ had risen and that there was a glorious reality in His religion.

Yes, Christ has risen. For more than eighteen hundred years the Christian nations of the world have sung the glad anthem. It will be sung the round globe over; it will be sung as long as man lives; it will be sung through time and eternity by the angels of heaven; it will be sung to morrow when the chimes have announced that Easter morn is here. Christ has risen! It means much to the Christian world, to the church, to God's people everywhere. Let it be enjoyed with glad hearts and in the celebration, the pasch, or peace, egg of multi-colors is not to be despised nor wholly eschewed. The children will expect this parental manifestation of Easter good will. Let them not be disappointed. There's a broad and Christianizing religion in the Easter egg—an influence for good that will be "as bread cast upon the waters."

STATE NEWS.

South Bend has set apart certain sidewalks upon which bicycles must not venture.

The Shelby county tax payers will vote on the question of free pikes Monday next.

Michigan City has the material for making glass and it is being shipped in large quantities to the factories within the gas belt.

Joel Roberts and Frank Cherry, of Fairland, have been arrested as the parties who used dynamite in blowing up John R. Joyce's saloon.

Three miles from Laporte is a rise of ground, from the top of which a perfect view of Michigan City and the lake can be had, nine miles away.

Wm. McDonald, aged seventy, of Brazil, died Friday, of la grippe. This is the fifth death in Clay county during the past week from the same cause.

When the flood receded from the farm of Richard Wagner, in Knox county, a catfish weighing seventy-one pounds, and still alive, was found lodged against a picket fence.

Alvah Risk, of Greensburg, a prisoner in a jail on a charge of forgery, Friday overpowered the jailer and attempted to escape, but after a chase of half a mile, was recaptured.

Roland G. Fleming, a young married man of Huntington county, during the week closed up his business affairs, abandoned his wife and disappeared. His entire surroundings were pleasant and prosperous.

According to the Laporte Herald one person in every eleven in Center township, Laporte county, received aid from the township trustee last winter, and the same condition of affairs is reported in Center township, Porter county.

While Edward Calkins and wife and Frank Hendrix were fishing in the St. Joe river, near Elkhart, and were in a boat, Calkins was drowned by an accidental upset, while Hendrix was successful in saving himself and the lady.

The Indiana University is nearing the close of its sixty-fifth college year, and the catalogue shows 300 students in attendance, of whom 216 are males. The senior class numbers forty one. David Starr Jordon, M. D., Ph. D. LL. D. is president.

THE METHODISTS.

Further Proceedings of the Annual Conference in Session at Muncie.

The following account of the proceedings of the North Indiana conference, now being held at Muncie, is taken from the Gazette of this morning:

The conference met at 8:30 a. m. Devotional services were conducted by J. K. Waltz. At 9 o'clock the bishop resumed the business of the conference, and D. A. Kemp, presiding elder, reported the Muncie district. The report shows an advance in church and parsonage property, in membership and benevolent collections. The names of the effective elders were called, they reported their collections and their characters were passed. The church in Muncie reports $1,143 for the benevolent institutions.

Thomas Shabler, presiding elder, reported the work on the Richmond district, showing a prosperous year throughout the district. The elders of the district reported their collections and their characters were passed.

C. W. Lynch, presiding elder, reported the work on the Warsaw district. More than 1,100 accessions to the church have taken place this year. The church property of the district is in good condition. The elders reported their charges and collections and their characters were passed. The stewards presented their report and it was adopted.

The names of those continued on trial were called and their characters were passed. The traveling deacons of the second class were called. They reported their collections and their characters were passed. The members of the class of the fourth year were called. They reported their collections, their characters were passed and they were elected to elder's orders.

Prof. G. B. M. Rodgers, of Fort Wayne, was left without appointment to take a special course of study in Boston university.

The characters of the supernumerary ministers were passed. The names of the superannuated members were called and their characters were passed. J. S. McCarty was changed to the effective list. W. E. McCarty was made effective.

A proposition from the general conference to increase lay representatives in the general conference was defeated.

Rev. R. M. Barns, D. D., preached the annual missionary sermon at 2 o'clock. At 3 o'clock Mrs. Colonel Springer, of Iowa, addressed the Women's Home Missionary society. At 7 o'clock Rev. Mr. Oldham, of New York, made the annual missionary address.

W. J. Vigus, agent of the American Bible society, represented its interests.

The Spring Medicine.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health-giving, blood-purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Do not continue in a dull, tired, unsatisfactory condition, when you may be so much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.

A collection of postage stamps belonging to one of the Rothschilds was recently sold for $60,000.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Many of the Farms of Thrifty Germans Sold for Old Taxes.

HARMAN CITY, N. J., April 4.—One of the most exciting events ever known in this section took place yesterday in the form of a sheriff's sale on lands of the German districts, including Millies, Galloway and Hamilton townships under the foreclosure instituted by the heirs of Stephen Colewell. A mortgage for $30,000 had been given some thirty years ago to Stephen Colewell by the Gloucester farm and town association which purchased the land in question at that time.

Upon the associations failing to pay the taxes levied by the township committees it was sold for taxes, the purchaser thinking that the tax titles given them by the township were valid under acts passed by the legislature at that time authorizing such sales. These acts have been declared by the supreme court not to affect the mortgage lien and this mortgage therefore remains firm, and was ordered foreclosed. Great distress will be inflicted upon many farmers who thus lose the lands they have been cultivating for years.

The sale will be continued to-day, when thirty parcels of No. 30, which contains over two hundred farms owned by thrifty Germans, will be sold. The wives and children of these farmers gathered around the hotel yesterday, while the sale was in progress, and the scene was a very affecting one. Over a hundred of these farms have been planted by the recent owners with peach, pear, and other fruit trees, berries, and grapes have also been extensively cultivated. Now all the labor of years has been suddenly declared to be for nothing. George Lang, one of the evicted farmers, became insane yesterday, and burned his buildings and was himself burned to death in the flames.

Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

Eight Catholic priests have died in New York city since New Year's day.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Emperor William's most recent portrait shows him with a bracelet on his right wrist.

Ladies Have Tried it.

A number of my lady customers have tried "Mother's Friend," and would not be without it for many times its cost. They recommend it to all who are to become mothers. B. A. Payne, Druggist, Greenville, Ala. Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. By all druggists.

The czar of Russia drinks five quarts of champagne a day.

That Tired Feeling

That extreme tired feeling which is so distressing and often so inconvenient in the spring months, is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which tones the whole body, purifies the blood, cures scrofula and all humors, cures dyspepsia, creates an appetite, rouses the torpid liver, braces up the nerves, and clears the mind. We solicit a comparison of Hood's Sarsaparilla with any other blood purifier in the market for purity, economy, strength, and medicinal merit.

Tired all the Time

"I had no appetite or strength, and felt tired all the time. I attributed my condition to scrofulous humor. I had tried several kinds of medicine without benefit. But as soon as I had taken half a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, my appetite was restored, and my stomach felt better. I have now taken nearly three bottles, and I never was so well." MISS. JESSIE F. DOLBEARE, Pascoag, R. I.

Mrs. C. W. Marriott, Lowell, Mass., was completely cured of sick headache, which she had 10 years, by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Everybody needs and should take a good spring medicine, for two reasons:

1st, The body is now more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season.

2d. The impurities which have been accumulated in the blood should be expelled, and the system given tone and strength, before the debilitating effects of warm weather are felt.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best spring medicine. A single trial will convince you of its superiority. Take it before it is too late.

The Best Spring Medicine

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a spring medicine, and I find it just the thing. It tones up my system and makes me feel like a different man. My wife takes it for dyspepsia, and she derives great benefit from it. She says it is the best medicine she ever took." F. C. TUSKAR, Hook & Ladder No. 1, Boston, Mass.

"Last spring I was troubled with boils, caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me. I can recommend it to all troubled with affections of the blood." J. SCHOCH, Peoria, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar | 100 Doses One Dollar

—THE—

NEW PEOPLE'S CYCLOPEDIA

The only one complete to date.

The Cheapest and the Best.

Over 100,000 Sets Sold.

FOR TERMS ADDRESS

W. I. SQUIRE, Toledo, O.

Lakeside Easily Sewered.

Parties owning building lots, which they are trying to sell, that are located a mile from any sewer and so far out, that a sewer is not likely to reach them during the present century, are endeavoring to halt the rush of home seekers into Lakeside Park addition, by telling them that sewers in that addition, if put down low enough to drain cellars, would not operate in times of great floods, and would only admit water to cellars they were intended to drain.

There is nothing in this objection for the following reasons:

First: Fort Wayne residences had no sewers for fifty years. Only within about the last five years has even the central part of the residence portion of the city been thus supplied.

Second: Not more than one house in ten in Fort Wayne, is, even now, connected with a sewer.

Third: Nearly all the outlying additions to Fort Wayne are so far removed from sewers, that it will, of necessity, be a long time before they can be so connected.

Fourth: "Lakeside" is underlaid with ten to fifteen feet of coarse gravel. You have only to dig a pit fifteen feet deep in your back yard, wall it up cheaply with rough stone, cover it over, and carry your pipes to it from bath room and kitchen, and your waste water is disposed of, without the least difficulty, even without a sewer.

Fifth: When sewers are wanted civil engineers say, there is scarcely a piece of residence property about Fort Wayne so easily and so cheaply sewered as Lakeside. The plan outlined is a main sewer of brick of thirty inches diameter, starting near the toll gate and running down the side of what is now the Maysville pike, to the point selected for crossing to the river. As the land is twenty to twenty-five above the river bed, the sewer outlet could be high enough to escape the effect of any, but extraordinary freshets. At the outlet will be fixed an automatic sewer gate, which closes as soon as the flood reaches the necessary height. At this point will also be located a sewer pump, run by an inexpensive small engine, which would be started as soon as the flood gates closed, and the sewerage be thus pumped into the river. This system is in operation in hundreds of places in this country and throughout Europe, and as any person can see, is simple and effective. It is not likely the pump would have to be used to exceed forty-eight hours in a whole year, and the consequent expense would be practically nothing. This main sewer, if three thousand feet long, would hardly cost complete, pump, engine and all, more than $5,000, about eight dollars for each lot in the addition—a mere trifle. Thus easily is this sewer bugbear brushed aside.

PAUL E. WOLF.

PLUMBER,

Steam Carpet Beating.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.

Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.

All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.

PAUL E. WOLF,

No. 38 AND 36 CLINTON STREET.

T. E. COVINGTON,

Cor. Washington and Harrison Sts.

Spring Garden and Flower Seeds.

All Seed Warranted Fresh.

No Old Stock.

I will also keep

EARLY GARDEN PLANTS.

Call before buying and save money.

Feb13-dawtf

Arrival and Departure of Trains. From Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time.

Leave and Arrive at Fort Wayne, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 22, Mail Express	1 25 p m	1 45 p m
No. 6, 3, East Line	7 45 p m	8 00 p m
No. 2, 4, Penn's Limited	9 10 p m	9 15 p m
No. 4, 6, Atlantic Ex	5 05 a m	5 20 a m
No. 56, Chicago Accom	10 05 p m	.....
No. 62, Plymouth Accom	8 55 a m	.....
No. 16, Crestline Accom	.....	7 00 a m
No. 90, Chicago Express	11 55 a m	.....

GOING WEST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 3, 5, Pacific Express	1 35 a m	1 45 a m
No. 5, 9, Penn's Limited	3 30 a m	3 35 a m
No. 1, Fast Line	11 10 a m	11 30 a m
No. 9, 5, Western Ex	3 05 p m	3 05 p m
No. 11, Crestline Accom	6 45 p m	.....
No. 61, Plymouth Accom	.....	4 00 p m
No. 59, Chicago Accom	.....	6 30 a m

d, Daily. Daily except Monday; all other trains daily except Sunday.

NORTH DEPOT.
[MUNCIE ROUTE]

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis. Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD. Dec. 1, 1889.	No. 5. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-Sdy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne...lv	6 30 a. m.	10 35 a. m.	6 30 p. m.
Indianapolis..ar	10 30 a. m.	3 30 p. m.	10 50 p. m.
Cincinnati...ar	—	5 30 p. m.	—
Louisville...ar	—	7 00 p. m.	—

RETURNING:	Daily.	Ex-Sdy.	Daily.
Louisville...lv	—	7 30 a. m.	—
Cincinnati...lv	—	7 30 a. m.	—
Indianapolis..lv	7 30 a. m.	11 10 a. m.	3 30 p. m.
Fort Wayne..ar	11 35 a. m.	3 45 p. m.	7 30 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via any other line.

WABASH RAILWAY.
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	5 30 a. m.
Kansas City ex. daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail	6 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom.	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule limited daily	5 05 a m
Cannon Ba except Sunday	1 30 "
Limited Expr. daily	6 25 "
Lafayette accom. *rives 11 a m.	

INDIANA LIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m	10 20 a m
1 45 p m	5 30 p m
Lv Indianapolis	**Ar Ft Wayne**
7 15 a m	1 20 p m
1 10 p m	6 10 p m
7 30 p m	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited Express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Nov. 10, '89

GOING NORTH.	
*For Grand Rapids and North	Lv 8 50 a m
" "	" *6 05 a m
For Grand Rapids	" 5 05 p m
From Richmond	Ar 6 10 p m
GOING SOUTH.	
For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv 8 40 a m
" "	" 1 00 p m
" "	" 11 10 p m
From Grand Rapids	Ar 6 30 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

JAMES MADDEN,

Steam and Gas Fitter,

101 Calhoun Street,

Next door to Y. M. C. A.

FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

HENRY HOP LEE'S

CITY LAUNDRY,

154 1-2 and 180 Calhoun St.

Shirts, 10 cts.; Cuffs, per pair, 4 cts.; Collars, 2 cts.; Undershirts, 7 cts.; Drawers, 7 cts.; Handkerchiefs, 2 cts.; Socks, per pair, 4 cts.; Towels, 2 cts.

Big reduction from above prices for starching and ironing. All work done first-class and on short notice.

15-1f

WATER WORKS —AND— NATURAL Gas FITTING —AT— C. W. BRUNS & CO.,

Plumbers, 166 Calhoun Street, Opp. Cathedral

To the Public!

Having purchased the Picture Store formerly owned by I. G. Clark, at 181 Calhoun street, and having added a new stock of Moulding, we invite all to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

L. JUNK.

SCHONE, WELLMAN & SCHOPPMAN.

Undertakers & Enbalmers

OFFICE: 89 W. BERRY ST.

Open day and night. Orders can be left at the office, or at No. 227 East Washington street, or at No. 44 Pritchard st. dec23-dawtf

TELEPHONE 278.

DRUGS, - CHEMICALS, —AND— Pharmaceutical Preparations.

BENEKE & CO.,

No. 210 CALHOUN ST. 13-17-1y

WANTED.

WANTED To rent about four rooms, unfurnished, suitable for light housekeeping. Address N., Sentinel office. 3-tf

WANTED—AGENTS FOR DENVER STATE Lottery. Tickets 50c. Address A. C. Ross & Co., Denver, Colo. 14-6t

OPIUM OR MORPHINE Habit Cured, at Home. Trial FREE. No Pain. No Exposure. Address, COPELAND OPIUM ASS'N, FORT WAYNE, IND. 26-26t

WANTED—Reliable local and traveling salesmen. Positions permanent. Special inducements now; fast-selling specialties. Don't delay, salary from start. BROWN BROS., Nurserymen, Chicago, Ill. jan28-eod6m

TO LADIES—Mrs. Dupree's famous remedy for all female complaints. One months treatment securely sealed sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00. Lady agents wanted. Liberal terms. Manufactured by the GARDEN CITY SPECIFIC CO., 161 LaSalle Street, Chicago. 15sat&wed6w

STANLEY IN AFRICA—AGENTS WANTED to sell his history of the WONDERFUL EXPLORATIONS, DARING DEEDS and grand ACHIEVEMENTS on the dark CONTINENT. Finely illustrated. COLORED PLATES. The greatest edition of STANLEY, including all other AFRICAN EXPLORERS published. Illustrated circulars free. Address, O. A. BROWNING & CO., Toledo, O. jan14-52kwan

Insurance, Real Estate and Loans.
Fire Insurance,
Tornado Insurance,
Accident Insurance,
Steam Boiler Insurance,
Life Insurance,
If in need of insurance it will be to your interest to call and see us.
SCHRADER & WILSON, AGENCY,
(Successors to H. C. Schrader.)
feb6-2m 46 Harrison street.

PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me.
J. P. CHRITZER, Real Estate and Loan Broker,
Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Reference—Hamilton National Bank. 29-2m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Cheap, set "Encyclopaedia Britannica." Inquire of C. W. Moses, 159 Calhoun street. 25-tf

FOR SALE—About seven acres of land with good frame house, fifty fruit trees, drainage complete, just the place for a gardner, within a mile of the city limits. This property must be sold. A snap for someone, take it quick. For particulars call at the Rivin house, 12 Harrison street. 2-tf

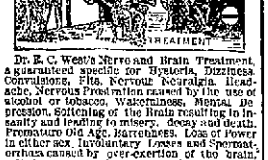
LOST.

LOST—Umbrella from fruit stand, corner Calhoun and Wayne Streets. $5 reward. No questions asked. Leave at Sentinel office. 2-tf

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERY, Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence 26 Madison street. Special attention to ladies. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.; from 7 p. m. to 8 p. m.

Health is Wealth!



DR. E. C. WEST'S Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

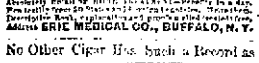
WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

E. F. SITES, DENTIST,
86 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR OF MANHOOD
STRENGTH
A Great MEDICAL WORK for LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind; Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young Men; Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Premature Old Age, and the many diseases that follow as a sequence. Absolutely Perfect. 300 PAGES, 12mo, Morocco Binding, Full Gilt, Embossed, Full Gilt Sides and Edges, Fully Illustrated, Prescription Book, explaining all, sent sealed, free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

No Other Cigar Has Such a Record as



ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

WAH-KEE'S LAUNDRY,

No. 8 W. Wayne St

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	4
Drawers	7
Undershirts	7
Night Shirts	10
Socks, per pair	5
Handkerchiefs	2
Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT WITH SUSPENSORY FOR WEAK MEN

CURES in 90 DAYS all Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Impotency, Lame Back, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Nervousness, Premature Decay, Wasting Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses, Nervous Prostration, Failing Memory, Want of Energy, Despondency, Pimples on the Face, Blotches, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Blushing, Timidity, Lack of Confidence, Dizziness, Loss of Sexual Power, Sleeplessness, Constipation, Varicocele, Stricture, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Female Complaints, and all Diseases of the Sexual Organs of either sex, caused by Indiscretion, Exposure, Overwork, Nervousness, Excesses, Youthful Indiscretions, Sexual Excesses, Mercurial Poisoning, Consumption, Scrofula, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Impure Blood, Skin Diseases, Boils, Carbuncles, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Cancers, Goitre, Epilepsy, Fits, Paralysis, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa, Falling and Displacements, Irregularities, Suppressions, Prolapsus, Anteversion, Retroversion, Bearing-down Feelings, Pain in the Ovaries, Hot Flashes, Sensation of Falling, Nervousness, Hysteria, Melancholy, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spinal Diseases, Curvature of the Spine, Hip Joint Disease, Weak Back, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Blood Poisoning, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Gravel, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat and Lung Affections, Deafness, Cancer, Tumors, Ulcers, Piles, Fistula, Diseases of the Rectum, Bladder, Kidneys, Liver, Blood, Skin, Nerves, Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Throat, Head, Eyes, Ears, Nose, Sexual Organs, Rupture, Paralysis, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa, Falling and Displacements, Irregularities, Suppressions, Prolapsus, Anteversion, Retroversion, Bearing-down Feelings, Pain in the Ovaries, Hot Flashes, Sensation of Falling, Nervousness, Hysteria, Melancholy, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spinal Diseases, Curvature of the Spine, Hip Joint Disease, Weak Back, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Blood Poisoning, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Gravel, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat and Lung Affections, Deafness, Cancer, Tumors, Ulcers, Piles, Fistula, Diseases of the Rectum, Bladder, Kidneys, Liver, Blood, Skin, Nerves, Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Throat, Head, Eyes, Ears, Nose, Sexual Organs, Rupture.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with Weaks Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 162 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 2 cent stamp. Sold by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

J. C. PELTIER,

Undertaker & Embalmer

17 WEST WAYNE ST.,

Telephone No. 174 - - - FORT WAYNE, IND

J. M. E. RIEDEL

ARCHITECT,

ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.

112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

DR. T. J. DILLS,

NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m

UNLIKE TEA & COFFEE--GOOD FOR THE NERVES.

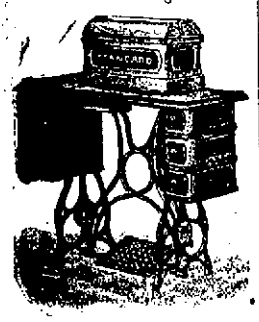
The claims of cocoa as a useful article of diet are steadily winning recognition. Unlike tea and coffee, it is not only a stimulant but a nourisher; and it has the great advantage of leaving no narcotic effects. Hence it is adapted to general use. The strong may take it with pleasure, and the weak with impunity.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"BEST & GOES FARTHEST."

☞ VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA Come tried, always used" leaves no injurious effects on the nervous system. It is no wonder, therefore, that in all parts of the world, this founder's Cocoa is recommended by medical men instead of tea and coffee or other cocoas or chocolates for daily use by children or infants, hale and sick, rich and poor. "Largest sale in the world." Ask for VAN HOUTEN'S and take no other. 26

The Standard Sewing Machine



is the Easiest Running machine in the market. You can do the same amount of work on it that you can on any other Machine in two-thirds the time. It will save time and money for you.

We also handle "American Bicycles," Baby Carriages, Garden Tools, Hose, Lawn Vases, Wire Chairs and Settees and a complete line of General Hardware.

PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER,

38 & 40 E. COLUMBIA

—FOR YOUR—

Hay, Straw, Oats,

Corn, Mill Feed

And Poultry Supplies,

—GO TO—

W. E. MINER'S,

45 EAST COLUMBIA ST.,

3oo 6m) TELEPHONE 253.

C. D. NISWONGER,

Dealer in all Kinds of

Fresh Oysters and Fish

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

NO. 17 1-2 WEST BERRY STREET.

☞ FRESH FISH Dressed Ready for Cooking. 3 6-3m

McCRAY'S PATENT COOLING ROOMS.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Butcher, Grocery and Hotel Refrigerators,

And Builders of Any Size Cold Storage Room.

For Catalogue and Prices write to

KENDALLVILLE REFRIGERATOR CO.,

[Mention this paper.] Kendallville, Indiana.

DON'T DO IT.

From the "Medical Review." "Upon the first symptoms of Liver Complaint the misguided sufferer applies blue pill, calomel and other mineral poisons, in the delusive hope of obtaining relief, whereas these powerful purgatives but aggravate the disease and debilitate the constitution. Dr. Tutt has had the courage to ignore this killing practice of the old school. His remedies, drawn from the vegetable kingdom, are almost miraculous in renovating the broken down body. The letters of cured patients in the Doctor's possession are a tribute of gratitude to his genius and skill which but few can exhibit. His Liver Pills are sent all over the world. They can be found in every town and hamlet in the United States."

Tutt's Liver Pills

ACT MILDLY BUT THOROUGHLY.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages.

Allays Pain and Inflammation.

Heals the Sores.

Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE.

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents. docl-eodly

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

LADIES!

READ THIS:

Read What Wonderful Cures Stekete's Neuralgia Drops is Doing.

It is the Cheapest Remedy Know. It is the Ladies' Friend. A Perfect Pain Killer.

GRAND RAPIDS, Oct. 28, 1889.

This is to certify that I have been troubled with Neuralgia in the Face and Womb for over four (4) years. At times the pains were excruciating, and I thought I must die. I had spent dollar after dollar and physicians could give me no relief. Upon the advice of a friend I bought a bottle of Steketee's Neuralgia Drops, and after using it according to directions, I can say I feel better than I have felt for many years. I shall continue in its use until I am thoroughly well. I feel very grateful to Mr. Steketee for making such a medicine. I will take pleasure in stating my case to any lady who may call on me.

MRS. LIZZIE CLANTON,
160 Ottawa-st.

For sale by all druggists. In Fort Wayne by Dreier & Bro., Thieme & Gross and B. H. Nell & Co., and the proprietor.

G. G. STEKETEE,

Grand Rapids, Mich.

LAST OF THE WEEK!

Personal Points and Pithy Paragraphs Giving the Day's News as Gathered Around the Busy Centers.

F. Hanke, of the Bass works, is on the sick list.

F. Hanke, of the Bass works, is on the sick list.

The pay days of the month will soon be here again.

Engine No. 113 is in the Pittsburg shops for repairs.

No. 9 on the Pittsburg road was three hours late last evening.

Gus Rahe, of the Bass moulding rooms, is on the sick list.

H. D. Rensberger will resign his position at the east yard shops.

The fan for the fires in the Bass boiler shop, is undergoing repairs.

Ed. Hipp, of the east Pittsburg shops, is off duty on account of sickness.

Eighty-one men from the east Pittsburg shops were off duty yesterday.

Louis Schimaokers has accepted a position in the Pittsburg blacksmith shop.

J. Nix, car builder at the east Pittsburg yards, has tendered his resignation.

J. B. Brown, of the L. D. and W. railway, from Indianapolis, is in the city.

Ben Wires, of the east Pittsburg shops, has returned to work after an illness.

Several of the moulders in the Bass foundry have been suspended for a time.

Elmer Cordery, of the Bass foundry, who has been sick, has returned to work.

H. Strasser, of the Pittsburg round house, had his arm badly sprained yesterday.

Charles Cramer, of the Pittsburg shops, is a lover of the writings of Alex Dumas.

J. H. Helms, a car builder at the east Pittsburg yards, has resigned his position.

G. W. Campbell has accepted a position as car repairer at the east Pittsburg car shops.

H. Schwoir, Wm. Bruns, C. Greaney, of the Bass boiler works, were off duty yesterday.

Rudolph Bensman, of the Bass foundry, has returned to work after a two days' illness.

Henry Altekruse, of the east Pittsburg shops, is off duty on account of injuries received to his hand.

J. Burlage, of the east Pittsburg shops, was severely injured the other day by being kicked by a mule.

The oil men of the Bass foundry have been transferred from Fred Meyers' department to the department of Foreman Jacob Stier.

T. G. Conrady, of the east Pittsburg shops, whose highest hope was to gain the hand, heart, and $5,000 of Madam Naomi was so badly disappointed that he didn't return to duty yesterday morning.

Surgeon J. M. Dinnen has returned from a trip of the western division of the Nickel Plate.

James Powers, of the American wheel works, was initiated into the Fat Men's club last evening.

J. Welch, of the Pittsburg round house, who has been sick, reported for duty this morning.

W. Briggeman, of the east Pittsburg shops, returned to duty yesterday morning after an illness.

W. J. Neizer, a popular tinner at the Pittsburg shops, will, ere long, take unto himself a bride.

D. Cramer, engineer on the Grand Rapids & Indiana, reported for duty after two days illness.

Mr. Fry, foreman of the Crestline machine shop, is in the city visiting the Pittsburg machine shop.

Joseph Carey, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, is off duty on account of injuries received by a fall.

A. L. King has returned from Muskegon, Mich., where he was inspecting 300 cars for the company.

O. R. Redmon, of the east Pittsburg car shops, is off duty on account of injuries received a short time ago.

Frank Ankebrook, of the Bass works, has resigned his position to take one driving a wagon for Louis Brames.

The Bass foundry have shipped two 72x17 feet boilers to New Orleans, for the Fort Wayne Electric company.

The new building being erected near the Pittsburg round house for the car tinkers, is being slated by Chas. Welch.

The west bound trains Nos. 7 and 9, on the Fort Wayne road, were late last night, the latter being two hours behind time.

H. Barley, of the east Pittsburg shops, will go west in a short time to mingle with the cow boys of the prairies.

George Shannon, formerly of the Pittsburg shops, who had his leg broken at Warsaw, will soon be able to visit the shops.

H. C. Kestel, formerly of the Jouney Electric company, will leave for Cleveland Monday to take a position as instrument maker.

Wm. Stine, of the cleaning department of the Bass foundry, will soon lead to the altar a charming young lady from the west end.

A brakeman named Palmer, of the Nickel Plate, had two fingers of his left hand mashed while coupling cars. He lives at 81 High street.

P. Rupp, stationary fireman at the electric works of the Pittsburg shops, who was taken suddenly ill the other night, has returned to duty.

C. A. Howell, of the Pittsburg shops, has a fine collection of old coins, such as dimes, quarters, and half-dollars which he prizes very highly.

John Casey is running the large wheel lathe in the Pittsburg machine shop during the absence of C. Cramer. John is a hustler and can wrestle a pair of wheels out in a very short time.

The report of the earnings of the Wabash railroad at Toledo for the month of March has been submitted, and the increase is astonishing. The report shows an increase of $100,267.14 over the corresponding period of last year for Toledo station alone. This is surely a healthy increase.

On Sunday, April 27, divisions of the Order of Railway Conductors all over the country will meet to select delegates to the annual convention to be held in Rochester, N. Y., in May. Each division will be expected to instruct its delegates as to how they shall vote on the proposition to eliminate from their ritual the clause which makes it a non-striking organization under any circumstances.

The Indianapolis Journal says: "The Car Service association went into operation at Fort Wayne on the first of April, and already complaints of its hardships are heard, some of the manufacturers threatening to go back to the old style of wagoning their goods to the station of some road which will not require them to live up to the rules of the Indiana Car Service association. For some weeks a bitter opposition has been manifested to an introduction of the demurrage system at that point."

A special from St. Louis says: "It is reported here that Jay Gould is seriously ill again and that his stay in Mexico is to be prolonged almost indefinitely. He is troubled with a return of his old nervous spells and the stories given out about the business deals he is arranging are regarded as pure fiction. Members of the Passenger Agents' association who met Mr. Gould in Mexico comment on the incessant nervous trembling of his hands, and the enormous quantity of coffee he consumed as a stimulant."

Wild West Show.

The Wabash line announces two grand half-fare excursions to points in Iowa, Utah, Texas, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Wyoming, Missouri, Nebraska, Arkansas, Colorado, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, New Mexico and Indian Territory, to be run on April 22, and May 20, 1890. Tickets will be sold on the above dates at ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP, and will be good returning thirty days from date of sale. Remember, the Wabash is the shortest line, and can make the quickest time. Free chair cars on all through trains. Apply to

R. G. THOMPSON,
Passenger and Ticket Agent,
27-d-eod-tf-wtf Fort Wayne, Ind.

A Lady of Texas Writes:

My case is of long standing; has baffled many physicians; have tried every remedy I could hear of, but Bradfield's Female Regulator is all that relieved me. Write The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

PUTTING ON AIRS.

South Wayne Figuring to Get Fire Protection of Its Own.

South Wayne wants fire protection.

Being a corporation, it can not expect protection by the Fort Wayne department.

The trustees of that burg decided to solicit the opinion of property owners out there as to the purchase of a chemical engine and portable apparatus.

The purchase of some protection of this kind is important as there are valuable interests that could be destroyed by a conflagration.

"Why doesn't he take Hood's Sarsaparilla" is the general inquiry of friends when a person suffers from any disease of the blood.

A Texas debating society recently had for a subject, "Is it proper to sound the 'r' in dorg?"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Barnum is a candidate for mayor of Bridgeport, and is encountering much opposition.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

In Lent, it is said, New York eats 3,-360,000 eggs a day.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

ROGERS' ROYAL

NERVINE

Tones and invigorates the stomach when weakened by indigestion, corrects the appetite and aids assimilation of the food, while as a nerve tonic it has no equal.

It may be taken immediately after eating for DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCY or any IRRITATIONS of the STOMACH or NERVES.

All druggists sell it. $1 per bottle.

ROGERS' ROYAL REMEDIES CO., BOSTON.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., April 4th, 1890.

The undersigned will receive proposals from contractors and builders up to 12 o'clock, noon, of saturday, April 19th, 1890, for the erection of a bank building to be built in the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana. Plans and specifications will be on file at the office of the architect, D. S. Tolan, 108 Calhoun street, up stairs, on and after Saturday, April 5th, 1890. No bids will be received for less than the whole work, for which plans and specifications are furnished.

The undersigned reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

4-5t J. D. BOSD.

ALLEN ZOLLARS,

Attorney - At - Law.

MACDOUGAL BLOCK.

Corner Calhoun and Berry Streets.

D. C. FISHER,

REAL ESTATE.

INSURANCE AND LOANS.

No. 32 EAST BERRY STREET.

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Stoves : and : Furniture : Exchange,

246 CALHOUN STREET.

Furniture and Tinware promptly mended, Cash Paid for Second Hand Goods of all kinds.

Dr. Kent K. Wheelock,

Practice Limited to Diseases of the

EYE, EAR & THROAT

No Family Practice Done.

Office, 94 Calhoun Street. Office Hours from 9 to 12, 1:30 to 5 and 7 to 8.

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To sell our goods by sample to wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For terms address

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Merchant Tailors,

34 EAST BERRY ST.

Fine Tailoring a Specialty.

MISS LEWIS, "KINDERGARTNER."

Graduate of the New York City training schools, receives pupils from three to eight years of age at any time. Parents are invited to visit Kindergarten room, corner of Broadway and Jefferson street, to examine the methods of instruction. Three, or more scholars in a neighborhood, sent for and returned home. Lessons in physical culture, given without extra charge. Session from 1:30 to 4:30 p. m.

Paris Exposition 1889:

2 GRAND PRIZES—5 GOLD MEDALS.

MENIER CHOCOLATE

ABSOLUTELY PURE!

VANILLA (SANTE) QUALITY.

ASK FOR YELLOW WRAPPER, 40c. A LB.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

BRANCH HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG

FREE TO ALL MEN.

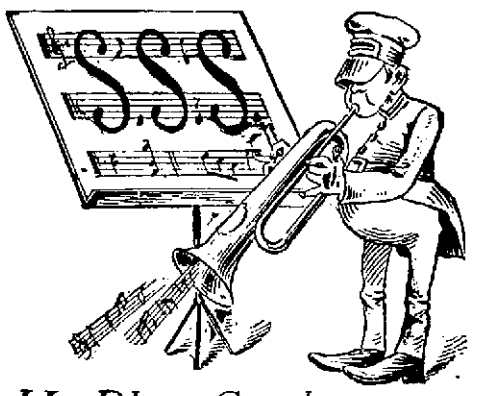
Sealed Treatise explaining absolute and perfect CURE without a stomach drenching, for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Lack of Vigor and Development, Premature Decline, Functional Disorders, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, etc.

THE MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.



He Plays Good Music, and his five loudest notes are:

FIRST | It is entirely vegetable, containing no minerals or poison of any kind, and builds up the system from the first dose.

SECOND | It cures Cancer of the Skin. No other remedy or treatment was ever known to cure it.

THIRD | It cures Hereditary Blood Taint, even in the third and fourth generations. No other remedy has ever done it.

FOURTH | It has never failed to eradicate Scrofula (or King's Evil) in all its forms from the system.

FIFTH | It cures contagious Blood Poison in all its stages by eliminating the horrible virus from the system, thus giving relief from all the consequences of this curse of the human family.

MY BLOOD had been so out of order during the summer of 1888 that I virtually had no health at all. I had no appetite; nothing I ate agreed with me. I was feeble, puny, and always feeling bad. I had tried various remedies without receiving any benefit, until at length I commenced on Swift's Specific (S. S. S.). That medicine increased my weight from 118 pounds to 177 pounds in a few months, and made me as well and healthy as any man now living. S. S. S. is undoubtedly the greatest blood purifier to-day on the American continent. JOHN BELLEW,
No. 442 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.
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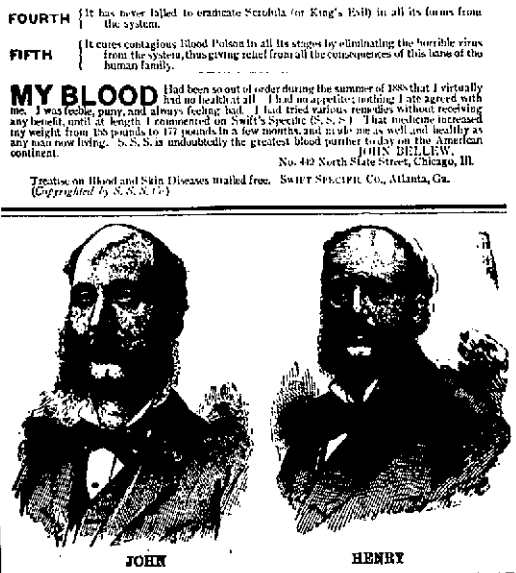

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English Breakfast Bacon,

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NEW FISH MARKET,

154 CALHOUN ST.,

Will keep on hand all kinds of FRESH FISH, at the Lowest Prices.

GIVE HIM A CALL.

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Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used monthly. Safe, effectual. Price $1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND RILL COMPANY, No. 3 Pelmer Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, MILL'S BLOCK 32 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind.

In ill occupy same rooms occupied 14 years ago.

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Sanitary Plumber,

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ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

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DO NOT MISS

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—OF—

BOOTS & SHOES

—At the—

MASSACHUSETTS - SHOE - COMPANY,

36 CALHOUN STREET,

1st Door North of Main street.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A GOLDEN GEM FOR OUR FAIR READERS.

Getting Into "Society." Some of the Tricks and Devices Resorted to. Woman's Dress at Breakfast. The Woman of Business, Etc., Etc.

Woman's Dress at Breakfast.

So far as possible let all women dress beautifully; so God dresses the meadows and the mountains. Let them wear pearls and diamonds, if they can afford it. God has hung round the neck of His world strings of diamonds, and braided the black locks of the storm with bright-colored ribbons of rainbow. Especially before and right after breakfast, ere they expect to be seen of the world, let them look neat and attractive for the family's sake. One of the most hideous sights is a slovenly woman at the breakfast table. Let woman adorn herself. Let her speak on platforms so far as she may have time and ability to do so. But let not mothers imagine that there is any new way of successfully training children, or of escaping the old-time self-denial and continuous painstaking. *T. De Witt Talmage in Ladies' HomeJournal.*

Three Kinds of Married Women.

They were discussing a certain clever and well-known married woman, who is prominent alike for her business and social success.

How does she sign her name?" asked a bright-faced listener from another State.

"Let me see?" mused one of the group. "I believe she always writes Mary W. Smith."

"Then she isn't 'advanced' and she still loves her husband," said the first.

"What do you mean?" half a dozen women demanded at once.

"Just this," was the answer. "The married woman of to-day is of three classes—the woman who puts her husband and his interests first, the woman who considers her individuality and interests of equal importance with her husband's, and the woman who considers the name of her husband's family alone amply honorable and dignified, and writes her name as your friend does. The second adds her husband's name to her own family name and writes 'Mary White Smith.' The third writes the family names with a hyphen between them and wishes to be known as 'Mary White-Smith.' The first woman is conservative; the second, progressive; the third, 'advanced.'"—*New York Evening Sun.*

The Woman of Business.

I have heard country girls talk of coming to the city for employment, giving as one reason that they wanted more social life. Well, that is just what they will not get; the woman of business is not a woman of leisure, and she has no time for society. She will find more social life in her own home, even if she be a worker, than she could ever have in a crowd. Salaries are not large enough to permit of much relaxation in the way of entertainments, and after the day's work is over one is too tired to go in search of enjoyment. In the country home, in these days, the daily paper and the magazine come, so that one may keep in touch with the world, even if she be at one side of the bustle and confusion of the city life. The fashion articles tell her how to dress her hair and make her gown, and give the latest notions in small toilet details. No town is so small that it has not its public library, where all the new books come; and the lecture and concert are not infrequent in visits. Railways and telegraphs have brought the corners of the earth together, so that one is never so far away from the centers of things. There are occupations, too, for the girls who stay at home, and particularly those who stay in the country, and these will be talked about by and by. Do not throng to the cities in search of employment, for you will be doomed to bitter disappointment. The country stores employ women as well as the city stores, and many a girl makes a good beginning in them. I myself know country towns where a few years ago nearly all the positions in stores were held by young men which to-day are held by women. Everywhere it has come to be quite the accepted state of things that women shall sell goods. *Wide Awake.*

Getting Into "Society."

That many of the guests at any so-called "swell" society affair would disclose some curious facts if closely scrutinized, goes almost without saying. The wonder often is not only as to how they got there, but how they manage to keep themselves there. They may be rich and willing to entertain in return, but their antecedents or manners, or both, are in many cases so bad that there must be some other reason than their mere possession of wealth and a disposition to use it liberally.

To puzzle out why they have been bidden to the feast would be to disclose a network of business and social relations quite unexpected before. To be taken up and introduced into society by one of its leaders on the score of a schoolday acquaintance with one's grandmother is the way that many carry the point. Many acquaintances are gained by means of a wedding in the family, for then the etiquette of cards is strained to its utmost limit in order to include many persons whom it has been considered desirable to know, but who have hitherto been rather backwark in responding to advances made in their direction.

To ignore the important part which watering-places play in the acquiring of a visiting list would be to omit a prime factor in this phase of our social life, for acquaintances made in the country are often pushed to an advantage in the city. Many little devices are used to attain that end. A young and pretty mother said the other day:

"Don't you know, I can always make the acquaintance of any one I care to know, without the bother of an introduction? I accomplish it entirely through baby. He is so sweet and cunning! Every body is attracted to him. I send him near the persons I want to know. They speak to baby; a conversation invariably follows; I am drawn into it as a matter of course, and then the acquaintance is made."

Ladies on the verandas are often enticed from their high-bred reserve by exciting their lemming interest in fancy work or by courtesies extended to them by the proffer of a newspaper or a magazine. A person determined to get on in society is never at a loss for the means to do so, particularly if that person be a woman.

Some are invited on occasions when their room would be preferred to their company, but who, for the sake of expediency, are not suffered to go uninvited. Their unwilling host is afraid to excite them, for fear of their causing the family skeleton to walk out. The worst of it is, skeletons are generally strung on wires, and it is naturally agitating when those wires are mysteriously connected with somebody's electric battery of private spite.

Those who want to get in are very hard to keep out of "society." The obstacles which surround them and the disappointments which disheartens them would fill volumes, and not unfrequently display a tragic as well as a comic side. How they get in it is almost impossible to tell. It is not always necessary to enter in by the door, more than a few climb up some other way, but the end is apparently the same.

And when they get there what do they really find? What is "good society" composed of? What are its characteristics that it should be pursued so assiduously? It certainly is not noted for mental ability, general intelligence or education. In these qualities very many of the "middle ten thousand" are the superiors of even Ward McAllister's upper "Four Hundred."

The daughter of a storekeeper may not have the affected airs and the charms of a capitalist's heiress, but she may possess a mind stored with facts, and an understanding of how to gain knowledge. Her time is frequently spent in the pursuit of happiness, and the requirement of knowledge, while her "Four Hundred" sister is following fashion or en deshabille is toiling away her time in her untidy boudoir.

Testing His Fitness for an Editor.

When a verdant youth called at the office of the Texas *Plumbago* and applied for a position the other day, the editor, who wasn't very busy just then, put him through an examination to determine his fitness:

"Who discovered America?"

"Klumbus. Pshaw; ask me a harder question."

"Who was the first man?"

"Adam. Why Mister, I know all—"

"What was his other name?"

"His other name? Why, he didn't have none."

"Yes, he did. His other name was Ebenezer—Ebenezer Adam, Esq., late of Paradise Center. How many bones are there in the human body?"

"Well, I forget just now, but I did know wunst."

"What! don't you know that? Every school boy knows there are 7,482,651,911 bones in an ordinary man, when he isn't eating mackerel. A man who snores has one more bone than other people."

"What bone is that?"

"The trombone, of course. It is situated somewhere in the nose. You won't forget that, will you?"

He said he wouldn't.

"How long would it take a mud turtle to cross the desert of Sahara with a small orphan boy to teach him my behind with a red-hot poker?"

"Well, look here, Mr. Editor, if I had a slate and pencil I could figure that out; but dog my skin if I am much on mental 'rithmetic."

"Slate and pencil! Did you ever see a slate and pencil about a sanctum? Nonsense. Well, we'll let that question slip. Have you got a good constitution?"

"Pretty tol'ble."

"How long do you suppose you could live on raw corn and faith and do the work of a domesticated elephant?"

"Lord! I don't believe I could live morn a week."

"Well, that's about as long as you would want to live if you got a position on the *Plumbago*. I shall now ask you one more question, and if you prove equal to it you can peel off your coat and sail in."

"Let's have 'er, Squire. You'll find me on deck with both feet and a cane."

"Well, sir; if two diametrical circles with octagonal peripheries should collide with a centrifugal idiosyncracy—or to put it plainer——".

"Put it plain as you can, Boss."

"Well, say, it collides with an asphyxiated desuetudo — what effect would the catastrophe exert on the crystaly red codfish suspended by the tail from the homogeneous rafters of empyrean?"

The verdant young man waited to hear no more, but grabbing his hat, he made a wild dash for the street, and disappeared.—*Texas Siftings.*

Some Funny Mistakes.

Every one knows the story of the Frenchman who, while sitting with his face close to the open window of an English railway car, heard a shout of "Look out!" and, popping out his head accordingly, received a tremendous bump on the forehead from the projecting pole of a scaffolding which the train was just passing; whereupon monsieur exclaimed indignantly: "Inglisman big fool! He say 'Look out!' when he mean 'Look in!'"

A similar misconception occurred during the siege of Sebastopol, says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, when an English guardsman was "brought up" for having given a severe thrashing to a French grenadier, the Englishman's only explanation being that "he would 'ave it, and so I just 'ad to give it him." It appeared on inquiry that the guardsman had accosted the other in what he supposed to be French, and that the puzzled Frenchman had exclaimed in bewilderment: "Comment?" (How?) which John Bull mistook for "Come on." "Come on yourself, then," he roared. "If you will 'ave it!" and forthwith the fisticuff began in earnest.

But more startling than all was the mistake made by a Queen of Denmark during her visit to the Danish colony of Iceland, where the good old bishop exerted himself to the utmost to show her everything that was worth seeing. The Queen paid many compliments to her host, and, having learned that he was a family man, graciously inquired how many children he had.

Now, it happened that the Danish word for "children" was almost identical in sound with the Iceland word for "sheep;" so the worthy bishop—whose knowledge of Danish was not so complete as it might have been—understood her majesty to ask how many sheep he owned, and promptly answered "Two hundred."

"Two hundred children!" cried the Queen, astounded. "How can you possibly maintain such a number?"

"Easily enough, please your majesty," replied the hyperborean prelate, with a cheerful smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hills to graze, and when winter comes I kill and eat them!"

Her—Would it make you very sad if I should tell you I was going to marry some one else? She (who doesn't show the desired anxiety about accepting him)—It would, Jack, if the girl were a very near and dear friend of mine.

CURIOSITIES OF FASTING.

Strange Customs That Prevail or Have Prevailed in Lent.

In the early Christian Church wine was as much forbidden as meat to those who were fasting. Very terrible must have been the ancient days of Holy Week that were classed under the euphonious title of Xerophagy, when the only food allowed was bread and salt, to which, in certain localities only, vegetables were added. The rules concerning Lent varied greatly in different localities for several centuries. A writer in the fifth century mentions that in certain places it lasted only three weeks, in others six, and in some as much as seven. Then there were countries in which the Lenten fast was kept on every day in the week. Sunday was omitted in others, and elsewhere there was no fasting on either that day or Saturday. The Cistercians, who did so much in the middle ages for agriculture in this country, used to fast from the 14th of September until Easter, eating neither meat, fish, nor eggs.

To this day in the Roman Catholic Church the fast days vary greatly in different countries and even dioceses, and, although its Lent now begins or ends on the same days throughout the world, there is considerable difference in the rules for keeping it in certain localities. Then, with regard to the Advent, there is some diversity. In the fifth century it was kept as a general fast of forty days, from Nov. 11 till Christmas. This custom has so died out that, although in England and Ireland Roman Catholics are made to fast on the Wednesdays and Fridays in Advent, there is no such rule on the continent, except in religious houses, and only in some of those. A curious custom prevails in France of allowing a certain water fowl that feeds chiefly on fish to be eaten on days of the year on which other flesh meat is forbidden. We think, however, that people who have once tasted this particular delicacy will not be likely to avail themselves of the privilege the second time. The most interesting exceptional rule connected with abstinence is one that exists in Spain. It seems that at the time of the Crusades all who contributed a fixed annual sum were dispensed from certain days of abstinence by a Papal bull, and that dispensation has never been withdrawn. As the fee required has now become a mere trifle through the deterioration in the value of the money (about a couple of shillings), this dispensation has fallen within the reach of most people, and the funds thus accumulated are devoted to charitable purposes.

It is interesting to remember that when the rules about fasting were far stricter among Roman Catholics in England than they are now, such a thing as eating flesh during Lent was unheard, of, and the fast days other times being then much more numerous than at present, it was very difficult for those living inland to get any fresh fish caught in the sea, and that the potato, to say nothing of certain other vegetables, had not yet been introduced into this country. Tea and coffee were unknown, as also were tobacco and many other little luxuries which tend to make a day of fasting or abstinence far from intolerable in modern times. Nor should it be forgotten that eggs were not allowed on fast days in the middle ages. Cheese, milk, and butter were long forbidden. The permission to eat meat at the "one meal" on every day in Lent except Wednesdays and Fridays and the last four days of Holy Week is very modern indeed; nor is it universal. Another modern innovation is the toleration of the custom of taking a little tea or coffee with a few mouthfuls, which are not to count at all, at breakfast time, as well as the "half meal," which, with certain restrictions, is allowed under the title of collation later on in the day. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

For Contempt of Court.

The stories of early Western judges are almost as numerous and incredible as the bear stories of that part of our country. The following incident, which is vouched for as fact, is of a judge who had a very lofty idea of his own legal capacity, and was at the same time anxious to sustain the dignity of his court.

A "shooting case" came before him. There was no direct evidence as to the perpetrator of the murder, but the individual arrested was well known, and, indeed, confessed the deed.

When brought into court, the judge cautioned the prisoner not to commit himself; that he must remember his rights as a free citizen, and that, above all things, he must not interrupt the proceedings of the court. After this friendly warning the judge proceeded to state that he, the prisoner, was accused of having, on such a date, shot the deceased.

Upon this the prisoner broke in. "Wal, an' so I did."

The judge was annoyed at the interruption.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" he exclaimed. "Haven't I told you not to commit yourself, nor to interrupt me? I shall commit you for contempt of court if you do so again!" he added, sternly.

He then repeated the accusation, upon which the prisoner again broke in:

"I have told ye afore that I killed—"

The judge's indignation was intense at this second interruption, and he demanded, "Mr. Sheriff, what is your evidence?"

"I have nothing but circumstantial evidence, your honor, and the prisoner's own confession."

"Then," said the judge, "I discharge the prisoner on this accusation, but commit him for contempt of court."—*Youth's Companion.*

Killed in Battle in the Last Twenty-Five Years.

"Did you ever think how few people are killed during wars?" asked Thomas Sleane of Boston as he sat in the Colonnade last evening. "Well, here is a memorandum I made recently regarding deaths in battle since 1856. The entire number killed during these thirty-four years—exclusive of those who died from disease—is about 2,250,000. In the Crimean war 750,000 were killed. the Italian war of 1859 resulted in the slaughter of 45,000; in the American civil war, 800,000; in the Danish war (1864), 3,000; in the Austro-Prussian war, 45,000; in the Franco-German war—France 155,000, Germany 60,000; in the Turko-Russian war, 250,000; the South African war, 30,000; the Afghan war, 25,000; the Mexican and Cochin-Chinese expedition, 65,000, and the Bulgarian-Servian insurrection, 25,000."—*Philadelphia Press.*

MRS. OLIVER, of Athens, Ga., is 87 years old and has never taken a drink of water. If she had lived in Kentucky they would have insisted on her wearing trousers and being a colonel.

He Took No Chances.

A certain woman lost, before he was married, took his best girl out to dine. He didn't have much money that day, so he felt nervous. He thought he would give her a beer to start on, so he handed her a bill-of-fare and invited her to guess what she was going to have to drink. The girl read it over carefully and finally said:

"Ed, dear, I guess I'll take champagne."

Ed looked up almost paralyzed, then murmured:

"Wrong, darling, this time; guess again."

Then, without waiting to take any more chances, he sang out:

"Two beers!"—*New York Dispatch.*

A Hint to Journalists.

Journalist—I'll have to get me a new pair of heavy boots pretty soon.

Friend—Those you have got on seem to be in pretty good condition.

They will not last long.

Going to walk down to your office to save car fare?

No, I've got a free pass over the line.

And you haven't got any marriageable daughters that I ever heard of.

No, thank heaven!

Then I cannot imagine why you yearn for a new pair of boots.

Man alive! Can't you discern the signs of the time? Don't you know that the spring poet, owing to the mild winter, matures a month earlier than usual?—*Texas Siftings.*

The Ability to Bear Pain

Is the test of fortitude among the Indian tribes. But we defy any Cherokee, Sioux or Comanche to endure the twinges of rheumatism without wincing. These, indeed are slight at first, but grow in intensity until they become unbearable. No malady is more obstinate in its maturity than that which gives rise to them. The more need, then, of attacking it at the outset. Foremost among remedies for it is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, safe and infinitely more effective than colchicum, aconitum and nux vomica, all remedies which might prove destructive of life in a slightly excessive dose. Mineral deponents, also, when not positively toxicheteute, are far inferior in remedial power to this salutary botanic medicine. It entirely expels from the blood the acrid impurities which originate the disease, and enriches as well as cleanses it. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia and other ailments also give way to it.

All Editors Know How to Swear.

Judge—Do you fully understand the nature of an oath?

Witness—I think I understand the form of an oath, yes, sir.

"Will you please answer my question as to your understanding the nature of an oath?"

"If you please, I am an affidavit editor."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Carried Off the Honors.

"Did you attend the amateur theatricals last evening?"

"Yes. I came in after the first act."

"They tell me I carried off the honors."

"Very likely you did; at least, someone must have carried them off, for they were conspicuously absent in the last two acts."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Catarrh Can't Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

THE pancakes eaten at Vassar College in one year would make a column eight miles high, if piled one upon another. There's high education for you.

IT there had been another woman and a lawyer in the garden of Eden, Eve would have probably got a divorce and married the devil.

A FATHER who has put his boy into a law office, speaks of him as his son-in-law.—*Boston Star*

$2,500 Reward for a Lost Cat.

The standard of an English money of $2,500 was once offered by an old lady in London for the return of a favorite cat which had strayed or been stolen. People called her a "crank," and perhaps she was. It is unfortunate that one of the gentler sex should ever gain this title, yet many do. It is however, frequently not their fault. Often functional derangements will apparently change a woman's entire nature. Don't blame such sufferers if they are "cranky," but tell them to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is an infallible remedy for "female weaknesses." It will soon restore them to their normal condition. It is *warranted* to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be returned.

DR. PIERCE'S Pellets, the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial; one a dose.

Contrary to Tradition.

"Young man," he said, solemnly, "do you realize that the truly wise man doesn't think that he knows as much as he really does know?"

"Oh, yes sir," was the reply, "and the man who isn't truly wise thinks he knows it all, and when he jumps in he generally gets there with both feet."—*Life.*

A Superb Achievement.

Thousands of dollars have been expended in preparing the magnificent new catalogue just issued by the Bryant & Stratton Chicago Business College, Shorthand Institute and English Training School, which is everywhere recognized as the Great Business University of America. The great catalogue now presented to the public is a perfect masterpiece, and constitutes the most elegant and costly volume of the kind ever published. It is an exquisite work of art, containing 112 pages printed upon finest enameled paper, 9½x12 inches, with thirty large and beautiful engravings. It is distributed at college offices free of charge, or will be mailed to any address upon receipt of stamps to pay cost or postage, which is ten cents. Every ambitious young man and young woman should secure a copy. Address H. B. Bryant & Son, Washington street, corner Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Willing to Let Him Have the Earth.

Mamma (looking up from her novel)—Jane, what ails Freddy now?

Jane—He's crying for the moon, mamma.

Mamma (absorbed in her reading)—O, well, let the little dear have it.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

A Low-Cut Dress.

Editor of Spicy Society Paper—Yes, the *Slanderer* will appear in a new dress next week.

Blinks—So? Well, I hope it will not be so low-cut as the present one.—*Lawrence American.*

The Homeliest Man in This Town,

As well as the handsomest, and others, are invited to call on any druggist and get *free* a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits, and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Consumption. Large Bottles, 50 cents and $1.

IF a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, is a smile on the face worth two in the ground?

Sir Nerols Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. Sell list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

THE striped stick candy must go. There is enough poison in one hundred and sixty-five pounds of it to kill a boy. Just think of it.

FOR THROAT DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of *Brown's Bronchial Troches.* Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

IT is easier for a saloon-keeper in Iowa to get rich than for a Congressman to refuse a drink.

THEY disappear like hot cakes before a St. Louis lemon—"Parrill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

WHY are troubles like dogs? Because the smaller they are the more they annoy you.

Spring Medicine

Is a necessity with nearly everybody. The run down, tired condition at this season is due to impurities in the blood which have accumulated during the winter, and which must be expelled if you wish to feel well. Hood's Sarsaparilla thoroughly purifies and vitalizes the blood, creates a good appetite, cures biliousness and headache, gives healthy action to the kidneys and liver, and imparts to the whole body a feeling of health and strength. Try it this spring.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every year as a spring tonic, with most satisfactory results." C. PERMELEE, 349 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Purifies the Blood

"Hood's Sarsaparilla purified my blood, gave me strength, and overcame the headache and dizziness, so that I am able to work again. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to others whose blood is thin or impure, and who feel worn out or run down." LUTHER NASON, Lowell, Mass.

"We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for years, and recommend it as the best spring medicine or blood purifier. Our boy is nine years old and has enjoyed good health ever since we began giving it to him. We are seldom without it." E. F. GROVER, Rochester, N. H.

Creates an Appetite

"I wish to enroll my name as one of those who have derived health from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For many years I have taken it, especially in the early spring, when I am troubled with dizziness, dullness, tired taste in my mouth in the morning. It removes this bad taste, relieves my headache, and makes me feel really refreshed. The two bottles I have used this spring have been worth many dollars to me. I advise all my friends to take it." JOHN BLUNK, 603 431 Street, Town of Lake, Chicago, Ill.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla

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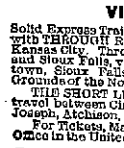

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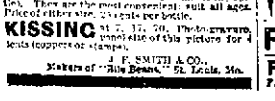

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A MEMORY OF EARLY DAYS.

Base of childhood's tender years,
Swallowed oft with groans and tears,
How it made the flesh recoil,
Loathsome, greasy castor oil!
Search your early memory close,
Tell you find another dose:
All the shuddering frame revolts
At the thought of Epsom salts!
Underneath the pill-box lid
Was a greater horror hid,
Climax of all injured ills,
Huge and griping old blue pills!

What a contrast to the mild and gentle action of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, easy to take, cleansing and renovating the system without wrenching it with agony. They are gently aperient or strongly cathartic according to size of dose. Unequaled as a liver pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. As a laxative, only one Pellet necessary for a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Put up in vials, hermetically sealed, therefore always fresh and reliable. Being purely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. Sold by druggists, at 25 cents a vial.

For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women: a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine. It imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. It is carefully compounded by an experienced physician and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee** of satisfaction in every case, or price ($1.00) refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

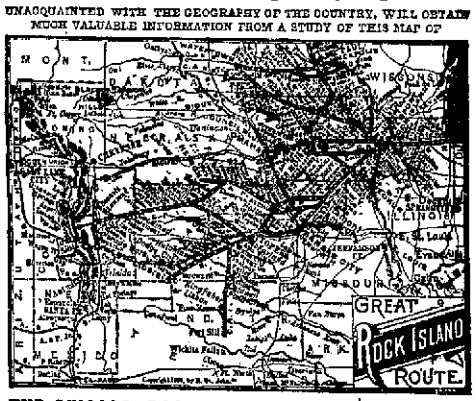
PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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HOW MEN MUST DRESS.

THE MATERIAL AND THE SHAPING OF THE CLOTH OF 1890.

Cuts of Coats Wherewith Gentlemen May Feel Abreast of the Year's Fashions—Wide Wale Worsteds and Soft Finish to Rule the Modes of Good Dressing the Current Season.

HE question as to how a man shall dress himself is easier asked than answered. There are certain canons of taste which override all fashions, and to these he must appeal who would be really and truly a well-dressed man. A Chicago *Times* reporter recently visited a number of the arbiters of taste and material in the World's Fair city, and out of their wisdom the following facts were evolved:

In the first place men's clothes, as a whole, if they are to be really chic, will show the softest possible finish, coats will display low openings and ample sleeves, vests will follow this form, and trousers will sit moderately close to the leg as to the upper works, and will exhibit a moderate spring at the bottom.

In overcoats the Chesterfield or fly-front oversack will be much more worn than any other style. It will be made from worsteds and almost all styles of soft overcoatings, and will be of medium length, thirty-six to thirty-seven inches being the limits for a man of average height, 5 feet 8 inches.

THE COVERT COAT.

The covert overcoat, made of covert overcoating, modified for street wear, will be quite popular with many who have no very profound regard for the eternal fitness of things.

For day and half-dress the double-breasted frock is the most appropriate, as it is the most elegant style of coat made. For day dress it will have lapels of ample width, well peaked, and silk-faced to the button-holes, of which there will be five on each side. It will roll when closed to the third hole, but when unbuttoned will roll free. The lengths for a man of average height will be eighteen and one-half inches to the hip buttons and thirty-six inches to the bottom of skirts. It will be made of worsteds and cheviots.

The three-button cutaway frock will be, as for several seasons, more popular than the four, two, or one buttoner. The lengths will average eighteen and one-half and thirty-three inches, the roll will be moderately long, and the fronts will be cut away so as to show one button of the vest. The four-buttoner will close higher on the chest and button a trifle lower, while the the two-buttoner will open lower and be cut away from rather higher above the waist-seam. For half-dress these cutaways will be made from worsteds or cheviots, with the edges flat-braided narrow if the former and double-stitched narrow if the latter material is used.

The vest worn with them may be of the same material as the coat, or of any fancy vesting, and the trousers may be of any style of striped, checked or plain trousering.

ONE-BUTTON CUTAWAY.

Early in the season the double-breasted sack will, perhaps, be more worn than the other styles. It has quite a number of good points to recommend it. It can be worn without an overcoat, it is very dressy when silk-faced, and it is very becoming to a good figure.

So much for the general effect to be produced by the new year's clothes.

DOUBLE-BREASTED FROCK COAT.

Now for the special and particular details out of which these results are to be achieved. The first cut shows the covert coat. The material represented is a covert overcoating. The length for a man of average height, five feet eight inches, is thirty-four inches. The back is cut whole, with nearly straight side-seams that are finished with vents, and the form, though its shape is suggested, is fitted loosely. The collar and lapels are light, the roll averages four and a half inches in length, and the edges are double-stitched moderately wide. The pockets have flaps to go in or out, and the sleeves, which are

LOW-ROLL SACK SUIT.

cut half and half, are finished with three rows of stitching around the bottom. The seams are lapped and stitched to match the edges.

In the next cut is exhibited one of those new one-button cutaway suits, which are designed especially for persons of a rather corpulent build. The material is a wide wool worsted and a striped trousering. The roll of the coat is about six inches deep.

The fronts are cut away from the closing button with a gentle curve, and are well rounded from midway of skirt to the bottom. The edges are bound, or flat-braided narrow, and the sleeves are finished with imitation cuffs, closed with two buttons.

The vest extends about one and a half inches below the waist-seam of the coat, closes with five buttons, and has a notched collar.

The trousers are more shapely, proportionately, than for a regular form, but should have the same appearance of looseness.

In the double-breasted frock coat shown in the next cut it is claimed that for half-dress there is nothing more suitable, effective, or appropriate than the suit shown in this figure. The material represented for the coat and vest is a fancy diagonal worsted and for the trousers a very handsome, subdued, striped trousering. The collar of the coat is cut rather long to a low gorge and the lapels are well peaked and spaced for five holes, to button four if desired. The silk extends to the end of holes and the edges

A LIGHT-WEIGHT OVERCOAT.

are flat braided. The sleeves are shapely and are finished to imitate cuffs closed with two buttons. The trousers for this and all other half-dress suits average nineteen inches at knee and seventeen and one-half to eighteen at the bottom. They have a slight spring.

The next illustration shows a low-roll sack suit the material of which is a striped cheviot. The collars and lapels are one and one-half inches wide and the fronts are cut with quite a curve from top to lower button. They are finished soft. The trousers with this suit average nineteen and one-half inches at the knee and eighteen at the bottom, and the side-seams are finished with a welt.

In the figure represented following this the overcoat is a soft diagonal cheviot, the coat and vest a medium wale worsted, and the pantaloons a striped trousering.

The overcoat is an accurate representation of a light-weight overcoat for the current season, thrown open.

They Swore.

A FRIEND of mine has two little sons, aged respectively three and five years. They have been most carefully trained, and especially warned and guarded against profanity. But one day the little fellows arose feeling irresistibly impelled to do something naughty, and, the nursery door being open, we overheard the following:

"Let's swear," proposed John, the elder.

"Well, loth," lisped wee Charlie.

"Go ahead," said John, encouragingly.

"You thwear firtht," replied Charlie.

A moment's hesitation and John responded, emphatically:

"I swear!"

"Tho do I," asserted Charlie, solemnly.

And that evening before saying their prayers the little sinners penitently confessed that they "had sweared" in the morning.

Kind-Hearted.

Mrs. Simkins has just heard that her husband has been drawn to serve on a jury.

"John Simkins on the criminal jury!" exclaimed Mrs. Simkins. "Well, all *I* can say is that I congratulate the criminals."

"Why, Mrs. Simkins? Is your husband a very merciful man?"

"Merciful? Why, John Simkins wouldn't hang a pedlar, much less a doer, unless he was jest made to!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Too Strong to Work.

First tramp (watching men and women coming from the mill)—Pretty sickly looking crowd, ain't they, Bill?

Second tramp—They are, pard. A parson once told me that work was healthy, but I don't believe him. We're as fat as there people, ain't we?—*Boston Herald.*

STORY OF A BUSY LIFE.

HON. JOHN WANAMAKER, POSTMASTER GENERAL.

How He Won His Way in the World—His Public and Home Life—Personal Characteristics and Business Methods—His Wife a Woman of Tact.

OBODY likes a good story or joke better than John Wanamaker, and none can laugh with more heartiness, writes a Washington correspondent. The story of his early life is brief, and very much like the stories of the lives of other men who rise to fortune through the force of industry and their own ability. The present Postmaster General was born in Chambersburg, Pa., in 1838. When a boy he worked in the little brickyard owned by his father, and left that to enter a book store at $1.25 a week. His next move was to Philadelphia, and he got there aided only by the sturdy legs that trudged over every foot of the way between Chambersburg and the city of white marble steps. In Philadelphia he married, and was made Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association—two events that happened not very far apart.

In 1861 his father-in-law started him in a store which was the beginning of his present immense establishment. That is the story of his life. And it is as different from his present existence as the brickyard of his boyhood is different from the Postoffice Department of the United States.

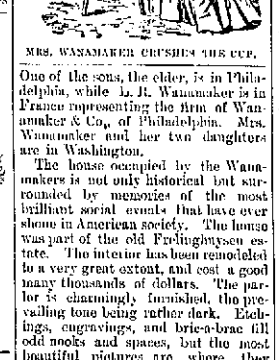
The present family of the Postmaster General consists of that official himself, Mrs. Wanamaker, Thomas B. and L. Rodman Wanamaker, and the two girls, Misses Minnie and Lilly, the former a debutante of this season and the latter a sprightly young lady of 13.

MRS. WANAMAKER CRUSHES THE CUP.

One of the sons, the elder, is in Philadelphia, while L. R. Wanamaker is in France representing the firm of Wanamaker & Co., of Philadelphia. Mrs. Wanamaker and her two daughters are in Washington.

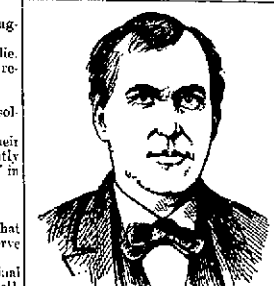
The house occupied by the Wanamakers is not only historical but surrounded by memories of the most brilliant social events that have ever shone in American society. The house was part of the old Frelinghuysen estate. The interior has been remodeled to a very great extent, and cost a good many thousands of dollars. The parlor is charmingly furnished, the prevailing tone being rather dark. Etchings, engravings, and bric-a-brac fill odd nooks and spaces, but the most beautiful pictures are where they should be—in the art gallery.

Her home and charity are Mrs. Wanamaker's chief pleasures in life.



THE WANAMAKER MANSION.

Although judicious through the force of the very instinct which prompts her gifts, she annually gives away a great deal of money directly or indirectly to the poor of Philadelphia. The chief characteristic of the woman is tact, a trait which, everything considered, she possesses in a most remarkable degree. A story is told of Mrs. Wanamaker which clearly illustrates this attribute. Mr. Wanamaker met one day a man whom he had known in years gone by and to whom he desired to show some courtesy, so he invited him to call on Mrs. Wanamaker. Now, this old friend was primitive in his ways and rather crude as to social observances, so Mr. Wanamaker sent his wife word to make the caller as much at home as possible. As it happened, the caller made his appearance just as Mrs. Wanamaker



POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER.

was in the midst of an afternoon tea. When he saw what was going on a nervous desire to get out only increased his embarrassment. Mrs. Wanamaker, seeing this, tried to calm him with a cup of tea served in a cup belonging to a new and almost priceless set, handing him the beverage with her own hand. Of course the first thing the visitor did was to break the cup, at which mishap he was rapidly dying of fright when Mrs. Wanamaker turned to him and said:

"These cups are so fragile that they are almost useless," and then turning, so as to be seen by all, said: "See how easily they break, and while speaking crushed the cup in her own hand into a dozen pieces.

But to return to the Postmaster General himself. There is about his office none of the exclusiveness that so often marks the Cabinet officer. Between Mr. Wanamaker's desk and the corridor of the department there is but one door, and that is of lattice-work. No double row of secretaries or aids ask you what you want or why you want it. You go in, wait your turn in the ante-room, and are then privileged to walk up to the desk of the Postmaster General, make your little speech, and then give the next man a chance. There is not a single employe of the United States Government that works harder or more hours a day than the Postmaster General. He rises at 6, breakfasts at 6:30, reads the morning papers, and is at his desk at 8 o'clock, an hour before the department is open for business or the clerks have arrived.

The Devil Broke Loose.

HILE working on a Southern newspaper I was sent down into a swamp neighborhood to investigate a rumor to the effect that the devil had broken loose. No, it was not a political disturbance.

It was declared by the negroes that the devil—the old personal fellow himself—had made his appearance in the community. He first made himself known by leaping over the fence into the county road, snatching up a horse that belonged to a highly respected citizen and pulling the animal in two. The next occasion of the old man's introduction was at a hog-killing. He seized a shoat, knocked down a justice of the peace with it, swallowed a chunk of fire and then went shouting through the woods. Shortly after reaching the neighborhood I learned that all the reports could be traced to a negro preacher, an old fellow who was regarded with extreme veneration. I called on him and found him in the woods engaged in prayer.

"I have been told," said I, "that you could give me some information concerning the devil that is now skring himself in this neighborhood."

"Ah, Lawd, chile, I does hope an' pray dat you won't talk ter me on dat subjeck. It's er awful time we's habin' down yere, an' I sesson dar's some mighty tall prayin' somebody gwine ter git hurt powerful."

"Have you seen the devil?" I asked.

"I wush you wouldn't put me in de mine o' anything so awful."

"But have you seen him?"

"Coss I has. What you come foolin' wid me dat way for? How I gwine ter know so much erbout him of I ain't dun seed him?"

"What does he look like?"

"I ain't got time fer tell you whut he do look like, sah. Da's so much erbout him fer tell dat I wouldn't like ter undertake de job. Monstus, sah; oh, he was monstus."

"Now, look here, old man, you are too intelligent to believe in such nonsense. You know that no devil has been seen; you know that you started the report yourself."

"Look yere, sah," he exclaimed, turning wrathfully upon me, "whut you mean by comin' down yere a-foolin' an' a-meddlin' wid our 'ligious affairs? Ain't you got no bisness fer tend ter at home? Dean you know dat you got ter keep de devil ecustantly befo' dese niggers or da ain't gwine do no good? Whar I preached last year I got up an' tole 'em dat I didn't b'lieve dat dar was any devil, an' whut did da do? Da cut down my salary, dat's whut da done. Yas, cut down my salary, an' den didn't gib me but half o' de cut-down. An', 'stead o' takin' off dar hats when da meet me in de road like da uster do, da'd laugh at me an' call me old knock-kneed Ben. So when I come ober yere I 'lowed ter myself, I did, dat I wuz gwine ter use diffunt tactics, an' I has. Wy, sah, ef you take de devil outen 'ligion, de nigger preacher would starve for deafh, so go on away now, an' quit foolin' wid er bisness dat you ain't got no intrust in."

Two Hundred Women Killed.

A letter from Zanzibar says that over a year ago a caravan of 300 Arabs left the East Coast to go into the interior to trade. They have now returned, and one of the chiefs relates their adventures. Arriving at Kavirondo, on the northeast shores of Victoria Nyanza, the Arabs saw that the natives had a good deal of ivory and that they had no guns. They attacked the tribe, and before the shooting had gone on long the natives were willing to do anything to make peace.

After a long palaver with the chiefs the Arabs agreed to leave the country upon the payment to them of two hundred tusks of ivory and two hundred young women. The natives were glad to get rid of the enemy even on these hard conditions. As soon as they received the ivory and the women the Arabs started for the coast. They had a terrible time in the Masai country. There was a drought, and they almost perished of thirst. Then provisions became scarcer and scarcer, and the whole party was in danger of starvation. Finally the Arab chiefs decided that, in order to save themselves and their ivory, it would be necessary to sacrifice their female slaves, who were very weak from their deprivations and could march no further.

That night all of these two hundred young women were shot to death and their bodies were left in the camp for beasts of prey. The victims happily had not a moment's warning of their impending fate. Each murderer selected his intended victim, and the horrible crime was accomplished so speedily that few of the women made any outcry. With their force thus summarily reduced the Arabs were able to pull through the desert region, obtaining little more food than barely enough to sustain life.

The chief who related these facts in Zanzibar showed no compunctions whatever for the terrible crime in which he had assisted, but mentioned the massacre only to give an idea of the great loss they had sustained by the necessary sacrifice of the two hundred slaves. It is a curious fact that some of the murderers were troubled in mind because their necessities had compelled them to eat rats and other unclean food, which is prohibited to Mohammedans on the march.—*Revue Francaise.*

THE electric companies seem to be almost as proud of their dead men as they are of their live wires.

HISTORY OF THE WATCH.

IT DATES BACK A FEW HUNDRED YEARS.

The First Clocks Were Cumbrous Things, and for a Long Time Were Only Used in Convents and Monasteries—Some Queer Old Watches.

HERE is one of the watch that has become so common, and people are so accustomed to take note of time by the pieces which they carry in their pockets that they are apt to forget how recent an invention it was. The first watch was not twenty years old when America was discovered. The great mass of the human race never saw a watch, and if men have lived as some scientists claim for 100,000 years, then how singular the fact that for 99,000 years of that time no one ever had a watch.

Of course the watch grew out of the precedent use of the clock, and it was about 600 years between the first clock and the first watch. That is as closely as one can estimate dates when the precise year of either invention is unknown.

The invention of the clock is generally ascribed to the monk Gerbert, who was afterward raised to the tiara, under the name of Pope Sylvester II. The first clocks were cumbrous things, calculated only to be hung to the wall, and worked with cords and weights. For a long time they were only used in convents and monasteries, where they helped to make miserable the lives of the inmates. Others say that the invention of the clock was due to the Saracens. However, it was invented and for a long time was made in such a large and cumbrous form that no one thought of reducing it to pocket size. Some time in the fourteenth century the escapement was introduced in what is known as De Wyck's clock. This allowed of reduction in size, but it seems to have taken 100 years more for the idea to have gotten into men's minds

that the clock might be made small enough to carry in the pocket, or to hang as an ornament upon the person.

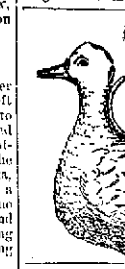
The city of Nuremburg claims to have made the first watch in 1477, and Peter Hell, of that city, made watches of steel as early as 1490. It is certain that the first watches were called Nuremburg eggs—a fact that identifies both the place of making and the shape of the watch. The works were inclosed in circular metal cases, and were hung from the girdle. They generally suggested the idea of the egg.

The first English watches were made upon a different principle. They had weights and were used as a pocket-clock. The earliest mention made of one under its present name is of a watch belonging to Edward VI. as being "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummets of lead." Such early watches had only one hand, and required to be wound up twice a day. The dials were of silver and brass, the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter—about the size of a common dessert plate.

Henry VIII., who died in 1547, had one of these pocket-clocks, as did his contemporary, Charles V. Watches seem to have come into a wider use about that time in France than in England, for they were named with clocks in a statute enacted in Paris in 1544.

All the earlier watches were extremely rude measurers of time, and the necessity of frequent winding is alluded to by Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night," where he makes Malvolio say: "I frown the while, and perchance wind-up my watch, or play with some rich jewel."

The first great improvement of the watch—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. These springs



were not coiled, but were only straight pieces of steel. Soon afterward the fusee was invented, connected with a coiled mainspring in a barrel. This was fastened to a piece of catgut, which was wound around a spiral-grooved fusee in the shape of a cone. The last coils were around the small end of the cone, thus preventing in the running of the watch the least leverage to the greatest force of the spring. As the cone was unwound, the leverage changed in proportion to the force of the spring. This made it possible to attain considerable accuracy in the running of the watch. A small linked chain was soon substituted for the catgut, and this style of manufacture remained until comparatively recent times.

The spiral hair-spring, which is so necessary for equalizing the motion, was invented and attached about the year 1658 by Dr. Hook. Lengthening or shortening the spring lessens or increases the vibrations and made the regulation of the watch an easy matter.

The cases of the early watches were made for personal adornments, and were of all sorts and shapes. One that belonged to Lady Fitzgerald tells in a curious way the classic tale of Jupiter and Ganymede. The works are contained in the body of the eagle, which opens across the center and displays the dial plate richly engraved with scrolls and flowers.

The silver gilt watch in the form of a death's head was given to Mary Queen of Scots by her husband, the Dauphin of France. It was lately in the possession of Sir John Lauder, and came to his family through Catherine Seton, to whom the unfortunate Mary gave it before her execution.

There is a similar watch in a Boston museum that belonged to some one of the pilgrim fathers. It is of silver in the form of a death's head, but differs from the one engraved here by opening at the under jaw. It has at the top a small ring by means of which it was attached to the girdle.

When the famous Diana of Poitiers became allied to Henry II. she was a widow

and the complacent court went into mourning on a most grievous scale. Rings were made in the form of skeletons, coffins of gold contained chased and enameled figures of death, and watches were made in the form of skulls. These were worn as ornaments, and are a fair sample of the extremes to which fashion will sometimes go.

Early in the seventeenth century all these strange forms passed out. The watch makers succeeded in making the watches more compact and they assumed substantially their present form, except that in order to protect the watch-glass they were surrounded by a large silver case. This gave them the shape of the flat turnip and the popular voice irreverently called them "turnip watches." The outer case was usually the repository of sundry verses and devices—tokens of love or friendship—which, although generally printed on satin, or more frequently worked with the needle, were always designated watch papers. Sometimes they were poetical conceits like the following:

> That is—the present moment well employ;
> This was—to-morrow can not me enjoy;
> Time future—is no more and may never be;
> Time present—is the only time for thee.

The French were the first to introduce judicious improvements in weight and size. A watch that once belonged to Charles I., having been presented to him by Louis XIII., was of an oval shape, two inches by one and a half on the face, and an inch thick. The back is chased in high relief with a figure of St. George conquering the dragon. The motto of the Garter, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," surrounds the case, which is enriched

with enameled colors. There was one exception to the grotesque forms which went out of fashion in the seventeenth century, and that was in the case of watches made in the form of a cross and intended to be hung by a ring to the girdle.

They are sometimes called abbess watches, but for no good reason. One curious fact in the history of watches is that in one of the halls of Oxford there is the figure of a female who is said to have been the first wearer of a watch. No one seems to know what her name was or when she lived.

He Mashed a Hat.

Along about the middle of the coach was a young lady, not a beautiful girl, but just ordinary, although she had a very jaunty hat and a sealskin sacque. A young man got on at Castile, who stood at the door and looked the passengers over for a minute or two, and he then walked deliberately down the aisle and plumped himself down beside the girl. As he did so there was a crash and a crush, and he sprang up to discover that he had sat down upon a bandbox and mashed it flat.

"I'm so sorry—so sorry!" he stammered as he turned all sorts of colors.

"Mister man!" she replied as she inspected the ruin, "have you got $12 in cash about you?"

"W-what! I really beg your pardon. Indeed, I didn't——"

"Pork over!" she interrupted, holding out her hand.

"Twelve dollars!"

"Exactly. You have mashed a $12 bonnet, and I want the money."

"But, miss—but——"

"My brother Bill is forward in the smoking car, and if you don't pay I'll call him! There's nothing cheap about Bill. He'll knock $50 worth of jaw off your chin before he gets through with you."

"I'll pay, miss."

"That's business. Fifteen dollars, eh? Twelve from fifteen leaves three, and here's the change and the hat. Next time you go to kerplunk down beside anybody look out for breakers."

"I beg to apologize, miss," he replied.

"Oh, you needn't; you got off cheap. If you hadn't smashed the hat I'd have pulled $25 worth of hair out of your head anyhow."

Everybody felt sorry for the man. He got into a seat at the end of the car, closed himself up like a jackknife, and every time the door opened what we could see of him turned pale for fear it was her brother Bill.—*New York Sun.*

What Kept Them Up.

Farmer—How much be them pants, anyway?

Clerk—Three seventy-five.

"Yes, same old price. 'Taters worth half what they uster be; corn 'way down to nothin'; oats down, butter down, eggs down. I'd like to know, by gol! what keeps pants 'way up, huh."

"Suspenders, perhaps."

The old man went out, muttering something about he guessed 'twas safety pins, p'raps, in some cases.

THE family circle—a wedding ring.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

NEXT TO NOTHIN' HALL,
KIRTLAND CORNERS, O.

DEAR EDITOR: They want nuthin in under the sun pervented sadly an William Henery from havin a serumptious, only Mis Perkins drive over on to Spider Crick a driven up just then.

"I heerd you was back," sez she, "an I jest hitched up old Beguine an kim rite over, fur in the fust place I wanted you to promise to kim over and spend one half day nex week, an in the nex place I wanted to onburden my hart, to sum sympathizin feline as I didn't no of enny buddy that was more so than you."

"I'm proud o' your confidence," sez I, a wipin my specks an follin William Henery to go put up Beguine, as I led the way into the front room. "It's about Mary Hanner," sez she, after she'd got out her nailin' work, "she's thet onhappier, an' her man drinks an' abuses her, an' to think we made her marry him," an' Mis Perkins sithed. "Well, it's too bad," sez I, "but what kaint be cured must be endured, an' she luck him fur better nor worse, an' if she finds him sum worse then she expected why she ort to stick the fiter to him."

"I want you to talk to her about it," sez she, a wipin her eyes on her apron es she seen Mis Purdy a cummin up the lane.

I promised I would.

"I've made up my mind," sez she, "to let my other gals marry who they plese, an Ellie is a goin to take the Dorter, an Emmie an the minister is awful frenly, but don't mention it," sez she. An I sed I wouldn't, an jist then Mis Purdy kim in.

"Whare's William Henery?" sez she, arter she'd shook hans an kissed me.

He jest stepped out with Ben a while ago.

"Well, is it so?" sez she.

"What so?" sez Mis Perkins an me to onct.

"Why, thet you folks air a goin to sell out an go to Utah, whare he kin marry Mis Boggs an be a Morning alder," sez she.

"Land o love!" I gasped; "of all things! Why, we hain't never even thunk o such a thing."

"Well, it is quare how seech things sturt," sez she.

"Tis so," sez Mis Perkins, "What kind o luck you had with your turkeys this year?"

"O, I didn't raise nun. Purdy sed last year when they et all the cabbig thet they shudent never not another one cum on to the place, so I didn't set eany this year."

"They be a druffal instructive critter," sez I.

"Yes, an do you fead your calves this summer, Mis Perkins?" sez Mis Purdy.

"No, we let 'em have half the milk."

"Thet is the bes way, I think," sez I.

"Yes," sez Mis Purdy, "but hed you heerd thet Mis VanDyke hed a new bow?"

"No," sez we in a breth.

"Well, she hes; he's a ole tooth-pullin man. I don't s'puss the school marm' want him.

"I don't no, I'm shure; she likes to devil the widder," sez I.

"Yes," sez Mis Purdy, "Jonathin Blodgerses sir a gittin better o' the hoopin cough, now."

"I glad to hear it," ses I; an jest then William Henery cum a sneekin in, an fust Mis Purdy rode he hollered "boo!" jest es lowd es he cood rite into her ear.

"O! you ole scalawag," sez she, a hitlin him a lick over the back with her parasol un brakin it rite smack off in the han'le.

"Goody good!" ses he, an run off an her after him, an he never quit till he hed opsot 3 swill pales an hurt his corns, then he baiged off.

I was glad they didn't hev no sermunnig. Youra thankfully,

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

Did Not Consummate the Sale.

A grizzled old farmer with a shotgun put two swindlers to flight a few miles north of Mascoutah. His name is Henry Emmerich. He signed the old swindling lightning-rod contract under the impression that he was getting his lightning rods for $15. When he discovered the true character of his contract he took down his double-barreled shot-gun and waited for the party of the first part. He had not long to wait before the swindlers came prepared to put the rods on the building.

"Stop!" said Emmerich, as one of the agents started to enter. "You can't come in," and he backed the assertion with his shot-gun.

"But," protested the lightning-rod man, "I have a contract to put up rods on your building, and I am here for that purpose."

"How much will it cost?" asked Emmerich.

"Something over $15," was the reply.

"How much more?" said Emmerich.

"Well, sir, it will cost you $636."

"I don't think it will," said Emmerich, decidedly, and he cocked both hammers of the shot-gun. "Now," he continued, "I will give you just five minutes to get off my place, and if you don't get I'll fill you so full of buckshot that you won't know what hurt you."

They fled.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A Change of Room.

"You will have to give me another room, I guess," said a Congressman to the hotel clerk.

"What's the matter? aren't you comfortable where you are?"

"Well, not exactly. That German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarionet so that I thought I never would get to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding on my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Of you blease,' said the German, 'dot you would schmore of the same key. You vas go from B flat to G, und it schpoils der music.'"—*Washington Post.*

THE enthusiast of a hitherto patient breeder: "Mrs. Starrem, I was stand having hash every day in the week, but when on Sunday you put raisins in it and call it mince pie, I draw the line."

How are the mighty fallen! An heroic-size figure of a British lion is to be used to ornament the grave of a patent medicine man in a Yankee graveyard.

ICE crambles under saw and chisel, but it is said to be more capable than wood of being smoothed and shaped by the plane.

THE

New York Store!

OUR

SECOND * FLOOR

DISPLAY.

—THE—

GREAT

OPENING

—

TWO MORE DAYS

Friday & Saturday.

The Beautiful Wraps have advertised themselves.

THE CARPET DISPLAY.

We have been telling you about the handsome carpets—but

The Opening Display

Showed you such artistic patterns, you had never thought of seeing.

COME

And See the Beauties!

AXMINSTERS,
MOQUETTES,
VELVETS,
BRUSSELS,
3-PLYS AND
INGRAINS,

Lovely Curtains and Portieres, Handsome Rugs.

Get Your Kids For Easter.

ROOT & COMPANY.

P. D. SWICK,

MERCHANT : TAILOR,

50 HARRISON ST.

New Goods Just Opened.
Fine Tailoring a Specialty.

PRICES REASONABLE.

WALL PAPER!

I have opened a store at

68 E. MAIN ST.

And have put in a brand new stock of Wall Paper of the latest designs. We have no shelf-worn or old goods to select from—all latest styles. Prices to suit. PRICES CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST! Anything in Paper Hanging, Painting or Graining, call and see me.

F. H TREEP,
68 E. Main Street.

WALL

PAPER

—AT—

Wholesale and Retail.

We buy in large quantities and therefore get the lowest prices. We can sell for nearly the same price other dealers have to pay for their goods. Come in and see us. Prices lower than ever before.

RENNER,

CRATSLEY

& CO.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5 1890.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. M. Rackus is seriously ill.

To-morrow will be Easter Sunday.

Mr. M. W. Simons is at the Wayne.

Mr. Frank Giles is has returned from a business trip.

Mrs. Sam Bonus is quite ill at her home in Auburn.

Supt. George T. Wells was at New Haven yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Charles Munson is recovering from his sickness at Chicago.

William Anglum has been reinstated as conductor on the Nickel Plate.

Mr. George Corson left to-day for an extended trip through the west.

The second floor of Mordhurst's drug store has been improved during the past week.

Wm. Lane, representing the National Tobacco works of Louisville, Ky., is in the city.

The republican mass convention will be held in the circuit court room this evening.

Mr. Wm. Beach, of Grand Rapids, is visiting his parents at 141 Broadway for a few days.

Mr. Charles O. Essig, of the Pittsburg freight office, is about to purchase a valuable horse.

The T. M. D. club held a pleasant meeting last evening at the home of Miss Fannie Conover.

Mrs. Harriet Carr, of Ligonier, Ind., is visiting her nephew, George Shisler, of 126 East Creighton avenue.

The Builders' Exchange will be in session this evening in their new quarters next to Wilding's coal office.

Russell Viberg, son of the sheriff, entertained a number of young friends last evening, at his home, in the jail.

Mrs. Rev. Hollopeter and family, of Monroeville, are guests in the family of Rev. S. D. Miller, on South Harrison street.

The Euclid club have furnished cozy parlors in the Schmitz block. The club is composed of about a dozen married gentlemen.

Mr. S. Leonard, of the north side, accompanied by his daughter, Mattie, and Miss Zella Weidner, will go to Muncie to-morrow.

The bids for the masonry of the St. Patrick's Catholic church basement will be let within a few days. The excavation will shortly be made.

Messrs. Homer Goneline and Frank Zimmerman have accepted positions in the Globe clothing house, recently opened by Heller & Frankel.

Mrs. E. J. Cone, accompanied by Miss Cora McCarthy, of Minneapolis, are guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Donnelly, of South Calhoun street.

Miss Clara Koontz, of Camden, Ind., who has been engaged as an instructor at the Conservatory of Music, has arrived in the city to enter upon the discharge of her duties.

The World's Museum was packed last night, and Manager Geary gave five performances. The newly wedded couple, Madam Naomi and husband, was the center of attraction.

Mr. James Woulfe will have his new hotel building, at the corner of Calhoun and Baker streets, commenced as soon as Architect F. B. Kendrick completes the plans and the contract is let.

A letter received by W. T. Abbott from United States Consul R. W. Deidreich at Leipsic, states that Prof. Diedrich has passed the crisis of his illness and the symptoms of paralysis have left him.

A petition from South Calhoun street property holders will be submitted at the next meeting of the council. It asks that cedar blocks be substituted for the brick pavement for which a resolution has already been passed.

The Philalathean literary society of the M. E. college rendered a delightful program last evening. The exercises throughout were excellent; the piano solos by Miss Boylan, the violin solos by Mr. Hanson and several recitations attracted especial attention.

Fred Wesson, who fell from a wind mill while attempting to extinguish a fire a few days ago, will recover. Himself and family were bereft of a home by the fire and are now having refuge in the house of their neighbor, Mr. Riedel, near the Institute for Feeble Minded.

The teachers of Madison township will hold the closing institute of the year at Hoagland on the 12th inst. Notable features of the work will be the discussion of the subject of compulsory education. Mr. Denny, of this city, will speak in the afternoon on the campaigns of the civil war.

John Madden, merchant policeman, has been sick and off duty for several nights past. His beat has been temporarily attended to by his son. Last night the young man saw a man attempting to effect an entrance into Francis Salber's grocery and fired a revolver at the burglar who fled apparently unharmed.

Last evening after the services at the Jewish temple a family gathering was held at the home of Samuel Cheske, on East Wayne street, commemorative of the passover. At the gathering last evening Rabbi Guttmacher was present and gave a reading from the "Hagadah," an ancient work which recites the history of the 400 years' bondage and emancipation.

Mr. Will Haynes has gone east.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Austrop a daughter.

The First Regiment band is coming to the front.

There will be preaching at the Church of God to night.

The improvements in the Foster block are almost completed.

T. C. McConnell, of Fargo, North Dakota, is in the city.

St. Bernard branch 103, C. K. of A., will hold a meeting to-morrow.

The little son of Yardmaster J. P. Schlandroff and wife is very sick.

Superintendent C. D. Gorham and wife have gone to New York City.

The street between Creighton avenue and Killyen street is almost impassable.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walker, of South Harrison street, are visiting at Crestline, Ohio.

A. M. Schmidt, the yardmaster of the Wabash, is the happy father of a sweet girl baby.

Mr. Davidson, of Detroit, representing the Hocking Valley road, was in the city to-day.

Mr. M. L. Jones, the dealer in photographer's supplies, has returned from a two weeks' business trip.

Mr. W. S. Tuole, a traveling salesman of Toledo, was the guest of Mr. Will P. Breen yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Emanuel Bostick, of East Wayne street, who was thought to be at the point of death a few days ago, is now reported as much better.

Rev. J. M. Seymon, of Norwalk, Ohio, will occupy the pulpit of the Congregational church one week from to-morrow. Rev. Seymour is a former pastor of this church.

Mr. H. W. Bond has returned from a business trip to Chicago and a visit to Kansas City. At the latter place he was the guest of W. R. Nelson, owner of the Kansas City Star.

The pension agents have had increased business lately. The applicants for pension are looming up to a greater number than they have since the present board of pension examiners served in office.

Mr. Charles Rivers, of Cadiline, Mich., has arrived in the city to locate. He will engage in the painting business. Mr. Rivers was at one time a member of the firm of Rover, Rivers & Starkey, of this city.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Hanley Fitzpatrick will take place to-morrow at 1 p. m., from the Cathedral. The pallbearers will be as follows: P. O'Ryan, P. McCarty, J. Wolfe, P. Lanuigan, J. Fitzpatrick and P. Burns.

Last Thursday evening at his residence Pastor Northrop united in marriage J. D. Kantrowitz and Miss Sadie Emenhiser, both of Monroeville, where they intend to live. Mr. Kantrowitz is a prosperous photographer of that place.

This evening at Sion S. Bass Post hall C. A. Power will address the people upon the subject of service pensions. Not only old soldiers, but the public generally is cordially invited to be present. Mr. Power is secretary of the National Service Pension association, and the bill is that for which Governor Hovey is so energetically laboring.

The directors of the Fort Wayne Land and Improvement company will hold a meeting this evening. Among the matters to be discussed will be the advisability of the company at once constructing, at its own expense, the proposed main brick sewer along the Maumee road. It is not unlikely the company may so decide. Another subject of discussion will be the proposed advance at an early day of 10 per cent. in the price of all lots which remain unsold. It is believed by many members of the company that it would be better to hold on to all lots that are left until later in the season, giving time for the completion of the elegant improvements on the land decided upon by the company. The many handsome residences that will be erected during the next ninety days will also materially add to the value of the property.

SCRATCHED 28 YEARS.

Body Covered with scales. Itching terrible. Suffering endless. No relief. Doctors and medicines fail. Speedily cured by Cuticura at a cost of $5.

Cured by Cuticura.

If I had known of the Cuticura Remedies twenty-eight years ago, it would have saved me $3,000 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (psoriasis) commenced on my head in a small spot, larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time and my suffering was endless and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some lincurable psoriasis, etc. I took and used Sarsaparilla all one year and a half, but no cure. I went to twelve doctors, but no cure. I used the Cuticura Remedies too much. They have made my skin as clear and fine from scales as a baby's. All I used of them were three boxes of Cuticura, and three bottles of the Cuticura Resolvent, and two cakes of Cuticura Soap. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for $5.00, you would have had the money. I took the picture to your store of weights, about one hundred lbs., when I was in my worst condition, but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while, but to no purpose, I am all well. I've had the eczema eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. Thank you a thousand times.

OLIVER BROWNING, Waterbury, Vt.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily and permanently cure every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, and blood humors, scalp diseases and humors of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM.

F. G. and Frank's Choice are the best 5-cent cigars sold. All first class dealers sell them.

For nobby Bonnets and imported patterns go to Mrs. Flagler's millinery store, 14 West Berry street.

Holders of season tickets to E. F. Biddle's lecture course may reserve seats for the Royal Hand Bell Ringers —the first entertainment in the course —Monday at 9 a. m., at the Masonic Temple. Season tickets will be on sale. Single tickets will be sold and seats reserved Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Ice cream orders promptly delivered at Seidel's. Telephone 239.

Miss Randall's classes will be held Saturday afternoon, April 12th, as usual. The Monday evening class will be extended a soriee April 12th, 8:30 to 11:30 p. m. All members and friends invited.

EASTER SUNDAY.

All flavors of ice cream and sherbets at Seidel's.

Positively the best 5 cent cigars are Frank's Choice and F. G., sold by all first-class dealers.

A dollar saved is a dollar earned. You can save one by buying a Bonnet at Mrs. Flagler's millinery store, 14 West Berry street.

Holders of season tickets to E. F. Biddle's lecture course may reserve seats for the Royal Hand Bell Ringers —the first entertainment in the course —Monday at 9 a. m., at the Masonic Temple. Season tickets will be on sale. Single tickets will be sold and seats reserved Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Pine Apples Reduced to 5c.

Choice Large Pine Apples, 20c each. Extra Large Russett Oranges, 50c doz.

Choice Messina Oranges, 25c doz.
Best Lemons, 25c doz.
Choice Bananas, 10c doz.

Fruit House.

F. G. and Frank's Choice are the best 5-cent cigars sold. All first class dealers sell them.

Ice cream and sherbets daily at Seidel's.

T. D. Barkley, real estate, loan and insurance agent, has removed to room 18, Schmitz block, where he will be pleased to see all parties wanting to buy or sell real estate or wanting to borrow money. I have money at 6, 6½ and 7 per cent. on five year loans. I have a few extra cheap houses and lots for sale and a splendid farm to trade for city property. Commission low. Give me a call and be convinced. Notes bought and sold. Remember the place, 18 Schmitz block. wit-3-5-6

The Royal Hand Bell Ringers, of London, with their carillon of 131 bells of from 3 1-2 oz. to 11 1-4 pounds, will give one of their popular entertainments at the Masonic Temple, Tuesday, April 8. The first entertainment in E. F. Biddle's lecture course.

Positively the best 5-cent cigars are Frank's Choice and F. G., sold by all first-class dealers.

Everybody see Capt. Paul Boyton's wonderfully intelligent performing seals at the World's Museum next week. 3-31

The Switchmen's Mutual Aid association give their third annual ball at Princess rink, Thursday evening, April 24. The First Regiment band will furnish the music, which guarantees the affair an excellent time, and, no doubt, will be the last ball of the season.

tues&sat4w

Roses—Cullas Carnations, for Easter, fresh home grown, at City greenhouse, 16 East Washington street. 4-21

Bock Beer.

Leave your order for Bottled Bock Beer at the Ale House, 100 Calhoun street, where Mr. Christen handles 100 different kinds of bottled drinks and prices as low as any in the union. 3 21

Holders of season tickets to E. F. Biddle's lecture course may reserve seats for the Royal Hand Bell Ringers —the first entertainment in the course —Monday at 9 a. m., at the Masonic Temple. Season tickets will be on sale. Single tickets will be sold and seats reserved Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Roses—Cullas Carnations, for Easter, fresh home grown, at City greenhouse, 16 East Washington street. 4 21

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Has removed his office from West Berry street, to

74 CALHOUN STREET,

over Meyer & Duning's store.

SAD EYED WOMEN.

Why so many Ladies Are Miserable Clearly Explained—Some Startling Remarks by one Who Knows.

"I feel sad every time I see a woman. The above remark was made to the writer by one of the oldest and most prominent physicians in New York.

"Is it possible that you are a woman hater, doctor?"

"Not at all but I have seen so much suffering among women who are miserable, that I cannot help feeling sorry for them all. How many ladies do you know that are perfectly well in a healthy condition or who could be, if they should? Is this not enough to make one feel melancholy?"

"There must be a cause for all this, doctor."

"There is. Women are weak and their trouble's largely arise from weakness. When a woman is weak she requires strength. Her body, for eating and all her functions must be kept in a healthy condition or else cannot perform its work. Nothing does this so surely and surely as a good appetite eaten in moderation, either by men or women or children alike. I know scores of ladies that are kept in sickly health as a trumpery and brilliance, by the judicious use of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. Many of these ladies are wives of ministers and professors, and most of them are temperance women. They realize that Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey furnishes the best anatomy-building help, and they are intelligent enough to profit by such knowledge. I know what I speak and I speak as a trumpeter who must."

"The best temperance people of today are the ones who use pure spirits in moderation, all in and find that strength, vigor, color and brightness are the results. Indeed, I am weak-nerved, hollow-eyed and dead of interest in everything in life."

I was much impressed with the remarks of the doctor and believing their importance, republish them entire.

RICH + HOTEL

FOR FIFTEEN DAYS.

NO CURE, NO PAY.

Knowing that the unfortunate have been imposed upon by unprincipled pretenders who charge large fees, I will

DR. WILBUR

Has adopted this plan: That he will charge nothing for advice, consultation or treatment until the patient pronounces himself well.

The Only Charge Being Made for Medicines Used During Treatment.

Dr. Wilbur, Specialist,

Treats successfully chronic and long standing diseases, as those of the head, throat and lungs, liver, kidneys and heart, complaints, diseases of the stomach, that have defied all other methods, those fearful diseases of the nervous system arising from whatever causes: scrofula, dyspepsia, epilepsy, fits, fever sores, contracted cords, enlarged and stiff joints, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatic, bone deformities, salt rheum, erysipelas, scald head, ill-conditioned ulcers, syphilis, nasal polypus, asthma, hay fever, rose cold, winter coughs, chronic diarrhoea and diabetes. All may be cured by this wonderful system if not too far advanced. Bone diseases cured when all methods have failed.

Ladies who are suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex, can consult the doctor with every assurance of speedy relief and permanent cure without subjecting them to the embarrassing procedure of an examination, which in nine cases out of ten is unnecessary. The doctor particularly invites all cases that have been given up by other physicians.

2d—The doctor will remove one tape worm free of charge; also, straighten the first case of cross eyes that presents itself at the hotel, FREE.

Consultation and Examination Free.

OFFICE HOURS—From 10 a. m. to 9 p. m. No patients received Sundays.

Tumors and Cancers removed without pain or use of the knife.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. Wm. Ryan, 25 Hoagland avenue, crossed for 21 years, straightened in one minute without pain.

Fred Heitman, employed at the Merton house, Grand Rapids, was cross eyed for 17 years. It took Dr. Wilbur only one minute to straighten them and without pain.

Mrs. Thomas Reed, 656 Park avenue, Jackson, had a large tumor on her breast for years. Dr. Wilbur removed it by a plaster, and she is now a well woman.

Elizabeth Detwiler, 101 Division street, Jackson, had a large mole near her eye. Dr. Wilbur removed it with a plaster, which is far better than the knife, and it causes no pain.

Mrs. Harmon Ritchie, Trail Run, Ohio, had a little baby that had a cancerous tumor on its upper lip that in one year grew as large as a peach. Dr. Wilbur removed tumor, lip and all, and made a new lip from its cheek, and the baby is entirely cured.

Mr. Abe Fleming, of soldier Home, Grand Rapids, had two tumors on his head, each of which were as large as tomatoes. Dr. Wilbur removed them without pain.

Mrs. T. F. Hake, 228 South Forth street, Steubenville, Ohio, had female complaint for years. Dr. Wilbur treated her without subjecting her to an examination, and she now feels like a new woman.

Mrs. E. S. Bissell, 714 Village street, Kalamazoo, Mich., had a tumor in her side for 10 years. It measured ten inches in diameter and had 25 roots, some of which were as large as a ladies wrist. Dr. Wilbur removed it and she is a well woman.

Mrs. Wm. A. Ryan, 902 Academy street, Kalamazoo, Mich., could not see or read letters for two years. Dr. Wilbur cured her without any operation and she can now see to read.

Mrs. John Nielson, 343 West Vine street, Kalamazoo, Mich., had a tumor on her head as large as a base ball. Dr. Wilbur removed it in one minute without pain.

The doctor invites correspondence from people at a distance, but never answers any letters unless they contain two stamps.

ANNA LEMON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office Rooms over Klinkenburg & Belzer's Drug Store.

Can be consulted day or night. Women and children a specialty. mar24-1m

SHERIFF—Editor Sentinel—Please announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of county sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.

FRANK R. COVERT, Jr.

Do you feel any interest in a light weight overcoat and if so you are the party we are after. We want to show you the handsomest line of overgarments this city has ever seen, and at prices that ARE RIGHT.

Just opened some special fine nobby suits for young men in frock and sack shapes. They are beyond question the prettiest goods of the season. The make is elegant, the fit perfection.

FRIEND'S ENTERPRISE,

Clothiers, 62 & 64 Calhoun street, Corner of Berry.

THE NEW WORLD'S MUSEUM AND THEATRE

(Formerly Academy of Music)
JAMES GEARY ..... MANAGER.

ONE WEEK! COMMENCING MARCH 31.

THE BRIDE TO BE, who will marry the Michigan Fat Lady who is anxious to wed some respectable young man, minus whiskers or freckles, who offers $5,000 in cash and a good farm for the use of her. Hiring that will marry her, the marriage ceremony will take place in the museum, and all will be invited to partake of the festivities. Due notice will be given. Watch the papers.

THE INDIAN FAMILY,
Eagle Feather, and the pretty little Indian baby, Laughing Eyes.

By request, retained one week longer,

ROSE THE WILD GIRL,
the most interesting attraction ever exhibited. A genuine curiosity.

Many other objects of interest and a splendid vaudeville entertainment in the theater.

HOGAN & HOGAN, specialty comedy.

The pleasing sketch artists, THE MAHENS, in some catchy new.

Amelia and Emma Donna.
MISS MAY WENTWORTH,
The sweetest singer on the vaudeville stage.

The Great TREBOR, the lightning change artist; HOGAN BROS., in their own originality, and a very funny farce comedy.

Special matinee for children Saturday morning, April 5. Every child receives a present.

Next week, Chas. Ford Boylens wonderfully intelligent performing seals. April 14. Mc & Hint

NUDAVENE

DELICIOUS BREAKFAST DISH.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

J. M. WATSON,

Practical Carpet Layer,

(Formerly with Sterling & Co., Toledo, O.)

88 Stophlet Street, - Fort Wayne, Ind.

Carpets made and laid, to order promptly. Changes and refittings made. First-class work guaranteed. Postal cards at house will be promptly attended to. apr5-1m

WANTED—Boarders at 95 West Wayne street. 6-tf

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

A Big Drive In

Chenille Portieres

We have just closed out a manufacturer's stock of

PORTIERES,

Same goods that were sold at $7.50 and $8.00 a Pair.

OUR - PRICE

Will be, as long as they last,

$5.90 A PAIR.

FIRST COME—

FIRST CHOICE!

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Pixley & Long Block
Berry street.

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

NATURAL GAS FITTING.

H. J. ASH is prepared to do your Natural Gas Fitting very promptly and give you first-class work for the least possible sum of money. Give him a call at. No. 9 E. Columbia St. Stoves of every description for all kinds of fuel. Also Kitchen Furnishing Goods.

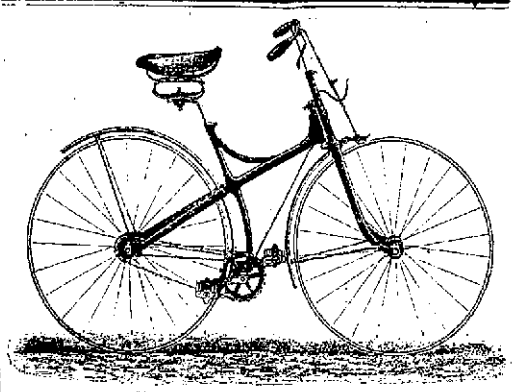
NATURAL GAS FITTING.

ROBERT SPICE.

Is prepared to do your fitting for heating and lighting promptly.

Pumps, Wind Mills, Drive Wells and Repairs.

48 W. Main St.---Telephone 261.



FOR THE BOYS AND THE GIRLS.

OUR "PET" SAFETY BICYCLE, for boys and girls from six to ten years of age. Small size, $11; medium size, $15; large size, $21, the last two having rubber tires.

THE "JUNIOR" SAFETY BICYCLE, for youths from ten to sixteen years of age. Price with rubber tires, standard finish, $30.50.

These Bicycles are of the celebrated make of the Western Toy company and are unquestionably the best youths bicycle now on the market.

As usual, we make the price 25 per cent. less than these machines can be purchased for elsewhere.

In a few days we will have in the same make of machines in young ladies' safeties.

Bicycle riding will be a great rage this year. Purchase early as no manufacturer will be able to keep up with his orders and later in the season it will be very difficult to get orders filled.

FOSTER FURNITURE COMPANY.

IF YOU ARE WANTING A SUIT OF CLOTHES OR AN OVERCOAT!

First-class make, guaranteed in every particular, cheap or fine, made of any kind of goods, we have it and can make it. We have only New Goods to Show.

NO FANCY PRICES.

Full Dress or Wedding Suits Made Up on Short Notice.

THIEME BROS., No. 12 WEST BERRY STREET.